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Shakespeare

THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES

WITH CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

OF VARIOUS COMMENTATORS;

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

AN ENLARGED HISTORY OF THE STAGE,

AND

THE LATE EDMOND MALONE'S

ESSAY ON THE ORDER IN WHICH THE PLAYS WERE WRITTEN.

VOL. XI.

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THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

WITH THE

CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

VARIOUS COMMENTATORS:

COMPREHENDING

A Life of the Poet,

AND

AN ENLARGED HISTORY OF THE STAGE,

BY

THE LATE EDMOND MALONE.

WITH A NEW GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

ΤΗΣ ΦΥΣΕΩΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΕΥΣ ΗΝ, ΤΟΝ ΚΑΛΑΜΟΝ
ΑΠΟΒΡΕΧΩΝ ΕΙΣ ΝΟΥΝ. *Vet. Auct. apud Suidam.*

VOL. XI.

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TWELFTH NIGHT.

MACBETH.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

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MACBETH

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PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

IN order to make a true estimate of the abilities and merit of a writer, it is always necessary to examine the genius of his age, and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents, would be censured as transgressing the bounds of probability, be banished from the theatre to the nursery, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies; but a survey of the notions that prevailed at the time when this play was written, will prove that Shakspeare was in no danger of such censures, since he only turned the system that was then universally admitted, to his advantage, and was far from overburdening the credulity of his audience.

The reality of witchcraft or enchantment, which, though not strictly the same, are confounded in this play, has in all ages and countries been credited by the common people, and in most, by the learned themselves. The phantoms have indeed appeared more frequently, in proportion as the darkness of ignorance has been more gross; but it cannot be shown, that the brightest gleams of knowledge have at any time been sufficient to drive them out of the world. The time in which this kind of credulity was at its height, seems to have been that of the holy war, in which the Christians imputed all their defeats to enchantments or diabolical opposition, as they ascribed their success to the assistance of their military saints; and the learned Dr. Warburton appears to believe (Supplement to the Introduction to Don Quixote) that the first accounts of enchantments were brought into this part of the world by those who returned from their eastern expeditions. But there is always some distance between the birth and maturity of folly as of wickedness: this opinion had long existed, though perhaps the application of it had in no foregoing age been so frequent, nor the reception so general. Olympiodorus, in Photius's Extracts, tells us of one Libanius, who practised this kind of military magic, and having promised χώρις ὁπλιτῶν κατὰ βαρβάρων ἐνεργεῖν, *to perform great things against the Barbarians without soldiers*, was, at the instance of the empress Placida, put to death, when he was about to have given proofs of his abilities. The empress showed some kindness in her anger, by cutting him off at a time so convenient for his reputation.

But a more remarkable proof of the antiquity of this notion may be found in St. Chrysostom's book de Sacerdotio, which exhibits a scene of enchantments not exceeded by any romance of the middle age: he supposes a spectator overlooking a field of battle attended by one that points out all the various objects of horror, the engines of destruction, and the arts of slaughter. Δεικνύτο δὲ ἔτι παρὰ τοῖς ἐναντίοις καὶ πετομένους ἵππους διά τινος μαγγανείας, καὶ ὁπλίτας δι' ἀέρος φερομένους, καὶ πάσην γοητείας δύναμιν καὶ ἰδέαν. "Let him then proceed to show him in the opposite armies horses flying by enchantment, armed men transported through the air, and every power and form of magic." Whether St. Chrysostom believed that such performances were really to be seen in a day of battle, or only endeavoured to enliven his description, by adopting the notions of the vulgar, it is equally certain, that such notions were in his time received, and that therefore they were not imported from the Saracens in a later age; the wars with the Saracens however gave occasion to their propagation, not only as bigotry naturally discovers prodigies, but as the scene of action was removed to a great distance.

The reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian, and though day was gradually increasing upon us, the goblins of witchcraft still continued to hover in the twilight. In the time of Queen Elizabeth was the remarkable trial of the witches of Warbois, whose conviction is still commemorated in an annual sermon at Huntingdon. But in the reign of King James, in which this tragedy was written, many circumstances concurred to propagate and confirm this opinion. The King, who was much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in England, not only examined in person a woman accused of witchcraft, but had given a very formal account of the practices and illusions of evil spirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies used by them, the manner of detecting them, and the justice of punishing them, in his dialogues of Dæmonologie, written in the Scottish dialect, and published at Edinburgh. This book was, soon after his succession, reprinted at London, and as the ready way to gain King James's favour was to flatter his speculations, the system of Dæmonologie was immediately adopted by all who desired either to gain preferment or not to lose it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as the greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion, it cannot be doubted but this persuasion made a rapid progress, since vanity and credulity co-operated in its favour. The infection soon reached the parliament, who, in the first year of King James, made a law, by which it was enacted, chap. xii. That "if any person shall use any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit; 2. or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward any evil or cursed spirit to or for any intent

or purpose; 3. or take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of the grave,—or the skin, bone, or any part of the dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 4. or shall use, practise, or exercise any sort of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 5. whereby any person shall be destroyed, killed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in any part of the body; 6. That every such person being convicted shall suffer death." This law was repealed in our own time.

Thus, in the time of Shakspeare, was the doctrine of witchcraft at once established by law and by the fashion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal, to doubt it; and as prodigies are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some places, that Bishop Hall mentions a village in Lancashire,* where their number was greater than that of the houses. The jesuits and sectaries took advantage of this universal error, and endeavoured to promote the interest of their parties by pretended cures of persons afflicted by evil spirits; but they were detected and exposed by the clergy of the established church.

Upon this general infatuation Shakspeare might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he has followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting. JOHNSON.

In the concluding paragraph of Dr. Johnson's admirable introduction to this play, he seems apprehensive that the fame of Shakspeare's magic may be endangered by modern ridicule. I shall not hesitate, however, to predict its security, till our national taste is wholly corrupted, and we no longer deserve the first of all dramatic enjoyments; for such, in my opinion at least, is the tragedy of Macbeth. STEEVENS.

Malcolm II. King of Scotland, had two daughters. The eldest was married to Crynin, the father of Duncan, Thane of the Isles, and western parts of Scotland; and on the death of Malcolm, without male issue, Duncan succeeded to the throne. Malcolm's

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* In Nashe's Lenten Stuff, 1599, it is said, that no less than six hundred witches were executed at one time: "—it is evident, by the confession of the six hundred Scotch witches executed in Scotland at Bartholomew tide was twelve month, that in Yarmouth road they were all together in a plump on Christmas eve was two years, when the great flood was; and there stirred up such tornadoes and furicanoes of tempests, as will be spoken of there whilst any winds or storms and tempests chafe and puff in the lower region." REED.

second daughter was married to Sinel, Thane of Glamis, the father of Macbeth. Duncan, who married the daughter * of Siward, Earl of Northumberland, was murdered by his cousin german, Macbeth, in the castle of Inverness, according to Buchanan, in the year 1040; according to Hector Boethius, in 1045. Boethius, whose History of Scotland was first printed in seventeen books, at Paris, in 1526, thus describes the event which forms the basis of the tragedy before us; "Makbeth, be persuasion of his wyfe, gaderit his friendis to ane counsall at Invernes, quhare kyng Duncane happennit to be for ye tyme. And because he fand sufficient opportunitie, *be support of Banquho* and otheris his friendis, he slew kyng Duncane, the vii zeir of his regne." After the murder of Duncan, Macbeth "come with ane gret power to Scone, and tuk the crowne." *Chroniclis of Scotland*, translated by John Bellenden, folio, 1541. Macbeth was himself slain by Macduff in the year 1061, according to Boethius; according to Buchanan, in 1057; at which time King Edward the Confessor possessed the throne of England. Holinshed copied the history of Boethius, and on Holinshed's relation Shakspeare formed his play.

In the reign of Duncan, Banquo having been plundered by the people of Lochabar of some of the king's revenues, which he had collected, and being dangerously wounded in the affray, the persons concerned in this outrage were summoned to appear at a certain day. But they slew the *serjeant at arms* who summoned them, and chose one Macdowald as their captain. Macdowald speedily collected a considerable body of forces from Ireland and the Western Isles, and in one action gained a victory over the king's army. In this battle Malcolm, a Scottish nobleman, who was (says Boethius) "Lieutenant to Duncan in Lochaber," was slain. Afterwards Macbeth and Banquo were appointed to the command of the army; and Macdowald being obliged to take refuge in a castle in Lochaber, first slew his wife and children, and then himself. Macbeth, on entering the castle, finding his dead body, ordered his head to be cut off, and carried to the king, at the castle of Bertha, and his body to be hung on a high tree.

At a subsequent period, in the last year of Duncan's reign, Sueno, King of Norway, landed a powerful army in Fife, for the purpose of invading Scotland. Duncan immediately assembled an army to oppose him, and gave the command of two divisions of it to Macbeth and Banquo, putting himself at the head of a third. Sueno was successful in one battle, but in a second was routed; and, after a great slaughter of his troops, he escaped with ten persons only, and fled back to Norway. Though there was an interval of time between the rebellion of Macdowald and

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* —the DAUGHTER —] More probably the *sister*. See note on The Cronykil of Andrew Wyntown, vol. ii. p. 475. STEEVENS.

the invasion of Sueno, our author has woven these two actions together, and immediately after Sueno's defeat the present play commences.

It is remarkable that Buchanan has pointed out Macbeth's history as a subject for the stage. "Multa hic fabulose quidam nostrorum affingunt; sed, quia *theatris* aut Milesiis fabulis sunt aptiora quam historiæ, ea omitto." *Rerum Scot. Hist.* l. vii. But there was no translation of Buchanan's work till after our author's death.

This tragedy was written, I believe, in the year 1606. See the notes at the end; and An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays, vol. ii. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland:

MALCOLM, } his Sons.
DONALBAIN, }

MACBETH, } Generals of the King's Army.
BANQUO, }

MACDUFF, }
LENOX, }
ROSSE, } Noblemen of Scotland.
MENTETH, }
ANGUS, }
CATHNESS, }

FLEANCE, Son to Banquo.

SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces:

Young SIWARD, his Son.

SEYTON, an Officer attending on Macbeth.

Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.

Lady MACBETH [1].

Lady MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE, and three Witches [2].

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE, in the End of the fourth Act, lies in England; through the rest of the Play, in Scotland; and, chiefly, at Macbeth's Castle.

[1] Lady Macbeth.] Her name was Gruach, filia Bodhe. See Lord Hailes's Annals of Scotland, ii. 332. RITSON.

Androw of Wyntown, in his Cronykil, informs us that this personage was the widow of Duncan; a circumstance with which Shakspeare must have been wholly unacquainted:

"—— Dame *Grwok*, hys Emys wyf,
"Tuk, and led wyth hyr his lyf,
"And held hyr bathe hys Wyf and Qweyne,
"As befor than scho had beyne
"Til hys Eme Qwene, lyvand
"Quhen he was Kyng wyth Crowne rygnand:
"For lytyl in honowre than had he
"The greys of affynyte." B. vi. 35.

From the incidents, however, with which Hector Boece has diversified the legend of Macbeth, our poet derived greater advantages than he could have found in the original story, as related by Wyntown.

The 18th Chapter of his Cronykil, book vi. together with observations by its accurate and learned editor, will be subjoined to this tragedy, for the satisfaction of inquisitive readers.

STEEVENS.

[2] —three Witches.] As the play now stands, in Act IV. Sc. I. three *other* witches make their appearance. See note thereon. STEEVENS.

Revived in 1672 by the
Duke Camp: at Dorset
Garden - when Lee took
the last of Dumeans & Davenant
to them united altered & brought
out his Hero & the King's
House 1675. Dorset Garden 1687

MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open Place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done[1],
When the battle's lost and won[2]:

[1] —hurlyburly's—] However mean this word may seem to modern ears, it came recommended to Shakspeare by the authority of Henry Peacham, who, in the year 1577, published a book professing to treat of the *ornaments* of language. It is called The Garden of Eloquence, and has this passage: "Onomatopeia, when we invent, devise, fayne, and make a name intimating the sownd of that it signifyeth, as *hurlyburly*, for an *uprore* and *tumultuous stirre*." Henderson.

So, in a translation of Herodian, 12mo. 1635, p. 26:

"—— there was a mighty *hurlyburly* in the campe," &c.

Again, p. 324:

"—— great *hurliburlies* being in all parts of the empire," &c.
Reed.

So, also, in Turbervile's Tragical Tales:

"But by the meane of horse and man
"Such *hurlie burlie* grewe."

Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. v. c. iii. st. 30:

"Thereof great *hurly burly* moved was." Malone.

Mr. Todd has the following note on the line quoted from Spenser:

"None of the commentators have noticed, by any production from the literature of Scotland, the propriety of the dramatick poet's putting the expression into the *Scottish* hag's mouth. The expression is to be found in a book published indeed long after Shakspeare's time, but containing probably many *old saws*, entitled,

3 *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun [3].
1 *Witch.* Where the place?
2 *Witch.* Upon the heath:
3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth [4].

" Adagia Scotica, or a Collection of Scotch Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases. Collected by R. B. Very usefull and delightful, Lond. 12mo. 1668:

" Little kens the wife that sits by the fire
" How the wind blows cold in *hurle burle swyre :*"

that is, how the wind blows cold in the tempestuous mountain-top: for *swyre* is used either for the *top* of a hill, or the *pass over* a hill. This sense seems agreeable also to the Witch's answer: " When the hurlyburly's done," that is, the storm; for they enter in thunder and lightning. Boswell.

[2] When the battle's lost and won:] i. e. the battle in which Macbeth was then engaged. Warburton.

So, in King Richard III.:

" —— while we reason here,
" A royal battle might be *won and lost*."

So also Speed, speaking of the battle of Towton: " — by which only stratagem, as it was constantly averred, the battle and day was *lost and won*." *Chronicle*, 1611. Malone.

[3] — ere set of sun.] The old copy unnecessarily and harshly reads—

" —— ere *the* set of sun." Steevens.

[4] There to meet with Macbeth.] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope, and, after him, other editors:

" There *I go* to meet Macbeth."

The insertion, however, seems to be injudicious. To " meet with Macbeth " was the final drift of all the Witches in going to the heath, and not the particular business or motive of any one of them in distinction from the rest; as the interpolated words, *I go*, in the mouth of the third Witch, would most certainly imply.

Somewhat, however, (as the verse is evidently imperfect,) must have been left out by the transcriber or printer. Mr. Capell has therefore proposed to remedy this defect, by reading—

" There to meet with *brave* Macbeth."

But surely, to beings intent only on mischief, a soldier's bravery, in an honest cause, would have been no subject of encomium.

Mr. Malone (omitting all previous remarks, &c. on this passage) assures us, that—" *There* is here used as a dissyllable." I wish he had supported his assertion by some example. Those,

1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin [5]!
All. Paddock calls:—Anon [6].—

however, who can speak the line thus regulated, and suppose they are reciting a verse, may profit by the direction they have received.

The pronoun "their," having two vowels together, may be split into two syllables; but the adverb "there" can only be used as a monosyllable, unless pronounced as if it were written "the-re," a licence in which even Chaucer has not indulged himself.

It was convenient for Shakspeare's introductory scene, that his first Witch should appear uninstructed in her mission. Had she not required information, the audience must have remained ignorant of what it was necessary for them to know. Her speeches, therefore, proceed in the form of interrogatories; but, all on a sudden, an answer is given to a question which had not been asked. Here seems to be a chasm, which I shall attempt to supply by the introduction of a single pronoun, and by distributing the hitherto mutilated line among the three speakers:

"3 *Witch.* There to meet with—
"1 *Witch.* *Whom?*
"2 *Witch.* Macbeth."

Distinct replies have now been afforded to the three necessary enquiries—*When*—*Where*—and *Whom* the Witches were to meet. Their conference receives no injury from my insertion and arrangement. On the contrary, the dialogue becomes more regular and consistent, as each of the hags will now have spoken *thrice* (a magical number) before they join in utterance of the concluding words, which relate only to themselves.—I should add that, in the two prior instances, it is also the second Witch who furnishes decisive and material answers; and that I would give the words—"I come, Graymalkin!" to the third. By assistance from such of our author's plays as had been published in quarto, we have often detected more important errors in the folio 1623, which, unluckily, supplies the most ancient copy of Macbeth.

STEEVENS.

I have endeavoured to show in the Essay on Shakspeare's versification that this line is not defective, and that neither Mr. Steevens's supplemental *whom*, nor Mr. Malone's dissyllabical pronunciation of *there*, is required. BOSWELL.

[5] — Graymalkin!] From a little black-letter book, entitled, Beware the Cat, 1584, I find it was permitted to a Witch *to take on her a cattes body nine times.* Mr. Upton observes, that, to understand this passage, we should suppose one familiar calling with the voice of a cat, and another with the croaking of a toad.

Again, in Newes from Scotland, &c. (a pamphlet of which

Fair is foul, and foul is fair[7]**:**
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[*Witches vanish.*

the reader will find the entire title in a future note on this play): "Moreover she confessed, that at the time when his majestie was in Denmarke, shee being accompanied with the parties before specially mentioned, tooke a *cat* and christened it, and afterward bound to each part of that *cat* the cheefest part of a dead man, and several joyntes of his bodie, and that in the night following the said *cat* was convayed into the middest of the sea by all these witches sayling in their riddles or cives as is aforesaid, and so left the said *cat* right before the towne of Leith in Scotland. This donne, there did arise such a tempest in the sea, as a greater hath not bene seene," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] Paddock calls: &c.] This, with the two following lines, is given in the folio to the three Witches. Some preceding editors have appropriated the first of them to the second Witch.

According to the late Dr. Goldsmith, and some other naturalists, a *frog* is called a *paddock* in the North: as in the following instance, in Cæsar and Pompey, by Chapman, 1607:

"—— *Paddockes*, todes, and watersnakes."

Again, in Wyntownis Cronykil, b. i. c. xiii. 55:

"As ask, or eddyre, tade, or *pade*."

In Shakspeare, however, it certainly means a *toad*. The representation of St. James in the witches' house (one of the set of prints taken from the painter called Hellish Breugel, 1566,) exhibits witches flying up and down the chimney on brooms; and before the fire sit *grimalkin* and *paddock*, i. e. a *cat*, and a *toad*, with several *baboons*. There is a cauldron boiling, with a witch near it, cutting out the tongue of a snake, as an ingredient for the charm. A representation somewhat similar likewise occurs in Newes from Scotland, &c. a pamphlet already quoted.

STEEVENS.

"—— Some say, they [witches] can keepe devils and spirits, in the likeness of todes and cats." *Scot's Discovery of Witchcraft*, [1584] book i. c. iv. TOLLET.

[7] Fair is foul, and foul is fair:] i. e. we make the sudden changes of the weather. And Macbeth, speaking of this day, soon after says:

"So foul and fair a day I have not seen." WARBURTON.

The common idea of witches has always been, that they had absolute power over the weather, and could raise storms of any kind, or allay them, as they pleased. In conformity to this notion, Macbeth addresses them, in the fourth Act:

"Though you untie the winds, &c." STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

A Camp near Fores.

Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier* [1].

DUN. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

MAL. This is the sergeant [8],

* First folio, *Captain*.

I believe the meaning is, that *to us*, perverse and malignant as we are, *fair is foul, and foul is fair*. JOHNSON.

This expression seems to have been proverbial. Spenser has it in the 4th book of The Fairy Queen:

"Then *fair grew foul*, and *foul grew fair* in fight."

FARMER.

[8] This is the SERGEANT,] Holinshed is the best interpreter of Shakspeare in his historical plays; for he not only takes his facts from him, but often his very words and expressions. That historian, in his account of Macdowald's rebellion, mentions, that on the first appearance of a mutinous spirit among the people, the king sent a *sergeant at arms* into the country, to bring up the chief offenders to answer the charge preferred against them; but they, instead of obeying, misused the messenger with sundry reproaches, and finally slew him. This *sergeant at arms* is certainly the origin of the *bleeding sergeant* introduced on the present occasion. Shakspeare just caught *the name* from Holinshed, but the rest of the story not suiting his purpose, he does not adhere to it. The stage-direction of entrance, where the *bleeding captain* is mentioned, was probably the work of the player editors, and not of the poet.

Sergeant, however, (as the ingenious compiler of the Glossary to A. of Wyntown's Cronykil observes,) is "a degree in military service now unknown."

"Of *sergeandys* thare and knychtis kene
"He gat a gret cumpany." B. viii. ch. xxvi. v. 396.

The same word occurs again in the fourth Poem of Lawrence Minot, p. 19:

"He hasted him to the swin, with *sergantes* snell,
"To mete with the Normandes that fals war and fell."

Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity :—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Sold. Doubtful it stood [9];
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald [1]
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that [2],
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied [3]:

According to M. le Grand, (says Mr. Ritson) *sergeants* were a sort of *gens d'armes*. Steevens.

9 Doubtfully it stood;] Mr. Pope, who introduced the epithet *long*, to assist the metre, and reads—

"Doubtful *long* it stood,"

has thereby injured the sense. If the comparison was meant to coincide in all circumstances, the struggle could not be *long*. I read—

"*Doubtfully* it stood;"

The old copy has—*Doubtfull*—so that my addition consists of but a single letter. Steevens.

Yet the line but one preceding is left unaltered, though equally defective. Boswell.

1 — Macdonwald —] Thus the old copy. According to Holinshed we should read—*Macdowald*. Steevens.

So also the Scottish Chronicles. However, it is possible that Shakspeare might have preferred the name that has been substituted, as better sounding. It appears from a subsequent scene that he had attentively read Holinshed's account of the murder of King Duff, by *Donwald*, Lieutenant of the castle of Fores; in consequence of which he might, either from inadvertence, or choice, have here written—*Macdonwald*. Malone.

2 — to that, &c.] i. e. *in addition* to that. So, in Troilus and Cressida, Act I. Sc. I.:

"The Greeks are strong, and skilful *to* their strength,
"Fierce *to* their skill, and *to* their fierceness valiant."

The soldier who describes Macdonwald, seems to mean, that, 'in addition to his assumed character of rebel, he abounds with the numerous enormities to which man, in his natural state, is liable.' Steevens.

To that I should rather explain as meaning '*to that end*: multiplying villanies have fitted him to become a rebel.' Malone.

3 —— from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;] Whether *sup-*

And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling[4],
Show'd like a rebel's whore[5]: But all's too weak:

plied of, for *supplied from* or *with*, was a kind of Grecism of Shakspeare's expression; or whether *of* be a corruption of the editors, who took *Kernes and Gallowglasses*, which were only light and heavy armed foot, to be the names of two of the western islands, I don't know. "Hinc conjecturæ vigorem etiam adjiciunt arma quædam Hibernica, Gallicis antiquis similia, jacula nimirum peditum levis armaturæ quos *Kernos* vocant, nec non secures et loricæ ferreæ peditum illorum gravioris armaturæ, quos *Galloglassios* appellant." *Waræi Antiq. Hiber.* cap. vi. WARBURTON.

Of and *with* are indiscriminately used by our ancient writers. So, in The Spanish Tragedy:

"Perform'd *of* pleasure by your son the prince."

Again, in God's Revenge against Murder, hist. vi.: "Sypontus in the mean time is prepared *of* two wicked gondoliers," &c. Again, in The History of Helyas Knight of the Sun, bl. l. no date: "—he was well garnished *of* spear, sword, and armoure," &c. These are a few out of a thousand instances which might be brought to the same purpose.

Kernes and *Gallowglasses* are characterized in The Legend of Roger Mortimer. See The Mirror for Magistrates:

"—— the *Gallowglas*, the *Kerne*,
"Yield or not yield, whom so they take, they slay."

See also Stanyhurst's Description of Ireland, ch. viii. fol. 28. Holinshed, edit. 1577. STEEVENS.

The old copy has *Gallow-grosses*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

We have the following description of *Kernes* and *Gallowglasses* in Barnabie Riche's New Irish Prognostication, p. 37: "The *Galloglas* succeedeth the Horseman, and hee is commonly armed with a scull, a shirt of maile, and a *Galloglas* axe: his service in the field, is neither good against horsemen, nor able to endure an encounter of pikes, yet the Irish do make great account of them. The *Kerne* of Ireland are next in request, the very drosse and scum of the countrey, a generation of villaines not worthy to live: these be they that live by robbing and spoyling the poor countreyman, that maketh him many times to buy bread to give unto them, though he want for himself and his poore children. These are they that are ready to run out with everie rebell, and these are the verie hags of hell fit for nothing but for the gallows." BOSWELL.

[4] And fortune, on his damned QUARREL smiling,] The old copy has—*quarry*; but I am inclined to read *quarrel*. *Quarrel* was formerly used for *cause*, or for *the occasion of a quarrel*, and is to

For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,

be found in that sense in Holinshed's account of the story of Macbeth, who, upon the creation of the Prince of Cumberland, thought, says the historian, that he had *a just quarrel* to endeavour after the crown. The sense therefore is, "Fortune smiling on his execrable cause," &c. JOHNSON.

The word *quarrel* occurs in Holinshed's relation of this very fact, and may be regarded as a sufficient proof of its having been the term here employed by Shakspeare: "Out of the western isles there came to Macdowald a great multitude of people, to assist him in that rebellious *quarrel*." Besides, Macdowald's *quarry* (i. e. game) must have consisted of *Duncan's friends*, and would the speaker then have applied the epithet—*damned* to them? and what have the smiles of fortune to do over a carnage, when we have defeated our enemies? Her business is then at an end. Her smiles or frowns are no longer of any consequence. We only talk of these, while we are pursuing our *quarrel*, and the event of it is uncertain.

The word—*quarrel*, in the same sense, occurs also in MS. Harl. 4690: "Thanne sir Edward of Bailoll towke his leve off king Edwarde, and went ayenne into Scottelonde, and was so grete a lorde, and so moche had his wille, that he touke no hede to hem that halpe him in his *quarelle*;" &c. STEEVENS.

The reading proposed by Dr. Johnson, and his explanation of it, are strongly supported by a passage in our author's King John:

"——And put his *cause* and *quarrel*
"To the disposing of the cardinal."

Again, in this play of Macbeth:

"——and the chance, of goodness,
"Be like our warranted *quarrel*."

Here we have *warranted quarrel*, the exact opposite of *damned quarrel*, as the text is now regulated.

Lord Bacon, in his Essays, uses the word in the same sense: "Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses; so as a man may have a *quarrel* to marry, when he will." MALONE.

Johnson's emendation is probably right; but it should be recollected that *quarry* means not only *game*, but also *an arrow*, an offensive weapon; we might say without objection, "that Fortune smiled on a warrior's *sword*." BOSWELL.

5 Show'd like a rebel's whore:] I suppose the meaning is, that fortune, while she smiled on him, deceived him. Shakspeare probably alludes to Macdowald's first successful action,

Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave [6];
And ne'er shook hands [7], nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps [8],

elated by which he attempted to pursue his fortune, but lost his life. MALONE.

[6] Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave;] The old copy reads—

"Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage
"Till he fac'd the slave."

As an hemistich must be admitted, it seems more favourable to the metre that it should be found where it is now left.—"Till he fac'd the slave," could never be designed as the beginning of a verse, if harmony were at all attended to in its construction. STEEVENS.

"Like valour's *minion*." So, in King John:

"—— fortune shall cull forth,
"Out of one side, her happy *minion*." MALONE.

[7] AND NE'ER shook hands, &c.] The old copy reads—"Which nev'r."

"—— shook hands." So, in King Henry VI. Part III.:

"Till our King Henry had *shook hands* with death."
STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope, instead of *which*, here, and in many other places, reads—*who*. But there is no need of change. There is scarcely one of our author's plays in which he has not used *which* for *who*. So, in The Winter's Tale: "—the old shepherd, *which* stands by," &c. MALONE.

The old reading—"Which never," appears to indicate that some antecedent words, now irretrievable, were omitted in the playhouse manuscript; unless the compositor's eye had caught *which* from a foregoing line, and printed it instead of *And*. *Which*, in the present instance, cannot well have been substituted for *who*, because it will refer to the *slave* Macdonwald, instead of his conqueror Macbeth. STEEVENS.

[8] —he unseam'd him from the NAVE to the chaps,] We seldom hear of such terrible cross blows given and received but by giants and miscreants in *Amadis de Gaule*. Besides, it must be a strange aukward stroke that could unrip him upwards from the *navel* to the *chaps*. But Shakspeare certainly wrote:

"—— he unseam'd him from the *nape* to the chaps."

i. e. cut his skull in two; which might be done by a Highlander's sword. This was a reasonable blow, and very naturally expressed,

And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion[9]

on supposing it given when the head of the wearied combatant was reclining downwards at the latter end of a long duel. For the *nape* is the hinder part of the neck, where the *vertebræ* join to the bone of the skull. So, in Coriolanus:

"O! that you could turn your eyes towards the *napes* of your necks."

The word *unseamed* likewise becomes very proper, and alludes to the suture which goes cross the crown of the head in that direction called the *sutura sagittalis;* and which, consequently, must be opened by such a stroke. It is remarkable, that Milton, who in his youth read and imitated our poet much, particularly in his Comus, was misled by this corrupt reading. For in the manuscript of that poem, in Trinity-College library, the following lines are read thus:

"Or drag him by the curls, *and cleave his scalpe*
"*Down to the hippes.*"

An evident imitation of this corrupted passage. But he altered it with better judgment to—

"——to a foul death
"Curs'd as his life." WARBURTON.

The old reading is certainly the true one, being justified by a passage in Dido Queene of Carthage, by Thomas Nash, 1594: *f.* 20

"Then from the *navel* to the throat at once
"He *ript* old Priam."

So likewise in an ancient MS. entitled The Boke of Huntyng, that is cleped Mayster of Game, cap. v.: "Som men haue sey hym slitte a man *fro the kne up to the brest*, and slee hym all starke dede at o strok." STEEVENS.

So, in Shadwell's Libertine: "I will rip you *from the navel to the chin.*" BOSWELL.

9 As whence the sun 'GINS his reflexion—] The thought is expressed with some obscurity, but the plain meaning is this: "As the same quarter, whence the blessing of day-light arises, sometimes sends us, by a dreadful reverse, the calamities of storms and tempests: so the glorious event of Macbeth's victory, which promised us the comforts of peace, was immediately succeeded by the alarming news of the Norweyan invasion." The natural history of the winds, &c. is foreign to the explanation of this passage. Shakspeare does not mean, in conformity to any theory, to say that storms *generally* come from the east. If it be allowed that they sometimes issue from that quarter, it is sufficient for the purpose of his comparison. STEEVENS.

Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break[1];
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells[2]. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels;
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.
Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Sold. Yes[3];

The natural history of the winds, &c. was idly introduced on this occasion by Dr. Warburton. Sir William D'Avenant's reading of this passage, in an alteration of this play, published in quarto, in 1674, affords a reasonably good comment upon it:

"But then this day-break of our victory
"Serv'd but to light us into other dangers,
"That spring from whence our hopes did seem to rise."

MALONE.

[1] —thunders BREAK;] The word *break* is wanting in the oldest copy. The other folios and Rowe read—*breaking*. Mr. Pope made the emendation. STEEVENS.

Break, which was suggested by the reading of the second folio, is very unlikely to have been the word omitted in the original copy. It agrees with thunders;—but who ever talked of the *breaking* of a *storm?*" MALONE.

The phrase, I believe, is sufficiently common. Thus Dryden, in All for Love, &c. Act I.:

"—— the Roman camp
"Hangs o'er us black and threat'ning, like a *storm*
"Just *breaking* o'er our heads."

Again, in Ogilby's version of the 17th Iliad:

"Hector o'er all an iron tempest spreads,
"Th' impending *storm* will *break* upon our heads."

STEEVENS.

[2] DISCOMFORT swells.] *Discomfort*, the natural opposite to *comfort*. JOHNSON.

[3] Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Sold. Yes;] The reader cannot fail to observe, that some word, necessary to complete

As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks[4];
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes[5] upon the foe:

the verse, has been omitted in the old copy. Sir T. Hanmer reads—

"Our captains, *brave* Macbeth," &c. STEEVENS.

The word [as Mr. Douce has observed,] was probably pronounced *capitaine* in this instance, as it is frequently in Spenser. BOSWELL.

[4] As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks, &c.] That is, with double charges; a metonymy of the effect for the cause. HEATH.

Mr. Theobald has endeavoured to improve the sense of this passage, by altering the punctuation thus:

"———— they were
"As cannons overcharg'd; with double cracks
"So they redoubled strokes——."

He declares, with some degree of exultation, that he has no idea of a "cannon charged with double cracks;" but surely the great author will not gain much by an alteration which makes him say of a hero, that he "redoubles strokes with double cracks," an expression not more loudly to be applauded, or more easily pardoned, than that which is rejected in its favour.

That a "cannon is charged with thunder," or "with double thunders," may be written, not only without nonsense, but with elegance, and nothing else is here meant by *cracks*, which, in the time of this writer, was a word of such emphasis and dignity, that in this play he terms the general dissolution of nature the *crack of doom*. JOHNSON.

Crack is used on a similar occasion by Barnaby Googe, in his Cupido Conquered, 1563:

"The canon's *cracke* begins to roore
"And darts full thycke they flye,
"And cover'd thycke the armyes both,
"And framde a counter-skye."

Barbour, the old Scotch Poet, calls fire-arms—"*crakys* of war." STEEVENS.

Again, in the old play of King John, 1591, and applied, as here, to ordnance:

"—— as harmless and without effect,
"As is the echo of a cannon's *crack*." MALONE.

[5] Doubly redoubled strokes, &c.] So, in King Richard II.:

Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha [6],
I cannot tell :——
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds ;
They smack of honour both :—Go, get him surgeons. [*Exit Soldier, attended.*

Enter Rosse [7].

Who comes here [8] ?

" And let thy blows, *doubly redoubled*,
" Fall," &c.

The irregularity of the metre, however, induces me to believe our author wrote—

" ——— they were
" As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks,
" Doubly *redoubling* strokes upon the foe."

For this thought, however, Shakspeare might have been indebted to Caxton's Recuyel, &c. " The batayll was sharp, than the grekes *dowblid and redowblid their strokes*, &c. Steevens.

[6] Or memorize another Golgotha,] That is, or *make* another Golgotha, which should be celebrated and delivered down to posterity, with as frequent mention as the first. Heath.

The word *memorize*, which some suppose to have been coined by Shakspeare, is used by Spenser, in a sonnet to Lord Buckhurst, prefixed to his Pastorals, 1579 :

" In vaine I thinke, right honourable lord,
" By this rude rime to *memorize* thy name." T. Warton.

The word is likewise used by Drayton ; and by Chapman, in his translation of the second book of Homer, 1598 :

" —— which let thy thoughts be sure to *memorize*."

Again, in the third Iliad :

" —— and Clymene, whom fame
" Hath, for her fair eyes, *memoriz'd*."

And again, in a copy of verses prefixed to Sir Arthur Gorges's translation of Lucan, 1614 :

" Of them whose acts they mean to *memorize*."

Steevens.

[7] *Enter* Rosse.] The old copy—" Enter Rosse and *Angus :*" but as only the name of Rosse is spoken to, or speaks any thing in the remaining part of this scene, and as Duncan expresses himself in the singular number,—

Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.
Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look,
That seems to speak things strange[9].

"Whence cam'st *thou*, worthy thane?"
Angus may be considered as a superfluous character. Had his present appearance been designed, the King would naturally have taken some notice of him. Steevens.

It is clear, from a subsequent passage, that the entry of Angus was here designed; for in Scene III. he again enters with Rosse, and says,—

"—— *We* are sent
"To give thee from our royal master thanks." Malone.

Because *Rosse* and *Angus* accompany each other in a subsequent scene, does it follow that they make their entrance together on the present occasion? Steevens.

[8] Who comes HERE?] The latter word is here employed as a dissyllable. Malone.

Mr. Malone has already directed us to read *there* as a dissyllable, but without supporting his direction by one example of such a practice.

I suspect that the poet wrote—

"Who *is't* comes here?" or—"*But* who comes here?"
Steevens.

See the Essay on Shakspeare's Versification. Boswell.

[9] ——— So should he look,
That SEEMS to speak things strange.] The meaning of this passage, as it now stands, is, "so should he look, that looks as if he told things strange." But Rosse neither yet told strange things, nor could look as if he told them. Lenox only conjectured from his air that he had strange things to tell, and therefore undoubtedly said:

"What a haste looks through his eyes!
"So should he look, that *teems* to speak things strange."

He looks like one that is *big with* something of importance; a metaphor so natural that it is every day used in common discourse. Johnson.

Mr. M. Mason observes, that the meaning of Lenox is, "So should he look, who seems as if he had strange things to speak."

The following passage in The Tempest seems to afford no unapt comment upon this:

"——— pr'ythee, say on:
"The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
"A matter from thee—."

Again, in King Richard II.:

Rosse. God save the king!
Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?
Rosse. From Fife, great king.
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky[1]
And fan our people cold[2].

" Men judge by the complexion of the sky, &c.
" So may you, by my dull and heavy eye,
" My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say." STEEVENS.

" That *seems* to speak things strange." i. e. that seems *about* to speak strange things. Our author himself furnishes us with the best comment on this passage. In Antony and Cleopatra we meet with nearly the same idea:

" The business of this man *looks out of him*." MALONE.

[1] — FLOUT the sky,] The banners may be poetically described as waving in *mockery* or *defiance* of the sky. So, in King Edward III. 1599:

" And new replenish'd pendants cuff the air,
" And beat the wind, that for their gaudiness
" Struggles to kiss them." STEEVENS.

Again, in King John:

" *Mocking* the air, with *colours* idly spread."

This passage has perhaps been misunderstood. The meaning seems to be, not that the Norweyan banners proudly insulted the sky; but that, the standards being taken by Duncan's forces, and fixed in the ground, the colours idly flapped about, serving only to cool the conquerors, instead of being proudly displayed by their former possessors. The line in King John, therefore, is the most perfect comment on this. MALONE.

The sense of the passage, collectively taken, is this: " Where the triumphant flutter of the Norweyan standards ventilates or cools the soldiers who had been heated through their efforts to secure such numerous trophies of victory." STEEVENS.

In Marston's Sophonisba, published in 1606, the second scene of the first act bears a great resemblance to the one now before us, and that which precedes it: " Carthelo enters, his sword drawne, his body wounded, his shield strucke full of darts." He gives an account of a battle between the Carthaginians and Romans, and this passage occurs:

" When we the campe that lay at Utica,
" From Carthage distant but five easie leagues,
" Descride, from of the watch three hundred saile,
" Upon whose tops the Roman eagles streach'd
" *Their large spread winges which fan'd the evening ayre*
" *To us cold breath*, for well we might discerne
" Rome swam to Carthage." BOSWELL.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof[3],
Confronted him with self-comparisons[4],
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: And, to conclude,
The victory fell on us;——
Dun. Great happiness!
Rosse. That now

[2] And fan our people cold.] In all probability, some words that rendered this a complete verse have been omitted; a loss more frequently to be deplored in the present tragedy, than perhaps in any other of Shakspeare. Steevens.

[3] Till that Bellona's BRIDEGROOM, lapp'd IN PROOF,] This passage may be added to the many others, which show how little Shakspeare knew of ancient mythology. Henley.

Our author might have been influenced by Holinshed, who, p. 567, speaking of King Henry V. says: "He declared that the goddesse of battell, called *Bellona*," &c. &c. Shakspeare, therefore, hastily concluded that the Goddess of War was wife to the God of it; or might have been misled by Chapman's version of a line in the fifth Iliad of Homer:

"—— *Mars* himself, match'd with his *female mate*,
"The dread *Bellona*——."

Lapp'd in proof, is, defended by armour of proof. Steevens.

These criticisms are entirely founded in error. "Bellona's bridegroom," as Mr. Kemble and Mr. Douce have observed, does not mean the *God of War*, but *Macbeth*. So, in the scene quoted above, Marston's Sophonisba:

"Scipio advanced *like the God of blood*,
"Leads up grim war." Boswell.

[4] Confronted HIM with self-comparisons,] By *him*, in this verse, is meant *Norway*; as the plain construction of the English requires. And the assistance the *thane of Cawdor* had given Norway, was underhand; (which Rosse and Angus, indeed, had discovered, but was unknown to Macbeth;) Cawdor being in the court all this while, as appears from Angus's speech to Macbeth, when he meets him to salute him with the title, and insinuates his crime to be "lining the rebel with *hidden* help and 'vantage."

"— with *self-comparisons*." i. e. gave him as good as he brought, shew'd he was his equal. Warburton.

Sweno, the Norways' king [5], craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch [6],
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest:—Go, pronounce his present death [7],
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won. [*Exeunt.*

[5] That now
Sweno, the Norways' king,] The present irregularity of metre induces me to believe that—*Sweno* was only a marginal reference, injudiciously thrust into the text; and that the line originally stood thus:

"That now the Norways' king craves composition."

Could it have been necessary for Rosse to tell Duncan the name of his old enemy, the king of Norway? Steevens.

[6] — Saint Colmes' inch,] *Colmes'* is to be considered as a dissyllable.

Colmes'-inch, now called *Inchcomb*, is a small island lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columb; called by Camden *Inch Colm*, or *The Isle of Columba*. Some of the modern editors, without authority, read—

"Saint Colmes'-kill Isle:"

but very erroneously; for *Colmes' Inch* and *Colm-kill*, are two different islands; the former lying on the eastern coast, near the place where the Danes were defeated; the latter in the western seas, being the famous Iona, one of the Hebrides.

Holinshed thus relates the whole circumstance: "The Danes that escaped, and got once to their ships, obteined of Makbeth for a great summe of gold, that such of their friends as were slaine, might be buried in *Saint Colmes' Inch*. In memorie whereof many old sepultures are yet in the said *Inch*, there to be seene graven with the armes of the Danes." *Inch*, or *Inshe*, in the Irish and Erse languages, signifies an island. See Lhuyd's Archæologia. Steevens.

[7] — pronounce his death,] The old copy, injuriously to metre, reads—

"—— pronounce his *present* death." Steevens.

SCENE III.

A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?
2 *Witch.* Killing swine [8].
3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou [9]?
1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—
Give me, quoth I:
Aroint thee, witch [1]*!* the rump-fed ronyon [2] cries [3].

[8] Killing swine.] So, in A Detection of Damnable Driftes practized by Three Witches, &c. Arraigned at Chelmisforde in Essex, 1579, bl. l. 12mo: "—Item, also she came on a tyme to the house of one Robert Lathburie &c. who dislyking her dealyng, *sent her home emptie;* but presently after her departure, his *hogges fell sicke and died,* to the number of twentie."
STEEVENS.

[9] 1 *Witch.* Where hast THOU been, sister?
2 *Witch.* Killing swine.
3 *Witch.* SISTER, where thou?] Thus the old copy; yet I cannot help supposing that these three speeches, collectively taken, were meant to form one verse, as follows:
"1 *Witch.* Where hast been, sister?
"2 *Witch.* Killing swine.
"3 *Witch.* Where thou?"
If my supposition be well founded, there is as little reason for preserving the useless *thou* in the first line, as the repetition of *sister*, in the third. STEEVENS.

[1] AROINT *thee, witch!*] *Aroint*, or avaunt, be gone. POPE.
In one of the folio editions the reading is—"*Anoint* thee," in a sense very consistent with the common account of witches, who are related to perform many supernatural acts, by the means of unguents, and particularly to fly through the air to the places where they meet at their hellish festivals. In this sense, "*anoint* thee, witch," will mean, "away, witch, to your infernal assembly." This reading I was inclined to favour, because I had met with the word *aroint* in no other author; till looking into Hearne's Collections, I found it in a very old drawing, that he has pub-

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail [4],

lished *, in which St. Patrick is represented visiting hell, and putting the devils into great confusion by his presence, of whom one, that is driving the damned before him with a prong, has a label issuing out of his mouth with these words, "out out Arongt," of which the last is evidently the same with *aroint*, and used in the same sense as in this passage. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's memory, on the present occasion, appears to have deceived him in more than a single instance. The subject of the above-mentioned drawing is ascertained by a label affixed to it in Gothick letters. "Iesus Christus, resurgens a mortuis spoliat infernum." My predecessor, indeed, might have been misled by an uncouth abbreviation in the Sacred Name.

The words—"Out out arongt," are addressed to our Redeemer by Satan, who, the better to enforce them, accompanies them with a blast of the horn he holds in his right hand. "Tartareum intendit cornu." If the instrument he grasps in his left hand was meant for a *prong*, it is of singular make. *Ecce signum.*

Satan is not "driving the damned before him;" nor is any other dæmon present to undertake that office. Redemption, not punishment, is the subject of the piece.

This story of Christ's exploit, in his *descensus ad inferos*, (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed in a note on Chaucer, 3512,) is taken from the Gospel of Nicodemus, and was called by our ancestors *the harrowinge of helle*, under which title it was represented among the Chester Whitsun Playes, MS. Harl. 2013.

"*Rynt* you, witch! quoth Besse Locket to her mother," is a north country proverb. The word is used again in King Lear:

"And *aroint* thee, witch, *aroint* thee."

Anoint is the reading of the folio, 1664, a book of no authority. STEEVENS.

It has been ingeniously suggested, (originally, as I understand,

* See Ectypa Varia, &c. Studio et cura Thomæ Hearne, &c. 1737. STEEVENS.

And, like a rat without a tail[5],
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do[6].

by Mr. Perry, of the Morning Chronicle,) that " aroynt ye, witch," may be a corruption for *a rowan tree*, i. e. the mountain ash, which is said to be considered in Scotland to this day as a preservative against witchcraft. My friend Mr. Talbot has pointed out to me a passage in Evelyn's Sylva, which shows that the same superstition prevailed in Wales: " This tree is so sacred (*scil.* in Wales), that there is not a churchyard without one of them planted in it (as, among us, the yew); so, on a certain day in every year, every body religiously wears a cross made of the wood; and the tree is by some authors called Fraxinus Cambro-Britannica, reputed to be a *preservative against fascinations and evil spirits*; whence, perhaps, we called it *witchen*." Millar, adds Mr. Talbot, gives this account of it: " In Scotland, and the North of England, it is called *roan tree*, and the name is variously spelt *rowen*, *radden*, and *rantry*." The sailor's wife, being in possession of this charm, is safe; and therefore the witch wreaks her vengeance upon her husband, who has no such talisman to protect him. If the phrase *Aroynt ye*, had occurred but once, we might be disposed to adopt this explanation; but it is not likely that the same mistake should have occurred twice, supported as the text is by the Cheshire proverb. If we were even to suppose that *a rowan tree* was the origin of the phrase, it is probable that Shakspeare adopted the corruption as he found it; as he has done *handsaw*, for *hernshaw*, in Hamlet. Boswell.

There is no doubt that *aroint* signifies *away! run!* and that it is of Saxon origin. The original Saxon verb has not been preserved in any other way; but the glossaries supply *ryne* for running; and, in the old Islandic, *runka* signifies *to agitate, to move*. Douce.

[2] —the RUMP-FED ronyon—] The chief cooks in noblemen's families, colleges, religious houses, hospitals, &c. anciently claimed the emoluments or kitchen fees of kidneys, fat, trotters, *rumps*, &c. which they sold to the poor. The weird sister in this scene, as an insult on the poverty of the woman who had called her *witch*, reproaches her poor abject state, as not being able to procure better provision than offals, which are considered as the refuse of the tables of others. Colepeper.

So, in The Ordinance for the Government of Prince Edward, 1474, the following fees are allowed: " mutton's heads, the *rumpes* of every beefe," &c. Again, in The Ordinances of the Household of George Duke of Clarence: " —the hinder shankes of the mutton, with the *rumpe*, to be feable."

Again, in Ben Jonson's Staple of News, old Penny-boy says to the Cook:

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind [7].
1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

" And then remember meat for my two dogs;
" Fat flaps of mutton, kidneys, *rumps*," &c.

Again, in Wit at Several Weapons, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" A niggard to your commons, that you're fain
" To size your belly out with shoulder fees,
" With kidneys, *rumps*, and cues of single beer."

In The Book of Haukynge, &c. (commonly called The Book of St. Albans) bl. l. no date, among the *proper terms used in kepyng of haukes*, it is said: " The hauke tyreth upon *rumps*."

Steevens.

[3] — ronyon cries.] i. e. scabby or mangy woman. Fr. *rogneux*, *royne*, scurf. Thus Chaucer, in The Romaunt of the Rose, p. 551:

" —— her necke
" Withouten bleine, or scabbe, or *roine*."

Shakspeare uses the substantive again in The Merry Wives of Windsor, and the adjective—*roynish*, in As You Like It.

Steevens.

[4] — in a sieve I'll thither sail,] Reginald Scott, in his Discovery of Witchcraft, 1584, says it was believed that witches " could sail in an egg shell, a cockle or muscle shell, through and under the tempestuous seas." Again, says Sir W. D'Avenant, in his Albovine, 1629:

" He sits like a witch *sailing in a sieve*."

Again, in Newes from Scotland: Declaring the damnable Life of Doctor Fian a notable Sorcerer, who was burned at Edenbrough in Januarie last, 1591; which Doctor was Register to the Devill, that sundrie Times preached at North Baricke Kirke, to a Number of notorious Witches. With the true Examinations of the said Doctor and Witches, as they uttered them in the Presence of the Scottish King. Discovering how they pretended to bewitch and drowne his Majestie in the Sea comming from Denmarke, with other such wonderful Matters as the like hath not bin heard at anie Time. Published according to the Scottish Copie. Printed for William Wright: " —and that all they together went to sea, each one in a *riddle* or *cive*, and went in the same very substantially with flaggons of wine, making merrie and drinking by the way in the same *riddles* or *cives*," &c. Dr. Farmer found the title of this scarce pamphlet in an interleaved copy of Maunsell's Catalogue, &c. 1595, with additions by Archbishop Harsenet and Thomas Baker the Antiquarian. It is almost needless to mention that I have since met with the pamphlet itself. Steevens.

[5] And, like a rat without a tail,] It should be remembered,

3 *Witch*. And I another.
1 *Witch*. I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow [8],
All the quarters that they know

(as it was the belief of the times,) that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the tail would still be wanting.

The reason given by some of the old writers, for such a deficiency, is, that though the hands and feet, by an easy change, might be converted into the four paws of a beast, there was still no part about a woman which corresponded with the length of tail common to almost all our four-footed creatures. STEEVENS.

[6] I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.——
I' the shipman's card.——
Look what I have.——
Show me, show me.——
Thus do go about, about;——] As I cannot help supposing this scene to have been uniformly metrical when our author wrote it, in its present state I suspect it to be clogged with interpolations, or mutilated by omissions.

Want of corresponding rhymes to the foregoing lines, induce me to hint at vacuities which cannot be supplied, and intrusions which (on the bare authority of conjecture) must not be expelled.

Were even the condition of modern transcripts for the stage understood by the public, the frequent accidents by which a poet's meaning is depraved, and his measure vitiated, would need no illustration. STEEVENS.

[7] I'll give thee a wind.] This free gift of a wind is to be considered as an act of sisterly friendship, for witches were supposed to sell them. So, in Summer's Last Will and Testament, 1600:

" —— in Ireland and in Denmark both,
" *Witches* for gold will *sell a man a wind*,
" Which in the corner of a napkin wrap'd,
" Shall blow him safe unto what coast he will."

Drayton, in his Mooncalf, says the same. It may be hoped, however, that the conduct of our witches did not resemble that of one of their relations, as described in an Appendix to the old translation of Marco Paolo, 1579: " — they demanded that he should *give them a winde;* and he shewed, setting his handes *behinde*, from *whence the wind should come*," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] And the VERY PORTS they blow,] As the word *very* is here of no other use than to fill up the verse, it is likely that Shakspeare wrote *various*, which might be easily mistaken for *very*, being either negligently read, hastily pronounced, or imperfectly heard. JOHNSON.

The *very* ports are the *exact* ports. *Very* is used here (as in a

I' the shipman's card [9].
I will drain him dry as hay [1]:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid [2];
He shall live a man forbid [3]:

thousand instances which might be brought) to express the declaration more emphatically.

Instead of *ports*, however, I had formerly read *points*; but erroneously. In ancient language, to *blow* sometimes means to *blow upon*. So, in Dumain's Ode in Love's Labour's Lost:

"Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may *blow*—."

i. e. *blow* upon them. We still say, it blows East, or West, without a preposition. STEEVENS.

The substituted word was first given by Sir W. D'Avenant, who, in his alteration of this play, has retained the old, while at the same time he furnished Mr. Pope with the new reading:

"I myself have all the other.
"And then from every *port* they blow,
"From all the *points* that seamen know." MALONE.

9 — the shipman's card.] So, in The Microcosmos of John Davies, of Hereford, 4to. 1605:

"Beside the chiefe windes and collaterall
"(Which are the windes indeed of chiefe regard)
"Seamen observe more, thirtie two in all,
"All which are pointed out upon the *carde*."

The card is the paper on which the winds are marked under the pilot's needle; or perhaps the *sea-chart*, so called in our author's age. Thus, in The Loyal Subject, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"The *card* of goodness in your minds, that shews you
"When you sail false."

Again, in Churchyard's Prayse and Reporte of Maister Martyne Forboisher's Voyage to Meta Incognita, &c. 12mo. bl. l. 1578: "There the generall gaue a speciall *card* and order to his captaines for the passing of the straites," &c. STEEVENS.

1 — dry as hay:] So, Spenser, in his Fairy Queen, b. iii. c. ix.:

"But he is old and *withered as hay*." STEEVENS.

2 Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his PENT-HOUSE LID;] So, in Decker's Gul's Horne-booke: "The two eyes are the glasse windowes, at which light disperses itselfe into every roome, having goodly *penthouses* of haire to overshaddow them." So, also in David and Goliah, by Michael Drayton:

"His brows, like two steep *pent-houses*, hung down
"Over his eye-lids."

This poem is inserted in a Collection which Drayton entitles

Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle [4], peak, and pine:

The Muses Elysium, which being dedicated to Edward Earl of Dorset, "Knight of the most noble order of the Garter," must have been published after 1625, that nobleman having been then invested with the order of the garter. I do not know of any earlier edition of the piece entitled David and Goliah; but another poem which appears in this collection, Moses his Birth and Miracles, had been published originally in 4to. in 1604, under the title of Moyses in A Map of his Miracles. MALONE.

[3] He shall live a man FORBID:] i. e. as one under a *curse*, an *interdiction*. So, afterwards in this play:

"By his own *interdiction* stands *accurs'd*."

So, among the Romans, an outlaw's sentence was, "Aquæ et ignis *interdictio*;" i. e. he was forbid the use of water and fire, which implied the *necessity of banishment*. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has very justly explained *forbid* by *accursed*, but without giving any reason of his interpretation. To *bid* is originally to *pray*, as in this Saxon fragment:

He ıꝛ þıꝛ ϸ bıt ⅂ botæ, &c.

"He is wise that *prays* and makes amends."

As to *forbid* therefore implies to *prohibit*, in opposition to the word *bid* in its present sense, it signifies by the same kind of opposition to *curse*, when it is derived from the same word in its primitive meaning. JOHNSON.

To *bid*, in the sense of to *pray*, occurs in the ancient MS. romance of The Sowdon of Babyloyne, p. 78:

"Kinge Charles kneled adown
"To kisse the relikes so goode,
"And *badde* there an oryson
"To that lorde that deyde on rode."

A *forbodin* fellow, Scot. signifies an *unhappy* one. STEEVENS.

It may be added, that "*bitten* and *Verbieten*, in the German, signify to pray and to interdict." S. W.

[4] Shall he DWINDLE, &c.] This mischief was supposed to be put in execution by means of a waxen figure, which represented the person who was to be consumed by slow degrees.

So, in Webster's Dutchess of Malfy, 1623:

"—— it *wastes* me more
"Than wer't my picture fashion'd out of wax,
"Stuck with a magick needle, and then buried
"In some foul dunghill."

So Holinshed, speaking of the witchcraft practised to destroy King Duffe:

"—— found one of the witches roasting upon a wooden broch

Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd [5].
Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand [6],
Posters of the sea and land,

an image of wax at the fire, resembling in each feature the king's person, &c.

"——for as the image did waste afore the fire, so did the bodie of the king break forth in sweat. And as for the words of the inchantment, they served to keep him still waking *from sleepe*," &c.

This may serve to explain the foregoing passage [7]:

"Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
"Hang upon his pent-house lid."

See vol. iv. p. 55. STEEVENS

[5] Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.] So, in Newes from Scotland, &c. a pamphlet already quoted: "Againe it is confessed, that the said christened cat was the cause of the *Kinges Majesties shippe, at his coming forthe of Denmarke, had a contrarie winde to the rest of his shippes* then beeing in his companie, which thing was most straunge and true, as the Kinges Majestie acknowledgeth, for when the rest of the shippes had a faire and good winde, then was the winde contrarie and altogether against his Majestie. And further the sayde witch declared, that his Majestie had never come safely from the sea, if his faith had not prevayled above their ententions." To this circumstance perhaps our author's allusion is sufficiently plain. STEEVENS.

[6] The WEIRD sisters, hand in hand,] These weird *sisters* were the *Fates* of the northern nations; the three handmaids of Odin. "Hæ nominantur Valkyriæ, quas quodvis ad prælium Odinus mittit. Hæ viros morti destinant, et victoriam gubernant. Gunna, et Rota, et Parcarum minima Skullda: per aëra et maria equitant semper ad morituros eligendos; et cædes in potestate habent." *Bartholinus de Causis contemptæ à Danis adhuc Gentilibus mortis.* It is for this reason that Shakspeare makes them *three*; and calls them,

Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

"Posters of the sea and land:"

and intent only upon death and mischief. However, to give this part of his work the more dignity, he intermixes, with this Northern, the Greek and Roman superstitions; and puts Hecate at the head of their enchantments. And to make it still more familiar to the common audience (which was always his point) he adds, for another ingredient, a sufficient quantity of our own country superstitions concerning witches; their beards, their cats, and their broomsticks. So that his *witch-scenes* are like the *charm* they prepare in one of them; where the ingredients are gathered from every thing *shocking* in the *natural* world, as here, from every thing *absurd* in the *moral*. But as extravagant as all this is, the play has had the power to charm and bewitch every audience, from that time to this. WARBURTON.

Weird comes from the Anglo-Saxon pýɲð, *fatum*, and is used as a substantive signifying a *prophecy* by the translator of Hector Boethius, in the year 1541, as well as for the Destinies, by Chaucer and Holinshed. "Of the weirdis gevyn to Makbeth and Banqhuo," is the argument of one of the chapters. Gawin Douglas, in his translation of Virgil, calls the *Parcæ*, the *weird sisters*; and in Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatise intitulit Philotus, quhairin we may persave the greit Inconveniences that fallis out in the Mariage betweene Age and Zouth, Edinburgh, 1603, the word appears again:

"How does the quheill of fortune go,
"Quhat wickit *wierd* has wrocht our wo."

Again:

"Quhat neidis Philotus to think ill,
"Or zit his *wierd* to warie?"

The other method of spelling [*weyward*] was merely a blunder of the transcriber or printer.

The *Valkyriæ*, or *Valkyriur*, were not barely *three in number*. The learned critic might have found, in *Bartholinus*, not only *Gunna*, *Rota*, *et Skullda*, but also, *Scogula*, *Hilda*, *Gondula*, and *Geiroscogula*. Bartholinus adds, that their number is yet greater, according to other writers who speak of them. They were the *cupbearers* of *Odin*, and *conductors of the dead*. They were distinguished by the *elegance of their forms*; and it would be as just to compare youth and beauty with age and deformity, as the *Valkyriæ of the North* with the *Witches of Shakspeare*.

STEEVENS.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores[7] ?—What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question[8]? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women[9],
And yet your beards[1] forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

The old copy has—*weyward*, probably in consequence of the transcriber's being deceived by his ear. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. The following passage in Bellenden's translation of Hector Boethius, fully supports the emendation: "Be aventure Makbeth and Banquho were passand to Fores, quhair kyng Duncane hapnit to be for ye tyme, and met be ye gait thre women clothit in elrage and uncouth weid. They wer jugit be the pepill to be *weird* sisters." So also Holinshed. MALONE.

[7] How far is't call'd to Fores?] The king at this time resided at Fores, a town in Murray, not far from Inverness. "It fortuned, (says Holinshed) as Macbeth and Banquo journeyed towards Fores, where the king then lay, they went sporting by the way, without other company, save only themselves, when suddenly in the midst of a laund there met them three women in straunge and ferly apparell, resembling creatures of an elder world," &c. STEEVENS.

The old copy reads—*Soris*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[8] That man may question?] Are ye any beings with which man is permitted to hold converse, or of whom it is lawful to *ask questions*. JOHNSON.

[9] —You should be women,] In Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devill, 1592, there is an enumeration of spirits and their offices; and of certain watry spirits it is said: "—by the help of Alynach a spirit of the West, they will raise stormes, cause earthquakes, rayne, haile or snow, in the clearest day that is; and if ever they appear to anie man, they come in *women's* apparell." HENDERSON.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?
1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth [2]! hail to thee, thane of Glamis [3]!

[1] — your BEARDS —] *Witches* were supposed always to have hair on their chins. So, in Decker's Honest Whore, 1635;
"—— Some women have *beards*, marry they are half *witches*."
STEEVENS.

[2] All hail, Macbeth!] It hath lately been repeated from Mr. Guthrie's Essay upon English Tragedy, that the *portrait* of Macbeth's *wife* is copied from Buchanan, "whose spirit, as well as words, is translated into the play of Shakspeare: and it had signifyed nothing to have pored only on Holinshed for *facts*."—"Animus etiam, per se ferox, prope quotidianis conviciis uxoris (quæ omnium consiliorum ei erat conscia) stimulabatur."—This is the whole that Buchanan says of the *Lady*, and truly I see no more *spirit* in the Scotch, than in the English chronicler. "The wordes of the three weird sisters also greatly encouraged him [to the murder of Duncan,] but specially his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as she that was very ambitious, brenning in unquenchable desire to beare the name of a queene." Edit. 1577, p. 244.

This part of Holinshed is an abridgement of Johne Bellenden's translation of the Noble Clerk, Hector Boece, imprinted at Edinburgh, in fol. 1541. I will give the passage as it is found there. "His wyfe impacient of lang tary (*as all wemen ar*) specially quhare they are desirus of ony purpos, gaif hym gret artation to persew the third weird, that sche micht be ane quene, calland hym oft tymis febyl cowart and nocht desyrus of honouris, sen he durst not assailze the thing with manheid and curage, quhilk is offerit to hym be beniuolence of fortoun. Howbeit sindry otheris hes assailzeit sic thinges afore with maist terribyl jeopardyis, quhen they had not sic sickernes to succeid in the end of thair laubouris as he had:" p. 173.

But we can *demonstrate*, that Shakspeare had not the story from Buchanan. According to *him*, the weird sisters salute Macbeth: "Una Angusiæ Thanum, altera Moraviæ, tertia Regem."—Thane of Angus, and of Murray, &c. but according to Holinshed, immediately from Bellenden, as it stands in Shakspeare: "The first of them spake and sayde, All hayle Makbeth Thane of Glammis,—the second of them sayde, Hayle Makbeth Thane of Cawder; but the third sayde, All hayle Makbeth, that hereafter shall be *King of Scotland:*" p. 243.

"1 *Witch*. All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
"2 *Witch*. All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

2 *Witch*. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor [4]!

3 *Witch*. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical [5], or that indeed

"3 *Witch*. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!"
Here too our poet found the equivocal predictions, on which his hero so fatally depended: "He had learned of certaine wysards, how that he ought to take heede of Macduffe:—— and surely hereupon had he put Macduffe to death, but a certaine witch, whom he had in great trust, had tolde, that he should neuer be slain with *man borne of any woman*, nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castell of Dunsinane:" p. 244. And the scene between Malcolm and Macduff, in the fourth Act, is almost literally taken from the Chronicle.
FARMER.

"*All hail*, Macbeth!" *All hail* is a corruption of *al-hael*, Saxon, i. e. *ave, salve*. MALONE.

3 — thane of Glamis!] The thaneship of *Glamis* was the ancient inheritance of Macbeth's family. The castle where they lived is still standing, and was lately the magnificent residence of the Earl of Strathmore. See a particular description of it in Mr. Gray's letter to Dr. Wharton, dated from *Glames Castle*.
STEEVENS.

4 — thane of CAWDOR!] Dr. Johnson observes, in his Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland, that part of *Calder Castle*, from which Macbeth drew his second title, is still remaining. In one of his Letters, vol. i. p. 122, he takes notice of the same object: "There is one ancient tower with its battlements and winding stairs—the rest of the house is, though not modern, of later erection." STEEVENS.

5 Are ye FANTASTICAL,] By *fantastical* is not meant, according to the common signification, creatures of his own brain; for he could not be so extravagant to ask such a question: but it is used for *supernatural, spiritual*. WARBURTON.

By *fantastical* he means creatures of *fantasy* or *imagination*: the question is, 'Are these real beings before us, or are we deceived by illusions of fancy!' JOHNSON.

So, in Reginald Scott's Discovery of Witchcraft, 1584:—"He affirmeth these transubstantiations to be but *fantastical*, not ac-

Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having [6], and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal [7]; to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch*. Hail!

2 *Witch*. Hail!

3 *Witch*. Hail!

cording to the veritie, but according to the appearance." The same expression occurs in All's Lost by Lust, 1633, by Rowley:

" ——— or is that thing,
" Which would supply the place of soul in thee,
" Merely *phantastical?*"

Shakspeare, however, took the word from Holinshed, who in his account of the witches, says: "This was reputed at first but some vain *fantastical* illusion by Macbeth and Banquo."

STEEVENS.

The word occurs afterwards in this play:

" My thought, whose murder's but *fantastical.*"

So, in Massinger's Maid of Honour:

" ——— How he stares, and feels his legs,
" As yet uncertain whether it can be
" True or *fantastical.*" BOSWELL.

[6] Of noble HAVING,] *Having* is *estate, possession, fortune.* So, in Twelfth-Night:

" —— my *having* is not much;
" I'll make division of my present store:
" Hold; there is half my coffer."

Again, in the ancient metrical romance of Syr Bevys of Hampton, bl. l. no date:

" And when he heareth this tydinge,
" He will go theder with great *having.*"

See also note on The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III. Sc. II.

STEEVENS.

[7] That he seems RAPT withal;] *Rapt* is *rapturously affected, extra se raptus.* So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, iv. ix. 6:

" That, with the sweetness of her rare delight,
" The prince half *rapt*, began on her to dote."

Again, in Cymbeline:

" What, dear sir, thus *raps* you?" STEEVENS.

1 *Witch*. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
2 *Witch*. Not so happy, yet much happier.
3 *Witch*. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!
1 *Witch*. Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!
Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death[8], I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath[9] you stop our way
With such prophetick greeting?—Speak, I charge you. [*Witches vanish.*
Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—Whither are they vanish'd?
Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!
Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?

[8] By Sinel's death,] The father of Macbeth. Pope.
His true name, which however appears, but perhaps only typographically, corrupted to *Synele* in Hector Boethius, from whom, by means of his old Scottish translator, it came to the knowledge of Holinshed, was *Finleg*. Both *Finlay* and *Macbeath* are common surnames in Scotland at this moment. Ritson.
Synele for *Finleg*, seems a very extraordinary typographical corruption. The late Dr. Beattie conjectured that the real name of the family was *Sinane*, and that *Dunsinane*, or *the hill of Sinane*, from thence derived its appellation. Boswell.
[9] — blasted heath —] Thus, after Shakspeare, Milton, Paradise Lost, b. i. 615:
" —— their stately growth though bare
" Stands on the *blasted heath*." Steevens.

Or have we eaten of the insane root [1],
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

[1] — eaten of the INSANE ROOT,] The *insane* root is the root which makes insane. THEOBALD.

The old copies read—"*on* the insane root." REED.

Shakspeare alludes to the qualities anciently ascribed to hemlock. So, in Greene's Never too Late, 1616: "You gaz'd against the sun, and so blemished your sight; or else you have *eaten of the roots of hemlock*, that makes men's eyes *conceit unseen objects*." Again, in Ben Jonson's Sejanus:

"—— they *lay that hold upon thy senses*,
"As thou hadst snuft up *hemlock*." STEEVENS.

This quality was anciently attributed to other roots, besides *hemlock*. In Buchanan's History of Scotland, b. vii. Duncan King of Scotland destroys the invading army of Sueno King of Norway, by sending him provisions steeped in *nightshade*, *solanum somniferum*, which is fully described, and this property mentioned: "Vis fructui, radici, ac maximè semini *somnifera*, et quæ in amentiam si largius sumantur agat." Shakspeare may have also recollected a passage in North's translation of Plutarch. In the Life of Antony, (which our author must have diligently read,) the Roman soldiers, while employed in the Parthian war, are said to have suffered great distress for want of provisions. "In the ende (says Plutarch) they were compelled to live of herbs and *rootes*, but they found few of them that men do commonly eate of, and were enforced to taste of them that were never eaten before; among the which there was *one* that killed them, and *made them out of their wits;* for he that had once eaten of it, his *memorye was gone from him, and he knew no manner of thing*, but only busied himself in digging and hurling of stones from one place to another, as though it had been a matter of great waight, and to be done with all possible speede." MALONE.

There is another book which has been shown to have been also read, and even studied, by the poet, and wherein, it is presumed, he actually found the *name* of the above root. This will appear from the following passage: "*Henbane* .... is called *Insana*, mad, for the use thereof is perillous; for if it be eate or dronke, it breedeth madnesse, or slow lykenesse of sleepe. Therefore this hearb is called commonly *Mirilidium*, for it taketh away wit and *reason*." *Batman Uppon Bartholome de propriet. rerum*, lib. xvii. ch. 87. DOUCE.

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that[2],
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale[3],

[2] His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his, &c.] i. e. private admiration of your deeds, and a desire to do them public justice by commendation, contend in his mind for pre-eminence,—Or,—There is a contest in his mind whether he should indulge his desire of publishing to the world the commendations due to your heroism, or whether he should remain in silent admiration of what no words could celebrate in proportion to its desert.

Mr. M. Mason would read *wonder*, not *wonders;* for, says he, "I believe the word *wonder*, in the sense of *admiration*, has no plural." In modern language it certainly has none; yet I cannot help thinking that, in the present instance, plural was opposed to plural by Shakspeare. Steevens.

"*Silenc'd* with that." i. e. wrapp'd in silent wonder at the deeds performed by Macbeth, &c. Malone.

[3] — As thick as tale,] Meaning, that the news came as *thick* as a *tale* can *travel* with the *post*. Or we may read, perhaps, yet better:

"—— *As thick as tale,*
"Came *post with post* ——."

That is, posts arrived as fast as they could be counted. Johnson.

So, in King Henry VI. Part III. Act II. Sc. I.*:

"Tidings, *as swiftly as the post could run,*
"Were brought," &c.

Mr. Rowe reads—"as thick as *hail*. Steevens.

The old copy reads—*Can* post. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. Dr. Johnson's explanation would be less exceptionable, if the old copy had—'As *quick* as tale." *Thick* applies but ill to *tale*, and seems rather to favour Mr. Rowe's emendation.*

* See Vol. [illegible] page.

* Spenser 202. Eclog. 10. Mr. Rowe perceived this also. Tarlton because it is a common phrase of the period. each post 'as thick as hail' is nonsense the messengers followed each other without intervision — i.e. as soon as one [illegible]

Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee[4] into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives; Why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;

"As thick as hail," as an anonymous correspondent observes to me, is an expression in the old play of King John, 1591:

"—— breathe out damned orisons,
"*As thick as hail*-stones 'fore the spring's approach."

The emendation of the word *can* is supported by a passage in King Henry IV. Part II.:

"And there are twenty weak and wearied *posts*,
"*Come* from the north." Malone.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is perfectly justifiable. As *thick*, in ancient language, signified as *fast*. To *speak thick*, in our author, does not therefore mean, to have a *cloudy indistinct utterance*, but to *deliver words with rapidity*. So, in Cymbeline, Act III. Sc. II.:

"—— say, and *speak thick*,
"(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing
"To the smothering of the sense) how far it is
"To this same blessed Milford."

Again, in King Henry IV. Part II. Act II. Sc. III.:

"And *speaking thick*, which nature made his blemish,
"Became the accents of the valiant;
"For those that could speak *low and tardily*,
"Would turn, &c.—To seem like him."

Thick therefore is not less applicable to *tale*, the old reading, than to *hail*, the alteration of Mr. Rowe. Steevens.

[4] To herald thee, &c.] The old copy redundantly reads—*Only* to herald thee, &c. Steevens.

But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was com-
bin'd
With those of Norway [5]; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home [6],

[5] — with Norway;] The old copy reads:
" —— with *those of* Norway."
The players not understanding that by "*Norway*" our author meant *the King of Norway*, as in Hamlet—
" Whereon old *Norway*, overcome with joy," &c.
foisted in the words at present omitted. Steevens.

Mr. Steevens reads:
" ———— Whether he was
" Combin'd with Norway, or," &c.
The old copy thus exhibits these lines:
" —— Which he deserves to loose,
" Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,
" Or did lyne the Rebell with hidden helpe
" And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
" In his countrey's wracke, I know not." Boswell.

[6] — trusted home,] i. e. entirely, thoroughly relied on. So, in All's Well That Ends Well:
" —— lack'd the sense to know
" Her estimation *home*."
Again, in The Tempest:
" —— I will pay thy graces
" *Home*, both in word and deed." Steevens.
The added word *home* inclines me to think that our author wrote—" That *thrusted* home. So, in a subsequent scene:
" That every minute of his being *thrusts*
" Against my nearest of life."
Thrusted is the regular participle from the verb *to thrust*, and though now not often used, was, I believe, common in the time of Shakspeare. So, in King Henry V.:

Might yet enkindle you [7] unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told [8],

"With *casted* slough and fresh legerity."

Home means *to the uttermost*. So, in The Winter's Tale:

"—— all my sorrows
"You have paid *home*."

It may be observed, that "*thrusted* home" is an expression used at this day; but I doubt whether "*trusted* home," was ever used at any period whatsoever. I have had frequent occasion to remark that many of the errors in the old copies of our author's plays arose from the transcriber's ear having deceived him. In Ireland, where much of the pronunciation of the age of Queen Elizabeth is yet retained, the vulgar constantly pronounce the word *thrust* as if it were written *trust*; and hence, probably, the error in the text. Malone.

Trusted home, may as well be said as *felt* home. In Comus, we have the adjective *home-felt* with this meaning:

"Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
"And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
"But such a sacred and *home-felt* delight,
"Such sober certainty of waking bliss
"I never heard till now." Boswell.

[7] Might yet ENKINDLE you —] *Enkindle*, for to stimulate you to seek. Warburton.

A similar expression occurs in As You Like It, Act I. Sc. I.:

"—— nothing remains but that I *kindle* the boy thither."
Steevens.

Might *fire* you with the hope of obtaining the crown.
Henley.

[8] TWO TRUTHS are told, &c.] How the former of these truths has been fulfilled, we are yet to learn. Macbeth could not become Thane of Glamis, till after his father's decease, of which there is no mention throughout the play. If the Hag only announced what Macbeth already understood to have happened, her words could scarcely claim rank as a prediction. Steevens.

From the Scottish translation of Boethius it should seem that Sinel, the father of Macbeth, died after Macbeth's having been met by the weird sisters. "Makbeth (says the historian) revolvyng

As happy prologues to the swelling act[9]
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—

all thingis, as they wer said to be the weird sisteris, began to covat ye croun. And zit he concludit to abide, quhil he saw ye tyme ganand thereto; fermelie belevyng y^t^ ye third weird suld cum *as the first two did afore*." This, indeed, is inconsistent with our author's words, "By Sinel's death, I know, *I am* thane of Glamis;"—but Holinshed, who was his guide, in his abridgment of the History of Boethius, has particularly mentioned that Sinel died *before* Macbeth met the weird sisters: we may, therefore, be sure that Shakspeare meant it to be understood that Macbeth had already acceded to his paternal title. Bellenden only says, "The first of them said to Macbeth, Hale thane of Glammis. The secound said," &c. But in Holinshed the relation runs thus, conformably to the Latin original: "The first of them spake and said, All haile Mackbeth, thane of Glammis (for he had latelie entered into that dignitie and office by the death of his father Sinell.) The second of them said," &c.

Still, however, the objection made by Mr. Steevens remains in its full force; for since he knew that "by Sinel's death he was thane of Glamis," how can this salutation be considered as *prophetic?* Or why should he afterwards say, with *admiration*, "*Glamis*, and thane of Cawdor;" &c.? Perhaps we may suppose that the father of Macbeth died so recently before his interview with the weirds, that the news of it had not yet got abroad; in which case, though Macbeth himself knew it, he might consider their giving him the title of Thane of Glamis as a proof of supernatural intelligence.

I suspect our author was led to use the expressions which have occasioned the present note, by the following words of Holinshed: "The same night after, at supper, Banquo jested with him, and said, Now Mackbeth, thou hast obteined *those things which the* TWO *former sisters* PROPHESIED: there remaineth onelie for thee to purchase that which the third said should come to passe."

MALONE.

I can see no ground for Mr. Steevens's objection. Macbeth has not called them *prophecies*, but *truths*—"They called me Thane of Glamis; that, I knew to be true.—They called me Thane of Cawdor; that, I have now found to be true: I may therefore confide in their prophecy that I shall be King hereafter."

BOSWELL.

9 — SWELLING act] *Swelling* is used in the same sense in the prologue to King Henry V.:

"——— princes to act,
"And monarchs to behold the *swelling* scene."

STEEVENS.

This supernatural soliciting[1]
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion[2]
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair[3],
And make my seated[4] heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings[5]:

[1] This supernatural SOLICITING —] *Soliciting*, for *information*. WARBURTON.

Soliciting is rather, in my opinion, *incitement*, than *information*. JOHNSON.

[2] — suggestion —] i. e. temptation. So, in All's Well That Ends Well: "A filthy officer he is in those *suggestions* for the young earl." STEEVENS.

[3] Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,] So Macbeth says, in the latter part of this play:

"—— And my fell of hair
"Would, at a dismal treatise, rouse and stir,
"As life were in it." M. MASON.

[4] — seated —] i. e. fixed, firmly placed. So, in Milton's Paradise Lost, b. vi. 643:

"From their foundations loos'ning to and fro
"They pluck'd the *seated* hills." STEEVENS.

[5] —— Present FEARS
Are less than horrible imaginings:] *Present fears* are *fears of things present*, which Macbeth declares, and every man has found, to be less than the *imagination* presents them while the objects are yet distant. JOHNSON.

Thus, in All's Well That Ends Well: "— when we should submit ourselves to an unknown *fear*."

Again, in The Tragedie of Crœsus, 1604, by Lord Sterline:

"For as the shadow seems more monstrous still,
"Than doth the substance whence it hath the being,
"So *th' apprehension of approaching ill*
"*Seems greater than itself, whilst fears are lying*."
STEEVENS.

By *present fears* is meant, the *actual presence* of any objects of terror. So, in The Second Part of King Henry IV. the King says:

"—— All these bold *fears*
"Thou see'st with peril I have answered."

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man [5], that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not [6].

To *fear* is frequently used by Shakspeare in the sense of *fright*. In this very play, Lady Macbeth says—

"To alter favour ever is to *fear*."

So, in Fletcher's Pilgrim, Curio says to Alphonso:

"Mercy upon me, Sir, why are you *feared* thus?"

Meaning, thus *affrighted*. M. Mason.

5 — single state of man,] The *single state of man* seems to be used by Shakspeare for an *individual*, in opposition to a *commonwealth*, or *conjunct body*. Johnson.

By *single* state of man, Shakspeare might possibly mean somewhat more than *individuality*. He who, in the peculiar situation of Macbeth, is meditating a murder, dares not communicate his thoughts, and consequently derives neither spirit, nor advantage, from the countenance, or sagacity of others. This state of man may properly be styled *single*, solitary, or defenceless, as it excludes the benefits of participation, and has no resources but in itself.

It should be observed, however, that *double* and *single* anciently signified *strong* and *weak*, when applied to liquors, and perhaps to other objects. In this sense the former word may be employed by Brabantio:

"—— a voice potential,
"As *double* as the duke's;"

And the latter, by the Chief Justice, speaking to Falstaff:

"Is not your wit *single*?"

The *single* state of Macbeth may therefore signify his *weak* and *debile* state of mind. Steevens.

So, in Jonson's Every Man Out of his Humour:

"But he might have altered the shape of his argument, and explicated them better in single scenes—That had been *single* indeed." Boswell.

6 ——— function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.] All powers of action are oppressed and crushed by one overwhelming image in the mind, and nothing is present to me but that which is really future. Of things now about me I have no perception, being intent wholly on that which has yet no existence. Johnson.

Surmise, is *speculation*, conjecture concerning the future. Malone.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.
Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.
Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments; cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.
Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day[7].

Shakspeare has somewhat like this sentiment in The Merchant of Venice:

"Where, every something being blent together,
"Turns to a wild of nothing——."

Again, in Richard II.:

"—— is nought but shadows
"Of what it is not." Steevens.

7 Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.] "By this, I confess I do not, with his two last commentators, imagine is meant either the tautology of time and the hour, or an allusion to time painted with an hour-glass, or an exhortation to time to hasten forward, but rather to say *tempus et hora*, time and occasion, will carry the thing through, and bring it to some determined point and end, let its nature be what it will."

This note is taken from an Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakspeare, &c. by Mrs. Montagu.

So, in the Lyfe of Saynt Radegunda, printed by Pynson, 4to. no date:

"How they dispend the *tyme*, the *day*, the *houre*."

Such tautology is common to Shakspeare.

"The very *head* and *front* of my offending,"

is little less reprehensible. "Time and the hour," is 'Time with his hours.' Steevens.

The same expression is used by a writer nearly contemporary with Shakspeare: "Neither can there be any thing in the world more acceptable to me than death, whose *hower and time* if they were as certayne," &c. Fenton's Tragical Discourses, 1579.

Again, in Davison's Poems, 1602:

"*Time's* young *howres* attend her still."

Again, in our author's 126th Sonnet:

"O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
"Dost hold *Time's* fickle glass, his sickle, *hour*—."

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure [8].

Macb. Give me your favour [9]:—my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten [1]. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them [2].—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it [3], let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*

Again, in his 57th Sonnet:

"Being your slave, what should I do but tend
"Upon the *hours* and *times* of your desire?"

Again, in The Mirrour for Magistrates, 1587 (Legend of the Duke of Buckingham):

"The unhappy *hour*, the *time*, and eke the day." Malone.

[8] — we stay upon your leisure.] The same phraseology occurs in the Paston Letters, vol. iii. p. 80: "— sent late to me a man ye which wuld *abydin uppon my leysir*," &c. Steevens.

[9] — favour:] i. e. indulgence, pardon. Steevens.

[1] — my dull brain was WROUGHT
With things forgotten.] My head was *worked, agitated*, put into commotion. Johnson.

So, in Othello:

"Of one not easily jealous, but being *wrought*,
"Perplex'd in the extreme." Steevens.

[2] — where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.] He means, as Mr. Upton has observed, that they are registered in the table-book of his heart. So Hamlet speaks of the *table* of his *memory*. Malone.

[3] The INTERIM having weigh'd it,] This *intervening portion of time* is also personified: it is represented as a cool impartial judge; as *the pauser Reason*. Or, perhaps, we should read—"*I'* th' interim." Steevens.

I believe *the interim* is used adverbially: "you having weighed it *in* the interim." Malone.

SCENE IV.

Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *and Attendants.*

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not [4]
Those in commission yet return'd?
Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die [5]: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death [6],
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

[4] — ARE not —] The old copy reads—*Or* not. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[5] With one that saw him die:] The behaviour of the *thane of Cawdor* corresponds, in almost every circumstance, with that of the unfortunate Earl of Essex, as related by Stowe, p. 793. His asking the Queen's forgiveness, his confession, repentance, and concern about behaving with propriety on the scaffold, are minutely described by that historian. Such an allusion could not fail of having the desired effect on an audience, many of whom were eye-witnesses to the severity of that justice which deprived the age of one of its greatest ornaments, and Southampton, Shakspeare's patron, of his dearest friend. STEEVENS.

[6] — studied in his death,] Instructed in the art of dying. It was usual to say *studied*, for *learned* in science. JOHNSON.

His own profession furnished our author with this phrase. To be *studied* in a part, or to have *studied* it, is yet the technical term of the theatre. MALONE.

So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream: "Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of *study*."

The same phrase occurs in Hamlet. STEEVENS.

Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face [7]:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay [8].

7 To find the mind's construction in the face:] The 'construction of the mind' is, I believe, a phrase peculiar to Shakspeare: it implies the *frame* or *disposition* of the mind, by which it is determined to good or ill. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson seems to have understood the word *construction* in this place, in the sense of *frame* or *structure;* but the school-term was, I believe, intended by Shakspeare. The meaning is—"We cannot *construe* or discover the disposition of the mind by the lineaments of the face." So, in King Henry IV. Part II.:

"*Construe* the times to their necessities."

In Hamlet we meet with a kindred phrase:

"—— These profound heaves
"You must *translate;* 'tis fit we understand them."

Our author again alludes to his grammar, in Troilus and Cressida:

"I'll *decline* the whole question."

In his 93d Sonnet, however, we find a contrary sentiment asserted:

"In many's *looks* the *false heart's history*
"Is writ." Malone.

8 More is thy due than MORE THAN ALL can pay.] More is due to thee, than, I will not say *all*, but *more* than all, i. e. the greatest recompense, can pay. Thus in Plautus: *Nihilo minus.*

There is an obscurity in this passage, arising from the word *all*, which is not used here personally, (more than all persons can pay) but for the whole wealth of the speaker. So, more clearly, in King Henry VIII.:

"*More* than *my all* is nothing."

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing[9]
Safe toward your love and honour[1].

This line appeared obscure to Sir William D'Avenant, for he alrered it thus:

" I have only left to say,
" That thou deservest *more than I have to pay*." Malone.

9 ——— servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing —]
From Scripture: " So when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do." Henley.

1 Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.] Mr. Upton gives the word *safe* as an instance of an adjective used adverbially. Steevens.

Read—
" *Safe* (i. e. saved) toward *you* love and honour;"
and then the sense will be—" Our duties are your children, and servants or vassals to your throne and state; who do but what they should, by doing every thing with a saving of their love and honour toward you." The whole is an allusion to the forms of doing homage in the feudal times. The oath of allegiance, or *liege homage*, to the king, was absolute, and without any exception; but *simple homage*, when done to a subject for lands holden of him, was always with a *saving* of the allegiance (the *love* and *honour*) due to the sovereign. " *Sauf la foy que jeo doy a nostre seignor le roy*," as it is in Littleton. And though the expression be somewhat stiff and forced, it is not more so than many others in this play, and suits well with the situation of Macbeth, now beginning to waver in his allegiance. For, as our author elsewhere says, [in Julius Cæsar:]

" When love begins to sicken and decay,
" It useth an enforced ceremony." Blackstone.

A similar expression occurs also in the Letters of the Paston Family, vol. ii. p. 254: " —ye shalle fynde me to yow as kynde as I maye be, *my conscience and worshyp savy'd*." Steevens.

A passage in Cupid's Revenge, a comedy by Beaumont and

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing [2].—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.
Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.
Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow [3].—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,

Fletcher, adds some support to Sir William Blackstone's emendation:

" I'll speak it freely, always my *obedience*
" *And love preserved unto the prince.*"

So also the following words, spoken by Henry Duke of Lancaster to King Richard II. at their interview in the Castle of Flint, (a passage that Shakspeare had certainly read, and perhaps remembered): " My sovereign lorde and kyng, the cause of my coming, at this present, is, [*your honour saved,*] to have againe restitution of my person, my landes, and heritage, through your favourable licence." *Holinshed's Chron.* vol. ii.

Our author himself also furnishes us with a passage that likewise may serve to confirm this emendation. See The Winter's Tale, Act IV. Sc. III.:

" Save him from danger; do *him love and honour.*"

Again, in Twelfth-Night:

" What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
" That *honour sav'd* may upon asking give?"

Again, in Cymbeline:

" I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing
" (Always *reserv'd my holy duty*) what
" His rage can do on me."

Our poet has used the verb to *safe* in Antony and Cleopatra:

" —— best you *saf'd* the bringer
" Out of the host." Malone.

[2] — FULL of growing.] Is, I believe, exuberant, perfect, complete in thy growth. So, in Othello:

" What a *full* fortune doth the thick-lips owe?" Malone.

[3] My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.]

—— lachrymas non sponte cadentes
Effudit, gemitusque expressit pectore læto;

And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness[4],
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The prince of Cumberland[5]!—That is a step,

Non aliter manifesta potens abscondere mentis
Gaudia, quam lachrymis. *Lucan*, lib. ix.

There was no English translation of Lucan before 1614.—We meet with the same sentiment again in The Winter's Tale: "It seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears." It is likewise employed in the first scene of Much Ado About Nothing. Malone.

It is thus also that Statius describes the appearance of Argia and Antigone, Theb. iii. 426:

Flebile gavisæ——. Steevens.

4 — hence to Inverness,] Dr. Johnson observes, in his Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland, that the walls of the castle of Macbeth, at *Inverness*, are yet standing. Steevens.

The circumstance of Duncan's visiting Macbeth is supported by history; for, from the Scottish Chronicles, it appears that it was customary for the king to make a progress through his dominions every year. "Inerat ei [Duncano] laudabilis consuetudo regni pertransire regiones semel in anno." *Fordun. Scotichron.* lib. iv. c. xliv.

"Singulis annis ad inopum querelas audiendas perlustrabat provincias." *Buchan.* lib. vii. Malone.

5 The prince of Cumberland!] So, Holinshed, History of Scotland, p. 171: "Duncan having two sonnes, &c. he made the elder of them, called Malcolme, prince of *Cumberland*, as it was thereby to appoint him successor in his kingdome immediatlie after his decease. Mackbeth sorely troubled herewith, for that he

On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
[*Aside.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:

saw by this means his hope sore hindered, (where, by the old laws of the realme the ordinance was, that if he that should succeed were not of able age to take the charge upon himself, he that was next of bloud unto him should be admitted,) he began to take counsel how he might usurpe the kingdome by force, having a just quarrel so to doe (as he tooke the matter,) for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claime, which he might, in time to come, pretend unto the crowne."

The crown of Scotland was originally not hereditary. When a successor was declared in the life-time of a king, (as was often the case,) the title of *Prince of Cumberland* was immediately bestowed on him as the mark of his designation. *Cumberland* was at that time held by Scotland of the crown of England as a fief.

STEEVENS.

The former part of Mr. Steevens's remark is supported by Bellenden's translation of Hector Boethius: "In the mene tyme Kyng Duncane maid his son Malcolme *Prince of Cumbir, to signify y^t^ he suld regne eftir hym*, quhilk was gret displeseir to Makbeth; for it maid plane derogatioun to the thrid weird promittit afore to hym be this weird sisteris. Nochtheles he thoct gif Duncane were slane, he had maist rycht to the croun, because he wes nerest of blud yairto, be tenour of ye auld lavis maid eftir the deith of King Fergus, quhen young children wer unable to govern the croun, the nerrest of yair blude sal regne." So also Buchanan, Rerum Scoticarum Hist. lib. vii.:

"Duncanus e filia Sibardi reguli Northumbrorum, duos filios genuerat. Ex iis Milcolumbum, vixdum puberem, Cumbriæ præfecit. Id factum ejus Macbethus molestius, quam credi poterat, tulit, eam videlicet moram sibi ratus injectam, ut, priores jam magistratus (juxta visum nocturnum) adeptus, aut omnino a regno excluderetur, aut eo tardius potiretur, *cum præfectura Cumbriæ velut aditus ad supremum magistratum* SEMPER *esset habitus*." It has been asserted by an anonymous writer [Mr. Ritson] that "the crown of Scotland was always hereditary, and that it should seem from the play that Malcolm was the *first* who had the title of *Prince of Cumberland*." An extract or two from Hector Boethius will be sufficient relative to these points. In the tenth chapter of the eleventh book of his History we are informed, that some of the friends of Kenneth III. the eightieth King of Scotland, came among the nobles, desiring them to choose Malcolm, the son

The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.
[*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant [6];
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

of Kenneth, to be Lord of Cumbir, "y^t he mycht be y^t way the better cum to ye crown after his faderis deid." Two of the nobles said, it was in the power of Kenneth to make whom he pleased Lord of Cumberland; and Malcolm was accordingly appointed. "Sic thingis done, King Kenneth, be advise of his nobles, abrogat ye auld lawis concerning the creation of yair king, and made new lawis in manner as followes: 1. The king beand decessit, his eldest son or his eldest nepot, (notwithstanding quhat sumevir age he be of, and youcht he was born efter his faderis death, sal succede ye croun," &c. Notwithstanding this precaution, Malcolm, the eldest son of Kenneth, did *not* succeed to the throne after the death of his father; for after Kenneth, reigned Constantine, the son of King Culyne. To him succeeded Gryme, who was *not* the son of Constantine, but the grandson of King Duffe. Gryme, says Boethius, came to Scone, "quhare he was crownit by the tenour of the auld lawis." After the death of Gryme, Malcolm, the son of King Kenneth, whom Boethius frequently calls *Prince of Cumberland*, became King of Scotland; and to him succeeded Duncan, the son of his eldest daughter.

These breaches, however, in the succession, appear to have been occasioned by violence in turbulent times; and though the eldest son could not succeed to the throne, if he happened to be a minor at the death of his father, yet, as by the ancient laws the *next of blood* was to reign, the Scottish monarchy may be said to have been hereditary, subject however to peculiar regulations.

Malone.

[6] True, worthy Banquo; HE IS FULL SO VALIANT;] i. e. he is to the full as valiant as you have described him. We must imagine, that while Macbeth was uttering the six preceding lines, Duncan and Banquo had been conferring apart. Macbeth's conduct appears to have been their subject; and to some encomium supposed to have been bestowed on him by Banquo, the reply of Duncan refers. Steevens.

SCENE V.

Inverness. A Room in MACBETH's Castle.

Enter Lady MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady M. They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report [7], *they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves—air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king* [8], *who all-hailed me,* Thane of Cawdor; *by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with,* Hail, king that shalt be! *This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: Thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'd'st have, great Glamis [9],

[7] —*by the perfectest report,*] By the best intelligence. JOHNSON.

[8] — MISSIVES *from the king,*] i. e. *messengers.* So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"Did gibe my *missive* out of audience." STEEVENS.

That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it;*
And that which rather thou dost fear to do[1],
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear[2];
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal[3].——What is your tidings?

9 —— thou'd'st have, great Glamis,
That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have* IT;
And that, &c.] As the object of Macbeth's desire is here introduced speaking of itself, it is necessary to read:

"—— thou'd'st have, great Glamis,
"That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have me.*"

JOHNSON.

1 *And that which rather thou dost fear to do,*] The construction, perhaps, is, thou would'st have that, [i. e. the crown,] which cries unto thee, "thou must do thus, if thou would'st have it, and *thou must do* that which rather," &c. Sir T. Hanmer, without necessity, reads—"And *that's what* rather—." The difficulty of this line and the succeeding hemistich seems to have arisen from their not being considered as part of the speech uttered by the object of Macbeth's ambition. As such they appear to me, and I have therefore distinguished them by Italicks. MALONE.

This regulation is certainly proper, and I have followed it. STEEVENS.

2 That I may POUR MY SPIRITS in thine ear;] I meet with the same expression in Lord Sterline's Julius Cæsar, 1607:

"Thou in my bosom us'd *to pour thy spright*." MALONE.

3 —— the GOLDEN ROUND,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth SEEM
To have thee crown'd withal.] For *seem*, the sense evidently directs us to read *seek*. The crown to which fate destines thee, and which preternatural agents *endeavour* to bestow upon thee. The *golden round* is the *diadem*. JOHNSON.

So, in Act IV.:

"And wears upon his baby brow the *round*
"And top of sovereignty." STEEVENS.

Metaphysical, for *supernatural*. But "doth seem to have thee crown'd withal," is not sense. To make it so, it should be supplied thus: "doth seem desirous to have." But no poetic licence

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

would excuse this. An easy alteration will restore the poet's true reading:

" —— doth seem
" To have crown'd thee withal."

i. e. they seem already to have crowned thee, and yet thy disposition at present hinders it from taking effect. Warburton.

The words, as they now stand, have exactly the same meaning. Such arrangement is sufficiently common among our ancient writers. Steevens.

I do not concur with Dr. Warburton, in thinking that Shakspeare meant to say, that fate and metaphysical aid seem *to have* crowned Macbeth. Lady Macbeth means to animate her husband to the attainment of " the golden round," with which fate and supernatural agency seem to intend *to have him crowned* on a *future* day. So, in All's Well That Ends Well, vol. x. p. 328:

" —— Our dearest friend
" Prejudicates the business, and would *seem*
" *To have* us make denial."

There is, in my opinion, a material difference between—" To have thee crown'd," and " To have crown'd thee;" of which the learned commentator does not appear to have been aware.

Metaphysical, which Dr. Warburton has justly observed, means *supernatural*, seems, in our author's time, to have had no other meaning. In the English Dictionary, by H. C. 1655, *Metaphysicks* are thus explained: " Supernatural arts." Malone.

To *have thee crowned*, is to *desire* that you should be crowned. So, by an idiom of our language which is in common use, but which it is not, perhaps, easy to account for, I *had rather*, means I *would* rather:

" I *had* rather be a dog and bay the moon
" Than such a Roman."

And such, I think, is evidently the meaning of the passage quoted from All's Well That Ends Well. Boswell.

Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse[3],
[*Exit Attendant.*
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits[4]
That tend on mortal thoughts[5], unsex me here;

3 — The raven himself is hoarse,] Dr. Warburton reads:
" —— The raven himself's *not* hoarse."
Yet I think the present words may stand. The messenger, says the servant, had hardly breath "to make up his message;" to which the lady answers mentally, that he may well want breath, such a message would add hoarseness to the raven. That even the bird, whose harsh voice is accustomed to predict calamities, could not *croak the entrance of* Duncan but in a note of unwonted harshness. JOHNSON.

The following is, in my opinion, the sense of this passage:
'*Give him tending;* the news he brings are worth the speed that made him lose his breath. [*Exit Attendant.*] 'Tis certain now—*the raven himself is* spent, is *hoarse* by croaking this very message, *the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements.*'
Lady Macbeth (for she was not yet *unsexed*) was likelier to be deterred from her design than encouraged in it by the supposed thought that the message and the prophecy (though equally secrets to the messenger and the raven) had deprived the one of speech, and added harshness to the other's note. Unless we absurdly suppose the messenger acquainted with the hidden import of his message, *speed* alone had intercepted his breath, as *repetition* the raven's voice; though the lady considered both as organs of that destiny which hurried Duncan into her meshes.
FUSELI.

Mr. Fuseli's idea, that the raven has croaked till he is *hoarse* with croaking, may receive support from the following passage in Romeo and Juliet:
" —— make her airy tongue more *hoarse* than mine
" With *repetition* of my Romeo's name."
Again, from one of the Parts of King Henry VI.:
" Warwick is *hoarse* with daring thee to arms."
STEEVENS.

4 — Come, COME, you spirits —] For the sake of the metre I have ventured to repeat the word—*come*, which occurs only once in the old copy.
All had been added by Sir William D'Avenant, to supply the same deficiency. STEEVENS.

5 — mortal thoughts,] This expression signifies not *the*

And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse[6];
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it[7]! Come to my woman's breasts,

thoughts of mortals, but *murderous, deadly*, or *destructive designs*. So, in Act V.:

"Hold fast the *mortal* sword."

And in another place:

"With twenty *mortal* murders." JOHNSON.

In Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil, by T. Nashe, 1592, (a very popular pamphlet of that time,) our author might have found a particular description of these spirits, and of their office:

"The second kind of devils, which he most employeth, are those northern Martii, called the *spirits of revenge*, and the authors of massacres, and seedsmen of mischief; for they have commission to incense men to rapines, sacrilege, theft, murder, wrath, fury, and all manner of cruelties: and they command certain of the southern spirits to wait upon them, as also great Arioch, that is termed *the spirit of revenge*." MALONE.

[6] — remorse;] *Remorse*, in ancient language, signifies *pity*. So, in King Lear:

"Thrill'd with *remorse*, oppos'd against the act."

Again, in Othello:

"And to obey shall be in me *remorse*—."

See notes on that passage, Act III. Sc. III. STEEVENS.

[7] —nor keep PEACE between
The effect, and IT!] The intent of Lady Macbeth evidently is to wish that no womanish tenderness, or conscientious remorse, may hinder her purpose from proceeding to effect; but neither this, nor indeed any other sense, is expressed by the present reading, and therefore it cannot be doubted that Shakspeare wrote differently, perhaps thus:

"That no compunctious visitings of nature
"Shake my fell purpose, nor keep *pace* between
"The effect and it——."

To "keep *pace* between," may signify *to pass between*, to *intervene*. *Pace* is, on many occasions, a favourite of Shakspeare's. This phrase is, indeed, not usual in this sense; but was it not its novelty that gave occasion to the present corruption? JOHNSON.

"—and *it!*" The folio reads—and *hit*. *It*, in many of our ancient books, is thus spelt. In the first stanza of Churchyard's

And take my milk for gall [8], you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief [9]! Come, thick night [1],

Discourse of Rebellion, &c. 1570, we have, "*Hit* is a plague—*Hit* venom castes—*Hit* poysoneth all—*Hit* is of kinde—*Hit* staynes the ayre." STEEVENS.

The correction was made by the editor of the third folio.

Lady Macbeth's purpose was to be effected by action. To "keep peace between the effect and purpose," means, 'to delay the execution of her purpose; to prevent its proceeding to *effect*.' For as long as there should be a peace between the effect and purpose, or, in other words, till hostilities were commenced, till some bloody action should be performed, her purpose [i. e. the murder of Duncan] could not be carried into execution. So, in the following passage in King John, in which a corresponding imagery may be traced:

"Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
"This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
"*Hostility* and civil tumult *reigns*
"*Between my conscience* and my cousin's *death*."

A similar expression is found in a book which our author is known to have read, The Tragicall Hystorie of Romeus and Juliet, 1562:

"In absence of her knight, the lady no way could
"*Keep truce between her griefs and her*, though ne'er so fayne she would."

Sir W. D'Avenant's strange alteration of this play sometimes affords a reasonably good comment upon it. Thus, in the present instance:

"—— make thick
"My blood, stop all passage to remorse;
"That no relapses into mercy may
"*Shake my design, nor make it fall before*
"*'Tis ripen'd to effect*." MALONE.

8 — take my milk for gall,] 'Take *away* my milk, and put *gall* into the place.' JOHNSON.

9 You wait on NATURE'S MISCHIEF!] *Nature's mischief* is 'mischief done to nature, violation of nature's order committed by wickedness.' JOHNSON.

1 — Come, thick night, &c.] A similar invocation is found in A Warning for Faire Women, 1599, a tragedy which was certainly prior to Macbeth:

And pall thee [2] in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife [3] see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark [4],

" O sable night, sit on the eye of heaven,
" That it discern not this black deed of darkness!
" My guilty soul, burnt with lust's hateful fire,
" Must wade through blood to obtain my vile desire:
" Be then my *coverture*, thick ugly *night!*
" The light hates me, and I do hate the light." MALONE.

[2] And PALL thee —] i. e. wrap thyself in a *pall*. WARBURTON.

A *pall* is a *robe of state*. So, in the ancient black letter romance of Syr Eglamoure of Artoys, no date:

" The knyghtes were clothed in *pall*."

Again, in Milton's Penseroso:

" Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
" In scepter'd *pall* come sweeping by."

Dr. Warburton seems to mean the covering which is thrown over the dead.

To *pall*, however, in the present instance, (as Mr. Douce observes to me,) may simply mean—to *wrap*, to *invest*. STEEVENS.

[3] That my keen KNIFE—] The word *knife*, which at present has a familiar undignified meaning, was anciently used to express a *sword* or *dagger*. So, in the old black letter romance of Syr Eglamoure of Artoys, no date:

" Through Goddes myght, and his *knyfe*,
" There the gyaunte lost his lyfe."

Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. i. c. vi.:

" —— the red-cross knight was slain with paynim *knife*."
STEEVENS.

To avoid a multitude of examples, which in the present instance do not seem wanted, I shall only observe that Mr. Steevens's remark might be confirmed by quotations without end. REED.

[4] — the BLANKET of the dark,] Drayton, in the 26th Song of his Polyolbion, has an expression resembling this:

" Thick vapours, that, like *ruggs*, still hang the troubled air."
STEEVENS.

Polyolbion was not published till 1612, after this play had certainly been exhibited; but in an earlier piece Drayton has the same expression:

" The sullen *night* in mistie *rugge* is wrapp'd."
Mortimeriados, 4to. 1596.

Blanket was perhaps suggested to our poet by the coarse *woollen* curtain of his own theatre, through which probably, while the

To cry, *Hold, hold*[5] *!*——Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor[6]!

house was yet but half-lighted, he had himself often *peeped*.—In King Henry VI. Part III. we have—"night's *coverture*."

A kindred thought is found in our author's Rape of Lucrece, 1594:

"Were Tarquin's night, (as he is but night's child,)
"The silver-shining queen he would distain;
"Her twinkling hand-maids too, [the stars] by him defil'd,
"Through *night's black bosom* should not *peep* again."

MALONE.

[5] To cry, HOLD, HOLD!] On this passage there is a long criticism in The Rambler, Number 168. JOHNSON.

In this criticism the epithet *dun* is objected to as a mean one. Milton, however, appears to have been of a different opinion, and has represented Satan as flying

"—— in the *dun* air sublime,"

And had already told us, in the character of Comus,

"'Tis only daylight that makes sin,
"Which these *dun* shades will ne'er report."

Gawin Douglas employs *dun* as a synonyme to *fulvus*.

STEEVENS.

"To cry, *Hold, hold!*" The thought is taken from the old military laws which inflicted capital punishment upon "whosoever shall strike, stroke at his adversary, either in the heat or otherwise, if a third do cry *hold*, to the intent to part them; except that they did fight a combat in a place enclosed: and then no man shall be so hardy as to bid *hold*, but the general." P. 264 of Mr. Bellay's Instructions for the Wars, translated in 1589.

TOLLET.

Mr. Tollet's note will likewise illustrate the last line in Macbeth's concluding speech:

"And damn'd be him who first cries, *hold, enough!*"

STEEVENS.

[6] Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!] Shakspeare has supported the character of Lady Macbeth by repeated efforts, and never omits any opportunity of adding a trait of ferocity, or a mark of the want of human feelings, to this monster of his own creation. The softer passions are more obliterated in her than in her husband, in proportion as her ambition is greater. She meets him here on his arrival from an expedition of danger, with such a salutation as would have become one of his friends or vassals; a salutation apparently fitted rather to raise his thoughts to a level with her own purposes, than to testify her joy at his return, or manifest an attachment to his person: nor does any sentiment expressive of love or softness fall from her throughout the play.

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present[7], and I feel now
The future in the instant.

MACB. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

While Macbeth himself, amidst the horrors of his guilt, still retains a character less fiend-like than that of his queen, talks to her with a degree of tenderness, and pours his complaints and fears into her bosom, accompanied with terms of endearment.
STEEVENS.

[7] This IGNORANT PRESENT,] *Ignorant* has here the signification of *unknowing*; that is, I feel by anticipation those future honours, of which, according to the process of nature, the present time would be *ignorant*. JOHNSON.

So, in Cymbeline:

" —— his shipping,
" Poor *ignorant* baubles," &c.

Again, in The Tempest:

" —— *ignorant* fumes that mantle
" Their clearer reason." STEEVENS.

" This ignorant present." Thus the old copy. Some of our modern editors read: " — present *time:* " but the phraseology in the text is frequent in our author, as well as other ancient writers. So, in the first scene of The Tempest: " If you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of *the present*, we will not hand a rope more." The sense does not require the word *time*, and it is too much for the measure. Again, in Coriolanus:

" And that you not delay *the present;* but," &c.

Again, in 1 Corinthians xv. 6: " — of whom the greater part remain unto *this present*."

Again, in Antony and Cleopatra:

" Be pleas'd to tell us
" (For this is from *the present*) how you take
" The offer I have sent you." STEEVENS.

I am far from objecting to Mr. Steevens for not altering the old copy; but I cannot understand how the word *time* would be " too much for the measure;" unless we place the accent on the second syllable, of *present:* the verse, like many others in Shakspeare, is defective without it. BOSWELL.

Lady M. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes.
Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters [8]:—To beguile the time,
Look like the time [9]; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it [1]. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

[8] Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read, &c.] That is, thy looks are such as will awaken men's curiosity, excite their attention, and make room for suspicion. Heath.

So, in Pericles Prince of Tyre, 1609:

"*Her face the book* of praises, *where is read*
"Nothing but curious pleasures." Steevens.

Again, in our author's Rape of Lucrece:

"Poor women's *faces* are their own faults' *books*." Malone.

[9] — To beguile the time,
Look like the time;] The same expression occurs in the eighth book of Daniel's Civil Wars:

"He draws a traverse 'twixt his grievances;
"*Looks like the time:* his eye made not report
"Of what he felt within; nor was he less
"Than usually he was in every part;
"Wore a clear face upon a cloudy heart." Steevens.

The seventh and eighth books of Daniel's Civil Wars were not published till the year 1609; [see the Epistle Dedicatorie to that edition:] so that, if either poet copied the other, Daniel must have been indebted to Shakspeare; for there can be little doubt that Macbeth had been exhibited before that year. Malone.

[1] — look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it.] Thus, in Chaucer's Squiere's Tale, 10,827:

"So depe in greyne he died his coloures,
"Right as a *serpent* hideth him *under floures*,
"Til he may see his time for to bite." Steevens.

Macb. We will speak further.
Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear [2]!
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The same. Before the Castle.

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.

Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat [3]; the air

[2] To ALTER FAVOUR ever is to FEAR:] So, in Love's Labour's Lost:

"For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
"And *fears* by *pale white* shown."

Favour, is *look, countenance*. So, in Troilus and Cressida: "I know your *favour*, lord Ulysses, well." STEEVENS.

[3] This castle hath a pleasant SEAT;] *Seat* here means *situation*. Lord Bacon says, "He that builds a faire house upon an *ill seat*, committeth himself to prison. Neither doe I reckon it an *ill seat*, only where the aire is unwholsome, but likewise where the aire is unequal; as you shall see many fine seats set upon a knap of ground invironed with higher hills round about it, whereby the heat of the sunne is pent in, and the wind gathereth as in troughs; so as you shall have, and that suddenly, as great diversitie of heat and cold, as if you dwelt in several places."

Essays, 2d edit. 4to. 1632, p. 257. REED.

"This castle hath a pleasant seat." This short dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, whilst they are approaching the gates of Macbeth's castle, has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose*. Their conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of its situation, and the pleasantness of the air; and Banquo, observing the martlet's nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to

Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses [4].
Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet [5], does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath,
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze [6],

the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakspeare asked himself, What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion? Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented. This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image, or picture of familiar domestick life.

Sir J. Reynolds.

[4] Unto our GENTLE SENSES.] *Senses* are nothing more than *each man's sense*. *Gentle sense* is very elegant, as it means *placid, calm, composed*, and intimates the peaceable delight of a fine day. Johnson.

[5] — martlet,] This bird is in the old edition called *barlet*. Johnson.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

It is supported by the following passage in The Merchant of Venice:

" —— like the *martlet*
" Builds in the weather on the outward wall." Steevens.

[6] — no JUTTY, frieze.] The word *jutty* has been considered as an epithet to *frieze;* but this is a mistake. A comma should have been placed after *jutty*. A jutty, or *jetty*, (for so it ought rather to be written,) is a substantive, signifying that part of a building which shoots forward beyond the rest. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: " *Barbacane*. An outnooke or corner standing out of a house; a *jettie*."—" *Sporto*. A porch, a portal, a bay-window; or out-butting, or *jettie*, of a house, that jetties out farther than anie other part of the house."—See also *Surpendue*, in Cotgrave's French Dict. 1611: " A *jettie;* an outjetting room." Malone.

Shakspeare uses the verb to *jutty*, in King Henry V.:

" —— as fearfully as doth a galled rock
" O'erhang and *jutty* his confounded base."

The substantive also occurs in an agreement between Philip Henslowe, &c. &c. for building a new theatre, in the year 1599.

Buttress, nor coigne of vantage [7], but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed [8] and haunt, I have ob-
serv'd,
The air is delicate [9].

Enter Lady MACBETH.

DUN. See, see! our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble [1].

See vol. ii.: "— besides a *juttey* forwards in eyther of the saide two upper stories," &c. STEEVENS.

[7] — coigne of vantage,] Convenient corner. JOHNSON.
So, in Pericles:

"By the four opposing *coignes*,
"Which the world together joins." STEEVENS.

[8] MOST breed —] The folio—*Must* breed. STEEVENS.
Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[9] — is delicate.] So this passage is exhibited in the old copy. Mr. Steevens, without giving the reader any notice of the alteration, has arranged it in the following manner:

"Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze, buttress,
"Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
"His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: Where they
"Most breed and haunt, I have observ'd, the air
"Is delicate."

The reader must make out the superior harmony of the first of these lines without assistance; but the next note will inform him what he is to do with the third. BOSWELL.

"His pendent bed, and procreant *cradle:* Where they." Lest the reader should think this verse defective in harmony, he ought to be told, that as *needle* was once written and pronounced *neele* and *neeld*, so *cradle* was contracted into *crale*, and consequently uttered as a monosyllable.

Thus, in the fragment of an ancient Christmas carol now before me:

"—— on that day
"Did aungels round him minister
"As in his *crale* he lay."

In some parts of Warwickshire, (as I am informed,) the word is drawlingly pronounced, as if it had been written—*craale*.
STEEVENS.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
[The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God YIELD US FOR YOUR PAINS,
AND THANK US FOR YOUR TROUBLE.] "The attention that is paid us, (says Duncan on seeing Lady Macbeth come to meet him,) sometimes gives us pain, when we reflect that we give trouble to others; yet still we cannot but be pleased with such attentions, because they are a proof of affection." So far is clear;—but of the following words, I confess, I have no very distinct conception, and suspect them to be corrupt. Perhaps the meaning is,—"By being the occasion of so much trouble, I furnish you with a motive to pray to heaven to reward me for the pain I give you," inasmuch as the having such an opportunity of showing your loyalty may hereafter prove beneficial to you; "and herein also I afford you a motive to thank me for the trouble I give you," because by showing me such attention, (however painful it may be to me to be the cause of it,) you have an opportunity of displaying an amiable character, and of ingratiating yourself with your sovereign: which, finally, may bring you both profit and honour.

MALONE.

This passage is undoubtedly obscure, and the following is the best explication of it I am able to offer:

"Marks of respect, importunately shown, are sometimes troublesome, though we are still bound to be grateful for them, as indications of sincere attachment. If you pray for us on account of the trouble we create in your house, and thank us for the molestations we bring with us, it must be on such a principle. Herein I teach you, that the inconvenience you suffer, is the result of our affection; and that you are therefore to pray for us, or thank us, only as far as prayers and thanks can be deserved for kindnesses that fatigue, and honours that oppress. You are, in short, to make your acknowledgments for intended respect and love, however irksome our present mode of expressing them may have proved."—To *bid* is here used in the Saxon sense—to *pray*.

STEEVENS.

"How you shall bid *God-yield us*." To bid any one *God-yeld him*, i. e. *God-yield him*, was the same as *God reward him*.

WARBURTON.

I believe *yield*, or, as it is in the folio of 1623, *eyld*, is a corrupted contraction of *shield*. The wish implores not *reward*, but *protection*. JOHNSON.

I rather believe it to be a corruption of *God-yield*, i. e. *reward*. In Antony and Cleopatra we meet with it at length:

"And the *gods yield* you for't."

Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits [2].

DUN. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur [3], hath holp
him

Again, in the interlude of Jacob and Esau, 1568:

"*God yelde you*, Esau, with all my stomach."

Again, in the old metrical romance of Syr Guy of Warwick, bl. l. no date:

"Syr, quoth Guy, *God yield it you*,
"Of this great gift you give me now."

Again, in Chaucer's Sompnoure's Tale, v. 7759; Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit.:

"God *yelde you* adoun in your village."

Again, one of the Paston Letters, vol. iv. p. 335, begins thus:

"To begin, *God yeld you* for my hats."

God shield means *God forbid*, and could never be used as a form of returning thanks. So, in Chaucer's Milleres Tale:

"*God shilde* that he died sodenly."

V. 3427; *Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit.* STEEVENS.

[2] We rest your HERMITS.] *Hermits*, for *beadsmen*.
WARBURTON.

That is, we as *hermits* shall always pray for you. Thus, in A. of Wyntown's Cronykil, b. ix. c. xxvii. v. 99:

"His *bedmen* thai suld be for-thi,
"And pray for hym rycht hartfully."

Again, in Arden of Feversham, 1592:

"I am your *beadsman*, bound to pray for you."

Again, in Heywood's English Traveller, 1633:

"——— worshipful sir,
"I shall be still your *beadsman*."

This phrase occurs frequently in The Paston Letters.
STEEVENS.

[3] — his great love, sharp as his spur,] So, in Twelfth-Night, Act III. Sc. III.:

"——— my desire,
"*More sharp than filed steel*, did spur me forth."
STEEVENS.

To his home before us: Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever[4]
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Same. A Room in the Castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer[5]*, and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter* MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done[6], when 'tis done, then 'twere well

[4] Your servants ever, &c.] The metaphor in this speech is taken from the Steward's compting-house or audit-room. *In compt*, means, *subject to account*. So, in Timon of Athens:

"And have the dates *in compt*."

The sense of the whole is:—"We, and all who belong to us, look upon our lives and fortunes not as our own properties, but as things we have received merely for your use, and for which we must be accountable, whenever you please to call us to our audit; when, like faithful stewards, we shall be ready to answer your summons, by returning you what is your own." STEEVENS.

[5] *Enter—a* SEWER,] I have restored this stage direction from the old copy.

A *sewer* was an *officer* so called from his placing the dishes upon the table. *Asseour*, French; from *asseoir*, to *place*. Thus, in Chapman's version of the 24th Iliad:

"—— Automedon as fit
"Was for the reverend *sewer's* place; and all the browne joints serv'd
"On wicker vessell to the board."

It were done quickly: If the assassination [7]
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,

Barclay, Ecl. ii. has the following remark on the conduct of these domesticks:

"Slowe be the *sewers* in serving in alway,
"But swift be they after, taking the meate away."

Another part of the *sewer's* office was, to bring water for the guests to wash their hands with. Thus Chapman, in his version of the Odyssey:

"—— and then the *sewre*
"*Pour'd water* from a great and golden ewre,"

The *sewer's* chief mark of distinction was a towel round his arm. So, in Ben Jonson's Silent Woman: "— clap me a clean *towel* about you, like a *sewer*." Again: "See, sir Amorous has his *towel* on already. [He enters like a *sewer*.]"

It may be worth while to observe, for the sake of preserving an ancient word, that the dishes served in by *sewers* were called *sewes*. So, in the old MS. romance of The Sowdon of Babyloyne, p. 66:

"Lest that lurdeynes come sculkynge out,
"For ever they have bene shrewes,
"Loke ech of them have such a cloute
"That thay never ete moo *sewes*." STEEVENS.

[6] If it were DONE, &c.] A sentiment parallel to this occurs in The Proceedings against Garnet in the Powder Plot. "It would have been commendable, when it had been done, though not before." FARMER.

[7] — If the assassination, &c.] Of this soliloquy the meaning is not very clear; I have never found the readers of Shakspeare agreeing about it. I understand it thus:

"If that which I am about to do, when it is once *done* and executed, were *done* and ended without any following effects, it would then be best *to do it quickly*: if the murder could terminate in itself, and restrain the regular course of consequences, if *its success* could secure *its surcease*, if, being once done *successfully*, without detection, it could *fix a period* to all vengeance and inquiry, so that *this blow* might be all that I have to do, and this anxiety all that I have to suffer; if this could be my condition, even *here* in *this world*, in this contracted period of temporal existence, on this narrow *bank* in the ocean of eternity, *I would jump the life to come*, I would venture upon the deed without care of any future state. But this is one of *those cases* in which judgment is pronounced and vengeance inflicted upon us *here* in our present life. We teach others to do as we have done, and are punished by our own example. JOHNSON.

We are told by Dryden, that "Ben Jonson, in reading some

With his surcease, success [8]; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,

bombast speeches in Macbeth, which *are not to be understood*, used to say that it was *horrour*."—Perhaps the present passage was one of those thus depreciated. Any person but this envious detractor would have dwelt with pleasure on the transcendent beauties of this sublime tragedy, which, after Othello, is perhaps our author's greatest work; and would have been more apt to have been thrown into "strong shudders" and blood-freezing "agues," by its interesting and high-wrought scenes, than to have been offended by any imaginary hardness of its language; for such, it appears from the context, is what he meant by *horrour*. That there are difficult passages in this tragedy, cannot be denied; but that there are "some *bombast* speeches in it, *which are not to be understood*," as Dryden asserts, will not very readily be granted to him. From this assertion, however, and the verbal alterations made by him and Sir W. D'Avenant, in some of our author's plays, I think it clearly appears that Dryden and the other poets of the time of Charles II. were not very deeply skilled in the language of their predecessors, and that Shakspeare was not so well understood fifty years after his death, as he is at this day. MALONE.

[8] Could TRAMMEL up the consequence, and catch,
With HIS SURCEASE, SUCCESS;] I think the reasoning requires that we should read:
"With its *success surcease*——." JOHNSON.

A *trammel* is a net in which either birds or fishes are caught. So, in The Isle of Gulls, 1633:
"Each tree and shrub wears *trammels* of thy hair."

Surcease is *cessation*, *stop*. So, in The Valiant Welchman, 1615:
"*Surcease* brave brother: Fortune hath crown'd our brows."

His is used instead of *its*, in many places. STEEVENS.

The personal pronouns are so frequently used by Shakspeare, instead of the impersonal, that no amendment would be necessary in this passage, even if it were certain that the pronoun *his* refers to *assassination*, which seems to be the opinion of Johnson and Steevens; but I think it more probable that it refers to Duncan; and that by *his surcease* Macbeth means Duncan's *death*, which was the object of his contemplation. M. MASON.

His certainly may refer to *assassination*, (as Dr. Johnson, by his proposed alteration, seems to have thought it did,) for Shakspeare very frequently uses *his* for *its*. But in this place perhaps *his* refers to Duncan; and the meaning may be, "If the assassination, at the same time that it puts an end to the life of Duncan, could procure me unalloyed happiness, promotion to the crown unmolested by the compunctious visitings of conscience, &c. To *cease*

But here, upon this bank and shoal of time [9],—
We'd jump the life to come [1].—But in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor [2]: This even-handed justice [3]

often signifies in these plays, to *die*. So, in All's Well That Ends Well:

"Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, *cease*."

I think, however, it is more probable that *his* is used for *its*, and that it relates to *assassination*. MALONE.

9 —SHOAL of time,] This is Theobald's emendation, undoubtedly right. The old edition has *school*, and Dr. Warburton *shelve*. JOHNSON.

By the *shoal of time*, our author means the *shallow ford of life*, between us and the abyss of eternity. STEEVENS.

1 We'd jump the life to come.] So, in Cymbeline, Act V. Sc. IV.:

"—— or *jump the after-inquiry* on your own peril."

STEEVENS.

"We'd *jump* the life to come," certainly means, 'We'd *hazard* or run the risk of what might happen in a future state of being.' So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"———Our fortune lies
"Upon this *jump*."

Again, in Coriolanus:

"——— and wish
"To *jump* a body with a dangerous physick,
"That's sure of death without it."

See note on this passage, Act III. Sc. I. MALONE.

2 —— we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor:] So, in Bellenden's translation of Hector Boethius: "He [Macbeth] was led be wod furyis, as ye nature of all tyrannis is, quhilks conquessis landis or kingdomes be wrangus titil, ay full of hevy thocht and dredour, and *traisting ilk man to do siclik crueltes to hym, as he did afore to othir*." MALONE.

3 —THIS even-handed justice—] Mr. M. Mason observes, that we might more advantageously read—

"*Thus* even-handed justice," &c. STEEVENS.

The old reading I believe to be the true one, because Shakspeare has very frequently used this mode of expression. So, a little lower: "Besides, *this* Duncan," &c. Again, in King Henry IV. Part I.:

Commends the ingredients [4] of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips [5]. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman [6] and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek [7], hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues

" That *this* same child of honour and renown,
" *This* gallant Hotspur, *this* all-praised knight—."
MALONE.

4 COMMENDS the ingredients —] Thus, in a subsequent scene of this play:

" I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot,
" And so I do *commend* you to their backs."

This verb has many shades of meaning. It seems here to signify—*offers*, or *recommends*. STEEVENS.

5 —— our poison'd CHALICE
To our own lips.] Our poet, *apis Matinæ more modoque*, would stoop to borrow a sweet from any flower, however humble in its situation.

"The pricke of conscience (says Holinshed) caused him ever to feare, lest he should be served of the same *cup* as he had ministered to his predecessor." STEEVENS.

6 First, as I am HIS KINSMAN —] So, in The Rape of Lucrece:

" But as he is *my kinsman* and dear friend,
" The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end."
MALONE.

A soliloquy not unlike this occurs in Arden of Feversham, 1592:

" Ah, harmeles Arden how, how hast thou misdone,
" That thus thy gentle lyfe is leveld at?
" The many good turnes that thou hast done to me,
" Now must I quitance with betraying thee.
" I that should take the weapon in my hand,
" And buckler thee from ill intending foes,
" Do lead thee with a wicked fraudfull smile,
" As unsuspected, to the slaughterhouse." BOSWELL.

7 Hath borne his FACULTIES so meek,] *Faculties*, for *office*, *exercise of power*, &c. WARBURTON.

" Duncan (says Holinshed) was soft and gentle of nature." And again: " Macbeth spoke much against the king's softness, and overmuch slackness in punishing offenders." STEEVENS.

Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation [8] of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air [9],
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind [1].—I have no spur

[8] The DEEP DAMNATION —] So, in A Dolfull Discourse of a Lord and a Ladie, by Churchyard, 1593:

" —— in state
" Of *deepe damnation* stood."

I should not have thought this little coincidence worth noting, had I not found it in a poem which it should seem, from other passages, that Shakspeare had read and remembered. STEEVENS.

[9] ——or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless COURIERS of the air,] *Courier* is only *runner*. *Couriers of air* are *winds, air in motion*. *Sightless* is *invisible*. JOHNSON.

Again, in this play:

" Wherever in your *sightless* substances," &c.

Again, in Heywood's Brazen Age, 1613:

" The flames of hell and Pluto's *sightless* fires."

Again:

" Hath any *sightless* and infernal fire
" Laid hold upon my flesh?"

Again, in Warner's Albion's England, 1602, b. ii. c. xi.:

" The scouring winds that *sightless* in the sounding air do fly."

STEEVENS.

So, in King Henry V.:

" *Borne* with the *invisible* and creeping wind."

Again, in our author's 51st Sonnet:

" Then should I spur, though *mounted on the wind*."

Again, in the Prologue to King Henry IV. Part II.:

" I, from the orient to the drooping west,
" Making the *wind* my post-*horse*—."

The thought of the *cherubin* (as has been somewhere observed) seems to have been borrowed from the eighteenth Psalm: " He rode upon the *cherubins* and did fly; he came *flying upon the wings of the wind*." Again, in the book of Job, xxx. 22:
" Thou causest me to *ride upon the wind*." MALONE.

[1] That tears shall drown the wind.] Alluding to the remission of the wind in a shower. JOHNSON.

So, in King Henry VI. Part III.:

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition [1], which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other [2].—How now, what news?

" For raging wind blows up incessant showers;
" And, when the rage allays, the *rain* begins."

Again, in our author's Venus and Adonis:

" Even as the *wind* is hush'd before it *raineth*."

STEEVENS.

Again, in The Rape of Lucrece:

" This *windy* tempest, till it blow up rain
" Held back his *sorrow's tide*, to make it more;
" At last it *rains*, and busy winds give o'er."

Again, in Troilus and Cressida:

" Where are my *tears?*—rain, *rain* to lay this *wind*."

MALONE.

[1] ——— I have no SPUR
To PRICK the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting AMBITION,] The *spur of the occasion* is a phrase used by Lord Bacon. STEEVENS.

So, in the tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey, 1607:

" Why think you, lords, that 'tis *ambition's spur*,
" That *pricketh* Cæsar to these high attempts?"

MALONE.

Again, in The First Part of The Tragicall Raigne of Selimus, &c. 4to. 1594:

" My sonnes whom now *ambition* ginnes to *pricke*." TODD.

[2] And falls on the other.] Sir T. Hanmer has on this occasion added a word, and would read—

" And falls on the other *side*."

Yet they who plead for the admission of this supplement, should consider, that the plural of it, but two lines before, had occurred.

I, also, who once attempted to justify the omission of this word, ought to have understood that Shakspeare could never mean to describe the agitation of Macbeth's mind, by the assistance of a halting verse.

The general image, though confusedly expressed, relates to a horse, who, overleaping himself, falls, and his rider under him. To complete the line we may therefore read—

" And falls *upon* the other."

Thus, in The Taming of a Shrew: " How he left her with the horse *upon* her."

Macbeth, as I apprehend, is meant for the rider, his *intent* for his horse, and his *ambition* for his *spur*; but, unluckily, as the words are arranged, the *spur* is said to *over-leap* itself. Such

Enter Lady[3] *Macbeth.*

Lady M. He has almost supp'd; Why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

hazardous things are long-drawn metaphors in the hands of careless writers. Steevens.

I apprehend that there is not here one long-drawn metaphor, but two distinct ones. I have no spur to prick the sides of my intent; I have nothing to *stimulate* me to the execution of my purpose but ambition, which is apt to overreach itself; this he expresses by the second image, of a person meaning to vault into his saddle, who, by taking too great a leap, will fall on the other side. It should be recollected that to vault upon horseback with ease and activity was reckoned a great accomplishment by the courtiers of that time. Malone.

[3] *Enter Lady*—] The arguments by which Lady Macbeth persuades her husband to commit the murder, afford a proof of Shakspeare's knowledge of human nature. She urges the excellence and dignity of courage, a glittering idea which has dazzled mankind from age to age, and animated sometimes the housebreaker, and sometimes the conqueror; but this sophism Macbeth has for ever destroyed, by distinguishing true from false fortitude, in a line and a half; of which it may almost be said, that they ought to bestow immortality on the author, though all his other productions had been lost:

"I dare do all that may become a man;
"Who dares do more, is none."

This topick, which has been always employed with too much success, is used in this scene, with peculiar propriety, to a soldier by a woman. Courage is the distinguishing virtue of a soldier; and the reproach of cowardice cannot be borne by any man from a woman, without great impatience.

She then urges the oaths by which he had bound himself to murder Duncan, another art of sophistry by which men have sometimes deluded their consciences, and persuaded themselves that what would be criminal in others is virtuous in them: this argument Shakspeare, whose plan obliged him to make Macbeth yield, has not confuted, though he might easily have shown that a former obligation could not be vacated by a latter; that obligations, laid on us by a higher power, could not be over-ruled by obligations which we lay upon ourselves. Johnson.

Part of Lady Macbeth's argument is derived from the translation of Hector Boethius. See Dr. Farmer's note, p. 38. Malone.

Lady M. Know you not, he has?
Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.
Lady M. Was the hope drunk [4],
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem [5];
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage [6]?
Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:

[4] Was the hope drunk, &c.] The same expression is found in King John:

"O, where hath our intelligence been *drunk*,
"Where hath it *slept?*" Malone.

[5] — Would'st thou HAVE that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
AND live a coward in thine own esteem;] In this there seems to be no reasoning. I should read:

"*Or* live a coward in thine own esteem;"

Unless we choose rather:

"—— Would'st thou *leave* that." Johnson.

"Do you wish to obtain the crown, and yet would you remain such a coward in your own eyes all your life, as to suffer your paltry fears, which whisper, '*I dare not*,' to controul your noble ambition, which cries out, '*I would?*'" Steevens.

[6] Like the poor cat i' the adage?] The adage alluded to is, 'The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her feet:'

Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas.

Johnson.

It is among Heywood's Proverbs 1566, D. 2:

"The cat would eate fishe, and would not wet her feete."

Boswell.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none[7].

Lady M. What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere[8], and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face[9],
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,

[7] Pr'ythee, peace: &c.] A passage similar to this occurs in Measure for Measure, Act II. Sc. II.:

"——— be that you are,
"That is, a woman: if you're more, you're none."

The old copy, instead of "*do* more," reads "*no* more;" but the present reading is undoubtedly right.

The correction (as Mr. Malone observes) was made by Mr. Rowe. Steevens.

The same sentiment occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's Rollo:

"My Rollo, tho' he dares as much as man,
"Is tender of his yet untainted valour;
"So noble, that he dares do nothing basely." Henley.

[8] Did then ADHERE,] Thus the old copy. Dr. Warburton would read—*cohere*, not improperly, but without necessity. In The Merry Wives of Windsor, Mrs. Ford says of Falstaff, that his words and actions "no more *adhere* and keep pace together, than" &c. Again, in The Winter's Tale:

"——— a shepherd's daughter,
"And what to her *adheres*." Steevens.

So, in A Warning for Fair Women, 1599:

"——— Neither time
"Nor place consorted to my mind." Malone.

[9] I would, while it was smiling in my face,] Polyxo, in the fifth book of Statius's Thebais, has a similar sentiment of ferocity:

In gremio (licet amplexu lachrimisque moretur)
Transadigam ferro——. Steevens.

And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn [1] as you
Have done to this.

Macb. **If we should fail,——**

Lady M. **We fail [2] !**
But screw your courage to the sticking-place [3],

[1] —had I so SWORN,] The latter word is here used as a dissyllable. The editor of the second folio, from his ignorance of our author's phraseology and metre, supposed the line defective, and reads—' 'had I *but* so sworn;" which has been followed by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

My regulation of the metre renders it unnecessary to read *sworn* as a dissyllable, a pronunciation of which, I believe, there is no example. STEEVENS.

[2] We fail !] I am by no means sure that this punctuation is the true one.—" If we fail, we fail," is a colloquial phrase still in frequent use. Macbeth having casually employed the former part of this sentence, his wife designedly completes it. " We fail," and thereby know the extent of our misfortune. Yet *our success is certain, if you are resolute.*

Lady Macbeth is unwilling to afford her husband time to state any reasons for his doubt, or to expatiate on the obvious consequences of miscarriage in his undertaking. Such an interval for reflection to act in, might have proved unfavourable to her purposes. She therefore cuts him short with the remaining part of a common saying, to which his own words had offered an apt, though accidental introduction.

This reply, at once cool and determined, is sufficiently characteristic of the speaker:—according to the old punctuation, she is represented as rejecting with contempt, (of which she had already manifested enough,) the very idea of failure. According to the mode of pointing now suggested, she admits a possibility of miscarriage, but at the same instant shows herself not afraid of the result. Her answer, therefore, communicates no discouragement to her husband.—" We fail !" is the hasty interruption of scornful impatience. " We fail," is the calm deduction of a mind which, having weighed all circumstances, is prepared, without loss of confidence in itself, for the worst that can happen. So Hotspur:

" If we fall in, good night:—or sink, or swim." STEEVENS.

[3] But screw your courage to the STICKING-PLACE,] This is a metaphor from an engine formed by mechanical complication. The *sticking-place* is the *stop* which suspends its powers, till they are discharged on their proper object; as in driving piles, &c. So, in Sir W. D'Avenant's Cruel Brother, 1630:

And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince[4],

" —— There is an engine made,
" Which spends its strength by force of nimble wheels;
" For they, once *screwed up*, in their return
" Will rive an oak."

Again, in Coriolanus, Act I. Sc. VIII.:

" *Wrench up* thy power to the highest."

Again, in Chapman's version of the ninth book of Homer's Odyssey:

" —— my wits which to their height
" I striv'd to *screw up*— ;"

Again, in the fifteenth book:

" Come, join we hands, and *screw up* all their spite,"

Perhaps, indeed, Shakspeare had a more familiar image in view, and took his metaphor from the *screwing up* the chords of string-instruments to their proper degree of tension, when the peg remains fast in its *sticking-place*, i. e. in the place from which it is not to move. Thus, perhaps, in Twelfth-Night:

" And that I partly know the *instrument*
" That *screws* me from my true *place*," &c. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's last interpretation is, in my apprehension, the true one. Sir W. D'Avenant misunderstood this passage. By *the sticking-place*, he seems to have thought the poet meant the *stabbing* place, the place where Duncan was to be wounded; for he reads,

" Bring but your courage to the *fatal* place,
" And we'll not fail." MALONE.

[4] — his two CHAMBERLAINS

Will I with wine and WASSEL so convince, &c.] The circumstance relative to Macbeth's slaughter of Duncan's Chamberlains, (as I observed so long ago, as in our edition 1773,) is copied from Holinshed's account of King Duffe's murder by Donwald.

Mr. Malone has since transcribed the whole narrative of this event from the Chronicle; but being too long to stand here as a note, it is given, with other bulky extracts, at the conclusion of the play. STEEVENS.

To *convince* is, in Shakspeare, to *overpower* or *subdue*, as in this play:

" —— Their malady *convinces*
" The great assay of art." JOHNSON.

So, in the old tragedy of Cambyses:

" If that your heart addicted be the Egyptians to *convince*."

That memory, the warder of the brain [5],
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason [6]

Again:

"By this his grace, by conquest great the Egyptians did *convince*."

Again, in Holinshed: "—thus mortally fought, intending to vanquish and *convince* the other." Again, in Chapman's version of the sixth Iliad:

"Chymera the invincible he sent him to *convince*."

STEEVENS.

"—and wassel." What was anciently called *was-haile* (as appears from Selden's notes on the ninth Song of Drayton's Polyolbion,) was an annual custom observed in the country on the vigil of the new year; and had its beginning, as some say, from the words which Ronix, daughter of Hengist, used, when she drank to Vortigern, "loverd king *was-heil*;" he answering her, by direction of an interpreter, *drinc-heile*; and then, as Robert of Gloucester says:

"Kuste hire and sitte hire adoune and glad dronke hire *heil*;
"And that was tho in this land the verst *was-hail*,
"As in langage of Saxoyne that me might evere iwite,
"And so wel he paith the folc about, that he is not yut voryute."

Afterwards it appears that *was-haile*, and *drinc-heil*, were the usual phrases of quaffing among the English, as we may see from Thomas de la Moore in the Life of Edward II. and in the lines of Hanvil the monk, who preceded him:

Ecce vagante cifo distento gutture *wass-heil*,
Ingeminant *wass-heil*——."

But Selden rather conjectures it to have been a usual ceremony among the Saxons before Hengist, as a note of *health-wishing*, supposing the expression to be corrupted from *wish-heil*.

Wassel or *Wassail* is a word still in use in the midland counties, and signifies at present what is called Lambs'-Wool, i. e. roasted apples in strong beer, with sugar and spice. See Beggar's Bush, Act IV. Sc. IV.:

"What think you of a *wassel?*
"—— thou, and Ferret,
"And Ginks, to sing the song; I for the structure,
"Which is the bowl."

Ben Jonson personifies *wassel* thus:—"Enter *Wassel* like a neat sempster and songster, her page bearing a brown bowl drest with ribbands and rosemary, before her."

Wassel is, however, sometimes used for general riot, intemperance, or festivity. On the present occasion I believe it means *intemperance*. STEEVENS.

So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

A limbeck only [7]: When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures [8] lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell [9]?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd [1],
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other [2],

"—— Antony,
"Leave thy lascivious *wassels*."

See also vol. iv. p. 423. Malone.

5 —the WARDER of the brain,] A *warder* is a *guard*, a *sentinel*. So, in King Henry VI. Part I.:

"Where be these *warders*, that they wait not here?"

Steevens.

6 —the RECEIPT of reason,] i. e. the *receptacle*. Malone.

7 A limbeck only:] That is, shall be only a vessel to emit *fumes* or *vapours*. Johnson.

The *limbeck* is the vessel through which distilled liquors pass into the recipient. So shall it be with memory; through which every thing shall pass, and nothing remain. A. C.

8 Their DRENCHED NATURES—] i. e. as we should say at present—*soaked*, saturated with liquor. Steevens.

9 —who shall bear the guilt
Of our great QUELL?] *Quell* is *murder*, *manquellers* being, in the old language, the term for which *murderers* is now used. Johnson.

So, in Chaucer's Tale of the Nonnes Priest, v. 15,396, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit.:

"The dokes cryeden as men wold hem *quelle*."

The word is used in this sense by Holinshed, p. 567: "—the poor people ran about the streets, calling the capteins and governors *murtherers* and *manquellers*." Steevens.

1 —Will it not be RECEIV'D,] i. e. *understood*, *apprehended*. So, in Twelfth-Night:

"—— To one of your *receiving*
"Enough is shown." Steevens.

2 Who dares receive it other,] So, in Holinshed: "—he

As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?
Macb. I am settled, and bend up [3]
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
[*Exeunt.*

burthen'd the chamberleins, whom he had slaine, with all the fault, they having the keyes of the gates committed to their keeping all the night, and therefore *it could not be otherwise* (said he) but that they were of counsel in the committing of that most detestable murther." Malone.

[3] —and BEND UP—] A metaphor from the bow. So, in King Henry V.:

" —— *bend* up every spirit
" To his full height."

The same phrase occurs in Melvil's Memoirs: " —but that rather she should *bend up her spirit* by a princely, &c. behaviour." Edit. 1735, p. 148.

Till this instant, the mind of Macbeth has been in a state of uncertainty and fluctuation. He has hitherto proved neither resolutely good, nor obstinately wicked. Though a bloody idea had arisen in his mind, after he had heard the prophecy in his favour, yet he contentedly leaves the completion of his hopes to chance. At the conclusion, however, of his interview with Duncan, he inclines to hasten the decree of fate, and quits the stage with an apparent resolution to murder his sovereign. But no sooner is the king under his roof, than, reflecting on the peculiarities of his own relative situation, he determines not to offend against the laws of hospitality, or the ties of subjection, kindred, and gratitude. His wife then assails his constancy afresh. He yields to her suggestions, and, with his integrity, his happiness is destroyed.

I have enumerated these particulars, because the waverings of Macbeth have, by some criticks, been regarded as unnatural and contradictory circumstances in his character; not remembering that *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, or that (as Angelo observes):

" —— when once our grace we have forgot,
" Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not—."

a passage which contains no unapt justification of the changes that happen in the conduct of Macbeth. Steevens.

ACT II. SCENE I [4].

The Same. Court within the Castle.

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE, *and a Servant, with a torch before them.*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword:—There's husbandry in heaven [5],
Their candles are all out [6].—Take thee that too.

[4] *Scene I.*] The place is not marked in the old edition, nor is it easy to say where this encounter can be. It is not in the *hall*, as the editors have all supposed it, for Banquo sees the sky; it is not far from the bedchamber, as the conversation shows: it must be in the inner court of the castle, which Banquo might properly cross in his way to bed. JOHNSON.

The Scene. A large court surrounded all or in part by an open gallery; chambers opening into that gallery; the gallery ascended into by stairs, open likewise; with addition of a college-like gateway, into which opens a porter's lodge; appears to have been the poet's idea of the place of this great action. The circumstances that mark it, are scatter'd through three scenes; in the latter, *the hall* (which moderns make the scene of this action), is appointed a place of second assembly, in terms that show it plainly distinct from that assembled in them. Buildings of this description rose in ages of chivalry; when knights rode into their courts, and paid their devoirs to ladies, viewers of their tiltings and them from these open galleries. Fragments of some of them, over the mansions of noblemen, are still subsisting in London, changed to hotels or inns. Shakspeare might see them much more entire, and take his notion from them. CAPELL.

[5] There's HUSBANDRY in heaven,] *Husbandry* here means *thrift, frugality*. So, in Hamlet:

"And borrowing dulls the edge of *husbandry*." MALONE.

[6] Their CANDLES are all out.] The same expression occurs in Romeo and Juliet:

"Night's *candles* are *burnt out*."

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose [7] !—Give me my sword ;—

Enter MACBETH, *and a Servant with a torch.*

Who's there?

MACB. A friend.

BAN. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your officers [8]:

Again, in our author's 21st Sonnet:

"As those gold *candles* fix'd in heaven's air."

See vol. v. p. 150, n. 5. MALONE.

7 —— Merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose!] It is apparent from what Banquo says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream to attempt something in consequence of the prophecy of the Witches, that his waking senses were shocked at; and Shakspeare has here most exquisitely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his sleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may assist him to complete his purpose. The one is unwilling to sleep, lest the same phantoms should assail his resolution again, while the other is depriving himself of rest through impatience to commit the murder.

The same kind of invocation occurs in Cymbeline:

"From fairies, and the *tempters of the night*,
"Guard me!" STEEVENS.

8 Sent forth great largess to your OFFICES:] Thus the old copy, and rightly. *Offices* are the rooms appropriated to servants and culinary purposes. Thus, in Timon:

"When all our *offices* have been oppress'd
"By riotous feeders."

Again, in King Richard II.:

"Unpeopled *offices*, untrodden stones."

Duncan was pleased with his entertainment, and dispensed his bounty to those who had prepared it. All the modern editors have transferred this largess to the *officers* of Macbeth, who

This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up[9]
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought[1].

would more properly have been rewarded in the field, or at their return to court. Steevens.

Mr. Steevens, who has introduced so many arbitrary alterations of Shakspeare's text, has here endeavoured to restore a palpable misprint from the old copy; *officers* means *servants* in this passage. So before, p. 87:

"——What not put upon
"His spongy *officers*."

i. e. his chamberlains. So also, in The Taming of The Shrew, vol. v. p. 459: "Is supper ready, &c. the serving men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every *officer* his wedding garment on?" Malone.

9 —shut up—] To *shut up*, is to *conclude*. So, in The Spanish Tragedy:

"And heavens have *shut up* day to pleasure us."

Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. iv. c. ix.:

"And for to *shut up* all in friendly love."

Again, in Reynolds's God's Revenge against Murder, 1621, fourth edit. p. 137: "—though the parents have already *shut up* the contract." Again, in Stowe's Account of the Earl of Essex's Speech on the scaffold: "he *shut up* all with the Lord's prayer." Steevens.

Again, in Stowe's Annals, p. 833: "—the kings majestie [K. James] *shut up* all with a pithy exhortation on both sides." Malone.

I should rather suppose it means *enclosed in content*; content with every thing *around* him. So Barrow: "Hence is a man *shut up* in an irksome bondage of spirit." *Sermons*, 1683, vol. ii. 231. Boswell.

1 Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.] This is obscurely expressed. The meaning seems to be:—"Being unprepared, our entertainment was necessarily *defective*, and we only had it in our power to show the King our *willingness* to *serve* him. Had we received sufficient notice of his coming, our zeal should have been more clearly manifested by our *acts*.

Which refers, not to the last antecedent, *defect*, but to *will*. Malone.

Ban. All's well [2].
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.
Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,—when 'tis [3],
It shall make honour for you.

[2] All's well.] I suppose the poet originally wrote (that the preceding verse might be completed,)—" *Sir*, all *is* well."
STEEVENS.

[3] If you shall cleave to my CONSENT,—when 'tis,] *Consent*, for *will*. So that the sense of the line is, If you shall go into my measures when I have determined of them, or when the time comes that I want your assistance. WARBURTON.

Macbeth expresses his thought with affected obscurity; he does not mention the royalty, though he apparently had it in his mind. " If you shall cleave to my consent," if you shall concur with me when I determine to accept the crown, " when 'tis," when that happens which the prediction promises, "it shall make honour for you." JOHNSON.

Such another expression occurs in Lord Surrey's translation of the second book of Virgil's Æneid:

" And if thy will *stick* unto mine, I shall
" In wedlocke sure knit, and make her his own."

Consent has sometimes the power of the Latin *concentus*. Both the verb and substantive, decidedly bearing this signification, occur in other plays of our author. Thus, in King Henry VI. Part I. Sc. I.:

" —— scourge the bad revolting stars
" That have *consented* to King Henry's death—."

i. e. *acted in concert* so as to occasion it. Again, in King Henry IV. Part II. Act V. Sc. I.: " —they (Justice Shallow's servants) *flock together in consent*, (i. e. in a *party*,) like so many wild geese." In both these instances the words are spelt erroneously, and should be written *concent* and *concented*. See Spenser, &c. as quoted in a note on the passage already adduced from King Henry VI.

The meaning of Macbeth is then as follows:—" If you shall cleave to my consent—" i. e. if you shall stick, or adhere, to my

Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep

party—"when tis," i. e. at the time when such a *party* is formed, your conduct shall produce honour for you.

That *consent* means *participation*, may be proved from a passage in the 50th Psalm. I cite the translation 1568: "When thou sawdest a thiefe, thou dydst *consent unto* hym, and hast been partaker with the adulterers." In both instances the *particeps criminis* is spoken of.

Again, in our author's As You Like It, the usurping Duke says, after the flight of Rosalind and Celia—

"—— some villains of my court
"Are of *consent* and sufferance in this."

Again, in King Henry V.:

"We carry not a heart with us from hence,
"That grows not in a fair *consent* with ours."

Macbeth mentally refers to the crown he expected to obtain in consequence of the murder he was about to commit. The commentator, indeed, (who is acquainted with what precedes and follows,) comprehends all that passes in the mind of the speaker; but Banquo is still in ignorance of it. His reply is only that of a man who determines to combat every possible temptation to do ill; and therefore expresses a resolve that in spite of future combinations of interest, or struggles for power, he will attempt nothing that may obscure his present honours, alarm his conscience, or corrupt his loyalty.

Macbeth could never mean, while yet the success of his attack on the life of Duncan was uncertain, to afford Banquo the most dark or distant hint of his criminal designs on the crown. Had he acted thus incautiously, Banquo would naturally have become his accuser, as soon as the murder had been discovered.

STEEVENS.

The word *consent* has always appeared to me unintelligible in the first of these lines, and was, I am persuaded, a mere error of the press. A passage in The Tempest leads me to think that our author wrote—*content*. Antonio is counselling Sebastian to murder Gonsalo:

"O, that you bore
"The mind that I do; what a sleep were there
"For your advancement! Do you understand me?
"*Seb.* I think I do.
"*Ant.* And how does your *content*
"Tender your own good fortune?"

In the same play we have—"Thy *thoughts I cleave to*," which differs but little from "I cleave to thy *content*."

My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.

In The Comedy of Errors our author has again used this word in the same sense:

"Sir, I commend you to your own *content*."

Again, in All's Well That Ends Well:

"Madam, the care I have taken to even your *content*—."

i. e. says Dr. Johnson, to act up to your desires. Again, in King Richard III.:

"God hold it to your honour's good *content!*"

Again, in the Merry Wives of Windsor: "You shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, *to your own content*."

The meaning then of the present difficult passage, thus corrected, will be: If you will closely adhere to my cause, if you will promote, as far as you can, what is likely to contribute to my satisfaction and *content*,—*when 'tis*, when the prophecy of the weird sisters is fulfilled, when I am seated on the throne, the event shall make honour for you.

If Macbeth does not mean to allude darkly to his attainment of the crown, (I do not say to his forcible or unjust acquisition of it, but to his attainment of it,) what meaning can be drawn from the words, "If you shall cleave," &c. whether we read *consent*, or the word now proposed? In the preceding speech, though he *affects* not to think of it, he yet clearly marks out to Banquo what it is that is the object of the mysterious words which we are now considering:

"Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon *that business;*"

i. e. "upon the prophecy of the weird sisters, [that I should be thane of Cawdor, and afterwards *king*,] which, as you observe, has been *in part* fulfilled, and which by the kindness of fortune may at some future time be in the whole accomplished."

I do not suppose that Macbeth means to give Banquo the most distant hint of his having any intention to *murder Duncan;* but merely to state to him, that if he will strenuously endeavour to promote his satisfaction or *content*, if he will espouse his cause, and support him against all adversaries, whenever he shall be seated on the *throne* of Scotland, by whatever mysterious operation of fate that event may be brought about, such a conduct shall be rewarded, shall make honour for Banquo. The word *content* admits of this interpretation, and is supported by several other passages in our author's plays; the word *consent*, in my apprehension, affords here no meaning whatsoever.

Consent or *concent* may certainly signify *harmony*, and, in a metaphorical sense, that *union* which binds to each other a party or number of men, leagued together for a particular purpose;

Macb. Good repose, the while!
Ban. Thanks, sir; The like to you!
[*Exit Banquo.*
Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready[4],
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
[*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:——
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

but it can no more signify, as I conceive, the *party*, or body of men so combined together, or the *cause* for which they are united, than the harmony produced by a number of musical instruments can signify the instruments themselves, or the musicians that play upon them. When Fairfax, in his translation of Tasso, says—

"Birds, winds, and waters, sing with sweet *concent*,"

we must surely understand by the word *concent*, not a *party*, or a *cause*, but harmony, or *union*; and in the latter sense, I apprehend, Justice Shallow's servants are said to flock together in *concent*, in The Second Part of King Henry IV.

If this correction be just, "In seeking to augment it," in Banquo's reply, may *perhaps* relate, not to his own honour, but to Macbeth's *content*. "On condition that I lose no honour, in seeking to increase *your satisfaction*, or *content*,—to gratify your wishes," &c. The words, however, may be equally commodiously interpreted,—"Provided that in *seeking an increase of honour*, I lose none," &c.

Sir William D'Avenant's paraphrase on this obscure passage is as follows:

"If when the prophecy begins to look like, you will
"Adhere to me, it shall make honour for you." Malone.

[4] — when my drink is ready,] See note on "their *possets*," in the next scene, p. 103. Steevens.

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood [5],
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead [6], and wicked dreams abuse

5 And on thy blade, and DUDGEON, GOUTS OF blood,] Though *dudgeon* sometimes signifies a *dagger*, it more properly means the *haft* or *handle* of a dagger, and is used for that particular sort of handle which has some ornament carved on the top of it. Junius explains the *dudgeon*, i. e. *haft*, by the Latin expression, *manubrium apiatum*, which means *a handle of wood with a grain rough as if the seeds of parsley were strown over it*.

Thus, in the concluding page of the Dedication to Stanyhurst's Virgil, 1583:

"Well fare thee *haft* with thee *dudgeon dagger!*"

Again, in Lyly's comedy of Mother Bombie, 1594: "— then have at the bag with the *dudgeon hafte*, that is, at the *dudgeon* dagger that hangs by his tantony pouch." In Soliman and Perseda is the following passage:

"—— Typhon me no Typhons,
"But swear upon my *dudgeon* dagger."

Again, in Decker's Satiromastix: "I am too well ranked, Asinius, to be stabb'd with his *dudgeon* wit."

Again, in Skialetheia, a collection of Epigrams, Satires, &c. 1598:

"A *dudgin* dagger that's new scowr'd and glast."

STEEVENS.

Gascoigne confirms this: "The most knottie piece of box may be wrought to a fayre *doogen hafte*." *Gouts*, for *drops*, is frequent in old English. FARMER.

"— *gouts* of blood." Or *drops*, French. POPE.

Gouts is the technical term for the *spots* on some part of the plumage of a hawk: or perhaps Shakspeare used the word in allusion to a phrase in heraldry. When a field is charged or sprinkled with red drops, it is said to be *gutty of gules*, or *gutty de sang*. The same word occurs also in The Art of Good Lyving and Good Deyng, 1503: "Befor the jugement all herbys shal sweyt read *goutys* of water, as blood." STEEVENS.

The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates [8]
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,

[7] — Now o'er the one half world

Nature seems dead,] That is, 'over our hemisphere all action and motion seem to have ceased.' This image, which is, perhaps, the most striking that poetry can produce, has been adopted by Dryden, in his Conquest of Mexico:

"All things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead,
"The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head;
"The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
"And sleeping flow'rs beneath the night dews sweat.
"Even lust and envy sleep!"

These lines, though so well known, I have transcribed, that the contrast between them and this passage of Shakspeare may be more accurately observed.

Night is described by two great poets, but one describes a night of quiet, the other of perturbation. In the night of Dryden, all the disturbers of the world are laid asleep; in that of Shakspeare, nothing but sorcery, lust, and murder, is awake. He that reads Dryden, finds himself lulled with serenity, and disposed to solitude and contemplation. He that peruses Shakspeare, looks round alarmed, and starts to find himself alone. One is the night of a lover; the other, of a murderer. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Sir Philip Sidney had the honour of suggesting the last image in Dryden's description:

"Night hath clos'd all in her cloke,
"Twinkling starres love-thoughts provoke;
"Daunger hence good care doth keepe;
"*Jealousie itselfe dooth sleepe*."

England's Helicon, edit. 1600, p. 1. STEEVENS.

"— Now o'er the one half world," &c. So, in the second part of Marston's Antonio and Mellida, 1602:

"'Tis yet dead night; yet all the earth is clutch'd
"In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleep:
"No breath disturbs the quiet of the air,
"No spirit moves upon the breast of earth,
"Save howling dogs, night-crows, and screeching-owls,
"Save meagre ghosts, Piero, and black thoughts.
"—— I am great in blood,
"Unequal'd in revenge:—you horrid scouts
"That *sentinel* swart night, give loud applause
"From your large palms." MALONE.

[8] The curtain'd sleep; NOW witchcraft celebrates—] The word *now* has been added [by Rowe] for the sake of metre. Probably Shakspeare wrote: "The curtain'd *sleeper*." The folio

Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost [9].——Thou sure and firm-set earth [1],

spells the word *sleepe*, and an addition of the letter *r* only, affords the proposed emendation.

Milton has transplanted this image into his Masque at Ludlow Castle, v. 554:

" ——— steeds
" That draw the litter of close-*curtain'd sleep*." STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's emendation of " the curtain'd *sleeper*," is well intitled to a place in the text. It is clearly Shakspeare's own word. RITSON.

So afterwards:

" —— a hideous trumpet calls to parley
" The *sleepers* of the house."

Now was added by Sir William D'Avenant, in his alteration of this play, published in 1674. MALONE.

9 — thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing STRIDES, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.] The old copy—*sides*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope changed *sides* to *strides*. MALONE.

A *ravishing stride* is an action of violence, impetuosity, and tumult, like that of a savage rushing on his prey; whereas the poet is here attempting to exhibit an image of secrecy and caution, of anxious circumspection and guilty timidity, the *stealthy pace* of a *ravisher* creeping into the chamber of a virgin, and of an assassin approaching the bed of him whom he proposes to murder, without awaking him; these he describes as " moving like ghosts," whose progression is so different from *strides*, that it has been in all ages represented to be as Milton expresses it:

" Smooth sliding without step."

This hemistich will afford the true reading of this place, which is, I think, to be corrected thus:

" —— and wither'd murder
" —— thus with his stealthy pace,
" With Tarquin ravishing, *slides* tow'rds his design,
" Moves like a ghost."

Tarquin is, in this place, the general name of a ravisher, and the sense is: ' Now is the time in which every one is asleep, but those who are employed in wickedness; the witch who is sacrificing to Hecate, and the ravisher, and the murderer, who, like me, are stealing upon their prey.'

Hear not my steps, which way they walk [2], for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about [3],

When the reading is thus adjusted, he wishes, with great propriety, in the following lines, that the *earth* may not *hear his steps*.

JOHNSON.

I cannot agree with Dr. Johnson that a *stride* is always *an action of violence, impetuosity,* or *tumult*. Spenser uses the word in his Fairy Queen, b. iv. c. viii. and with no idea of violence annexed to it:

"With easy steps so soft as foot could *stride*."

And as an additional proof that a *stride* is not always a *tumultuous effort*, the following instance, from Harrington's translation of Ariosto, [1591,] may be brought:

"He takes a long and leisurable *stride*,
"And longest on the hinder foot he staid;
"So soft he treads, altho' his steps were wide,
"As though to tread on eggs he was afraid.
"And as he goes, he gropes on either side
"To find the bed," &c.

Orlando Furioso, 28th book, stanza 63.

Whoever has been reduced to the necessity of finding his way about a house in the dark, must know that it is natural to take large *strides*, in order to feel before us whether we have a safe footing or not. The ravisher and murderer would naturally take such *strides*, not only on the same account, but that their steps might be fewer in number, and the sound of their feet be repeated as seldom as possible. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's observation is confirmed by many instances that occur in our ancient poets. So, in a passage by J. Sylvester, cited in England's Parnassus, 1600:

"Anon he stalketh with an *easy stride*,
"By some clear river's lillie-paved side."

Again, in our author's King Richard II.:

"Nay rather every *tedious stride* I make—."

Thus also the Roman poets:

——*vestigia* furtim
Suspenso digitis fert *taciturna gradu*. *Ovid. Fasti.*
Eunt *taciti* per mæsta silentia *magnis*
Passibus. *Statius*, lib. x.

"With Tarquin's ravishing," &c. The justness of this similitude is not very obvious. But a stanza, in his poem of Tarquin and Lucrece, will explain it:

"Now *stole upon the time the dead of night*,
"When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
"No comfortable *star did lend his light*,

And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it [4].—Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives [5].
[*A bell rings.*

"No noise but owls' and *wolves' dead-boding cries;*
"Now serves the season that they may surprise
"The silly lambs. Pure thoughts are dead and still,
"*While* lust *and* murder *wake, to stain and kill.*"
WARBURTON.

[1] — Thou SURE and firm-set earth,] The old copy—"Thou *sowre*," &c. which, though an evident corruption, directs us to the reading I have ventured to substitute in its room.

So, in Act IV. Sc. III.:

"Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis *sure*." STEEVENS.

[2] — which WAY they walk,] The folio reads:

"—— which they *may* walk ——." STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[3] Thy very stones prate of my where-about,] The following passage in a play which has been frequently mentioned, and which Langbaine says was very popular in the time of Queen Elizabeth, A Warning for Faire Women, 1599, perhaps suggested this thought:

"Mountains will not suffice to cover it,
"Cimmerian darknesse cannot shadow it,
"Nor any policy wit hath in store,
"Cloake it so cunningly, but at the last,
"If nothing else, yet will *the very stones*
"That lie within the street, *cry out for vengeance,*
"And point at us to be the murderers."

Yet the thought may have been derived immediately from Scripture. See St. Luke, ix. 40; and Habakkuk, xi. 10, 11.
MALONE.

So, as Dr. Farmer observes, in Churchyard's Choice:

"The stepps I tread, *shall tell me my offence.*" STEEVENS.

[4] And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.] i. e. lest the noise from the stones take away from this midnight season that present horror which suits so well with what is going to be acted in it. What was the horror he means? *Silence*, than which nothing can be more horrid to the perpetrator of an atrocious design. This shows a great knowledge of human nature. WARBURTON.

Whether to "take horror from the time" means not rather to *catch it* as communicated, than to *deprive the time of horror*, deserves to be considered. JOHNSON.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me[6].
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell[7]. [*Exit.*

The latter is surely the true meaning. Macbeth would have nothing break through the universal silence that added such a horror to the night, as suited well with the bloody deed he was about to perform. Mr. Burke, in his Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, observes, that "all general privations are great, because they are all terrible;" and, with other things, he gives *silence* as an instance, illustrating the whole by that remarkable passage in Virgil, where, amidst all the images of terror that could be united, the circumstance of *silence* is particularly dwelt upon:

Dii quibus imperium est animarum, umbræque *silentes*,
Et Chaos et Phlegethon, loca nocte *tacentia* late.

When Statius, in the fifth book of the Thebaid, describes the Lemnian massacre, his frequent notice of the silence and solitude, both before and after the deed, is striking in a wonderful degree:

Conticuere domus, &c.

and when the same poet enumerates the terrors to which Chiron had familiarized his pupil, he subjoins—

—— nec ad vastæ trepidare *silentia* sylvæ.
Achilleid, ii. 391.

Again, when Tacitus describes the distress of the Roman army, under Cæcina, he concludes by observing, "—ducemque terruit, *dira quies*." See *Annal.* i. LXV.

In all the preceding passages, as Pliny remarks, concerning places of worship, *silentia ipsa adoramus*. STEEVENS.

In confirmation of Steevens's ingenious note on this passage, it may be observed, that one of the circumstances of horror enumerated by Macbeth is,—"Nature seems dead." M. MASON.

So also, in the second Æneid:

——— vestigia retro
Observata sequor per noctem, et lumine lustro.
Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa *silentia* terrent.

Dryden's well-known lines, which exposed him to so much ridicule,

"An horrid stillness first invades the ear,
"And in that *silence* we the tempest hear,"

show, that he had the same idea of the awfulness of silence as our poet. MALONE.

[5] — Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath GIVES.] Here is evidently a false concord; but it must not be corrected, for it is necessary to the rhyme. Nor is this the only place in which Shakspeare has sacrificed grammar to rhyme. In Cymbeline, the song in Cloten's serenade runs thus:

SCENE II.

The Same.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—
Hark!—Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night[8]. He is about it:

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
"And Phœbus 'gins to rise,
"His steeds to water at those springs
"On chalic'd flowers that *lies*."

And Romeo says to Friar Lawrence:

"—— both our remedies
"Within thy help and holy physick *lies*." M. MASON.

[6] — the bell INVITES me.] So, in Cymbeline:

"The time *inviting* thee?" STEEVENS.

[7] — it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.] Thus Raleigh, speaking of love, in England's Helicon, 4to. 1600:

"*It is perhaps that sauncing bell,*
"That toules all into heauen or hell."

Sauncing is probably a mistake for *sacring*, or *saints'* bell; originally, perhaps, written (with the Saxon genitive) *saintis* bell.

In Hudibras (as Mr. Ritson observes to me) we find

"The only *saints' bell* that *rings all in*." STEEVENS.

Saunce bell (still so called at Oxford) is the small bell which hangs in the window of a church tower, and is always rung when the clergyman enters the church, and also at funerals. In some places it is called *tolling all in*, i. e. into church. HARRIS.

[8] It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal BELLMAN,
Which gives the stern'st good-night.] Shakspeare has here improved on an image he probably found in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. v. c. vi. 27:

"—— The native *belman* of the night,
"The bird that warned Peter of his fall,
"First rings his silver bell t' each sleepy wight."

STEEVENS.

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores [9]: I have drugg'd their possets [1],
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die [2].

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

"It was the *owl* that shriek'd; the *fatal* bellman." So, in King Richard III.:

"Out on ye, *owls!* nothing but songs of *death!*" Malone.

[9] —— the surfeited grooms
Do MOCK their charge with snores:] i. e. By going to sleep, they trifle and make light of the trust reposed in them, that of watching by their king. So, in Othello: "O mistress, villainy hath made *mocks* with love." Malone.

[1] — their POSSETS,] It appears from this passage, as well as from many others in our old dramatick performances, that it was the general custom to eat *possets* just before bed-time. So, in the first part of King Edward IV. by Heywood: "— thou shalt be welcome to beef and bacon, and perhaps a bag-pudding; and my daughter Nell shall pop a *posset* upon thee when thou goest to bed." Macbeth has already said:

"Go bid thy mistress when my *drink* is ready,
"She strike upon the bell."

Lady Macbeth has also just observed—

"That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:"

And in The Merry Wives of Windsor, Mrs. Quickly promises Jack Rugby a *posset* at night. This custom is also mentioned by Froissart. Steevens.

Posset, says Randle Holmes in his Academy of Armoury, b. iii. p. 84, is "hot milk poured on ale or sack having sugar, grated bisket, and eggs, with other ingredients boiled in it, which goes all to a curd." Malone.

[2] —— death and nature do CONTEND about them,
Whether they live, or die.] Of this image our ancient writers were peculiarly fond. Thus again, in Twine's translation of the story of Prince Appollyn: "Death *strived* with life within her, and the conflict was daungerous and doubtfull who should preuaile."

Again, in All's Well That Ends Well:

"—— thy blood and virtue
"*Contend* for empire in thee." Steevens.

Again, ibid:

"—— Nature and sickness
"Debate it at their leisure." Malone.

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the
deed,
Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them[3].—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't[4].—My husband?

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Didst thou not
hear a noise?

Inf. 10.453. *Lady M.* I heard the owl scream, and the
crickets cry.
Did you not speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

[3] —— Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.] Compare Euripides,—*Orestes*, v. 1291—where Electra stands centinel at the door of the palace, while Orestes is within for the purpose of murdering Helen. The dread of a surprize, and eagerness for the business, make Electra conclude that the deed must be done ere time enough had elapsed for attempting it. She listens with anxious impatience; and hearing nothing, expresses strong fears lest the daggers should have failed. Read the whole passage. S. W.

[4] —— Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.] This is very artful. For, as the poet has drawn the lady and her husband, it would be thought the act should have been done by her. It is likewise highly just; for though ambition had subdued in her all the sentiments of nature towards *present* objects, yet the likeness of one *past*, which she had been accustomed to regard with reverence, made her unnatural passions, for a moment, give way to the sentiments of instinct and humanity. Warburton.

The same circumstance, on a similar occasion, is introduced by Statius, in the fifth book of his Thebaid, v. 236:

Ut vero Alcimeden etiamnum in murmure truncos
Ferre patris vultus, et egentem sanguinis ensem
Conspexi, riguere comæ, atque in viscera sævus
Horror iit. Meus ille Thoas, mea dira videri
Dextra mihi. Extemplo thalamis turbata paternis
Inferor.

Thoas was the father of Hypsipyle, the speaker. Steevens.

Macb. As I descended?
Lady M. Ay.
Macb. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?
Lady M. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a sorry sight [5].
[*Looking on his hands.*
Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried, *murder!*
That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.
Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cried, *God bless us!* and, *Amen*, the other;
As they had seen me [6], with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear [7], I could not say, amen,

[5] This is a sorry sight.] This expression might have been borrowed from Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. v. c. i. st. 14:

"To whom as they approched, they espide
"A *sorie sight* as ever seene with eye;
"A heedlesse ladie lying him beside,
"In her own *bloud* all wallow'd woefully." WHALLEY.

[6] As they had seen me,] i. e. *as if*. So, in The Winter's Tale:

"*As* we are mock'd with art." STEEVENS.

[7] LISTENING their fear.] i. e. Listening *to* their fear, the particle omitted. This is common in our author. Thus, in Julius Cæsar, Act IV. Sc. I.:

"——and now, Octavius,
"*Listen* great things."

Contemporary writers took the same liberty. So, in The World Toss'd at Tennis, by Middleton and Rowley, 1620:

"*Listen* the plaints of thy poor votaries."

Again, in Lyly's Maid's Metamorphosis, 1600:

"There, in rich seats, all wrought of ivory,
"The Graces sit, *listening* the melody
"Of warbling birds." STEEVENS.

When they did say, God bless us [8].

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care [9],

[8] When they DID SAY, God bless us.] The words—*did say*, which render this hemistich too long to unite with the next in forming a verse, persuade me that the passage originally ran thus:

" —— I *could* not *say*, amen,
" When they, God bless us."

i. e. when they *could say* God bless us. *Could say*, in the second line, was left to be understood; as before —

" —— and, Amen, the other: "

i. e. the other *cried* Amen. But the players, having no idea of the latter ellipsis, supplied the syllables that destroy the measure.
STEEVENS.

The measure would not be very correct even with this alteration.
BOSWELL.

[9] —— *the ravell'd* SLEAVE *of care*,] *Sleave* signifies the " ravelled knotty part of the silk, which gives great trouble and embarrassment to the knitter or weaver." HEATH.

Drayton, a poet of Shakspeare's age, has likewise alluded to *sleaved* or *ravelled* silk, in his Quest of Cynthia:

" At length I on a fountain light,
" Whose brim with pinks was platted,
" The banks with daffadillies dight,
" With grass, like *sleave*, was matted." LANGTON.

Sleave is properly *silk* which has not been twisted. It is mentioned in Holinshed's History of England, p. 835: " Eight wild men all apparelled in green moss made with *sleved* silk."

Again, in The Muses' Elizium, by Drayton:

" —— thrumb'd with grass
" As soft as *sleave* or sarcenet ever was."

Again, ibid.:

" That in the handling feels as soft as any *sleave*."
STEEVENS.

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath[1],
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast[2];—

Sleave appears to have signified *coarse*, *soft*, unwrought silk. *Seta grossolana*, Ital. See also, Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Sfilazza*. Any kind of ravelled stuffe, or *sleave silk*."—"*Capitone*, a kind of coarse silk, called *sleave silke*." Cotgrave, in his Dict. 1612, renders *soye flosche*, "sleave silk." See also, ibid.: "*Cadarce*, pour faire *capiton*. The tow, or coarsest part of silke, whereof *sleave* is made."—In Troilus and Cressida we have—"Thou idle immaterial skein of *sleave* silk." MALONE.

Ravelled means *entangled*. So, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Thurio says to Proteus, speaking of Sylvia—

"Therefore as you unwind her love from him,
"Lest it should *ravel*, and be good to none,
"You must provide to bottom it on me." M. MASON.

[1] *The* DEATH *of each day's life, sore labour's bath*, &c.] In this encomium upon sleep, amongst the many appellations which are given it, significant of its beneficence and friendliness to life, we find one which conveys a different idea, and by no means agrees with the rest, which is—"The *death* of each day's life." I make no question but Shakspeare wrote—

"The *birth* of each day's life."

The true characteristick of sleep, which repairs the decays of labour, and assists that returning vigour which supplies the next day's activity. WARBURTON.

"The death of each day's life," means 'the end of each day's labour, the conclusion of all that bustle and fatigue that each day's life brings with it.'

Thus also Chapman, in his version of the nineteenth Iliad:

"But none can *live* without the *death of sleep*." STEEVENS.

"*Sleep*, that *knits* up the ravell'd *sleave* of *care*,
"The death of each day's life, *sore labour's bath*,
"*Balm of hurt minds*." Is it not probable that Shakspeare remembered the following verses in Sir Philip Sydney's Astrophel and Stella, a poem, from which he has quoted a line in The Merry Wives of Windsor?

"Come *sleepe*, O sleepe, the certain *knot* of peace,
"The *bathing* place of wits, the *balm* of woe,
"The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
"The indifferent judge between the high and low."

So also, in The Famous Historie of George Lord Fauconbridge, &c. bl. l. "Yet sleep, *the comforter of distressed minds*, could not lock up her eyes." Again, in Golding's translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, b. viii. 1587:

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the house:

Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more[3]!

" ——At such a time as folkes are wont to find *release*
" Of *cares* that all the day before were working in their heds,
" By *sleep*," &c.

Again, ibid. b. xi.:

" O *sleepe*, quoth she, the rest of things, O gentlest of the goddes,
" Sweet sleepe, the peace of mind, with whom crookt *care* is aye at odds;
" Which cherishest men's weary limbs appall'd with *toyling sore*,
" And makest them as fresh to worke, and lustie as before."

The late Mr. Gray had perhaps our author's " *death* of each *day's* life" in his thoughts, when he wrote—

" The curfew tolls the *knell* of parting *day*." Malone.

He might as probably have thought on the following passage in the first scene of The Second Part of King Henry IV.:

" —— a sullen *bell*
" Remember'd *knolling* a *departed* friend." Steevens.

[2] *Chief nourisher in life's feast;*] So, in Chaucer's Squiere's Tale, v. 10,661; Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition:

" The *norice* of digestion, the *slepe*." Steevens.

[3] Glamis *hath murder'd sleep; and therefore* Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth *shall sleep no more!*] This triple menace, accommodated to the different titles of Macbeth, is too quaint to be received as the natural ebullition of a guilty mind. Introduce the adjuncts of a modern nobleman in the same manner, and the fault of the passage will become yet more conspicuous: as for instance—

" *Norfolk* hath murder'd sleep; and therefore *Surrey*
" Shall sleep no more, *Howard* shall sleep no more!"
Steevens.

'*Glamis hath murdered sleep;* and therefore my lately-acquired dignity can afford no comfort to one who suffers the agony of remorse,—*Cawdor shall sleep no more:* Nothing can restore to me that peace of mind which I enjoyed in a comparatively humbler state; the once innocent and honourable *Macbeth shall sleep no more.*' If this be, as I trust it is, a fair exposition of this passage, there is no ground for Mr. Steevens's sarcastick pleasantry. Boswell.

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things:—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers[4]: The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil[5]. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt[6].

[*Exit. Knocking within.*

[4] Give me the daggers.] So, in Soliman and Perseda:
"What, durst thou not? give me the dagger then." Malone.

[5] —'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil.] So, in Vittoria Corombona, 1612:
"*Terrify babes*, my lord, with *painted devils*." Steevens.

[6] —gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their GUILT.] Could Shakspeare mean to play upon the similitude of *gild* and *guilt?* Johnson.

This quibble too frequently occurs in the old plays. A few instances (for I could produce a dozen at least) may suffice:

"*Cand.* You have a silver beaker of my wife's?
"*Flu.* You say not true, 'tis *gilt*.
"*Cand.* Then you say true:——
"And being *gilt*, the *guilt* lies more on you."

Again, in Middleton's comedy of A Mad World my Masters, 1608:

"Though *guilt* condemns, 'tis *gilt* must make us glad."

And, lastly, from Shakspeare himself, Henry IV. Part II.:

"England shall double *gild* his treble *guilt*."

Again, in King Henry V.:

"Have for the *gilt* of France, O *guilt* indeed!" Steevens.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood[6]
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine[7],
Making the green one, red[8].

[6] Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood, &c.]

Suscipit, ô Gelli quantum non ultima Tethys,
Nec genitor nympharum abluit oceanus.
Catullus in Gellium, 83.

Οἶμαι γὰρ ἥτ ἀν Ἴστρον ἥ τε Φᾶσιν αν
Νίψαι καθαρμῶ τηνδε τὴν στέγην. *Sophoc. Oedip.*

Quis eluet me Tanais? aut quæ barbaris
Mæotis undis Pontico incumbens mari?
Non ipse toto magnus oceano pater
Tantum expiarit sceleris! *Senec. Hippol.*

Again, in one of Hall's Satires:

"If Trent or Thames—" &c. STEEVENS.

Non, si Neptuni fluctu renovare operam des;
Non, mare si totum velit eluere omnibus undis.
Lucret, l. vi. v. 1074. HOLT WHITE.

So, in The Insatiate Countess, by Marston, 1613:

"Although the waves of all the northern sea
"Should flow for ever through these guilty hands,
"Yet the sanguinolent stain would extant be." MALONE.

[7] The MULTITUDINOUS seas INCARNARDINE,] To *incarnardine* is to stain any thing of a flesh colour, or red. *Carnardine* is the old term for *carnation*. So, in a comedy called Any Thing for a Quiet Life:

"Grograms, sattins, velvet fine,
"The rosy-colour'd *carnardine*." STEEVENS.

Shakspeare's word may be exemplified from Carew's Obsequies to the Lady Anne Hay:

"One shall ensphere thine eyes; another shall
"Impearl thy teeth; a third, thy white and small
"Hand shall besnow; a fourth, *incarnardine*
"Thy rosy cheek." WAKEFIELD.

By *the multitudinous seas*, perhaps, the poet meant, not the seas of every denomination, as the Caspian, &c. (as some have

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

LADY M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame

thought,) nor the many-coloured seas, (as others contend,) but the seas which swarm with myriads of inhabitants. Thus Homer:

Πόντον ἐπ' ΙΧΘΥΟΕΝΤΑ φίλων ἀπάνευθε φέρεσιν.

The word is used by Ben Jonson, and by Thomas Decker, in The Wonderful Year, 1603, in which we find "the *multitudinous spawn*." It is objected, by Mr. Kenrick, that Macbeth, in his present disposition of mind, would hardly have adverted to a property of the sea, which has so little relation to the object immediately before him; and if Macbeth had really spoken this speech in his castle of Inverness, the remark would be just. But the critick should have remembered, that this speech is not the real effusion of a distempered mind, but the composition of Shakspeare; of that poet, who has put a circumstantial account of an apothecary's shop into the mouth of Romeo, the moment after he has heard the fatal news of his beloved Juliet's death; and has made Othello, when in the anguish of his heart he determines to kill his wife, digress from the object which agitates his soul, to describe minutely the course of the Pontick sea.

Mr. Steevens objects, in the following note, to this explanation, thinking it more probable that Shakspeare should refer "to some visible quality in the ocean," than "to its concealed inhabitants;" "to the waters that might admit of discoloration," than "to the fishes whose hue could suffer no change from the tinct of blood." But in what page of our author do we find his allusions thus curiously rounded, and complete in all their parts? Or, rather, does not every page of these volumes furnish us with images, crouded on each other, that are not naturally connected, and sometimes are even discordant? Hamlet's proposing to take up *arms* against a *sea* of troubles is a well known example of this kind, and twenty others might be produced. Our author certainly alludes to the waters, which are capable of discoloration, and not to the fishes. His allusion to the waters is expressed by the word *seas;* to which, if he has added an epithet that has no very close connection with the subject immediately before him, he has only followed his usual practice.

If, however, no allusion was intended to the myriads of inhabitants with which the deep is peopled, I believe, by the *multitudinous seas*, was meant, not the *many-waved* ocean, as is suggested, but "the countless masses of waters wherever dispersed on the surface of the globe;" the *multitudes of seas*, as Heywood has it, in a passage quoted below, that perhaps our author re-

To wear a heart so white[9]. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking

membered: and, indeed, it must be owned, that his having the plural, *seas*, seems to countenance such an interpretation; for the singular, *sea*, is equally suited to the epithet *multitudinous*, in the sense of *ιχθυοεντα*, and would certainly have corresponded better with the subsequent line. MALONE.

I believe that Shakspeare referred to some visible quality in the ocean, rather than to its concealed inhabitants; to the waters that might admit of discoloration, and not to the fishes, whose hue could suffer no change from the tinct of blood. Waves appearing over waves are no unapt symbol of a croud. "A sea of heads" is a phrase employed by one of our legitimate poets, but by which of them I do not at present recollect. Blackmore, in his Job, has swelled the same idea to a ridiculous bulk:

"A waving sea of heads was round me spread,
"And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed."

He who beholds an audience from the stage, or any other multitude gazing on any particular object, must perceive that their heads are raised over each other, *velut unda supervenit undam*. If, therefore, our author, by the "*multitudinous* sea," does not mean the *aggregate of seas*, he must be understood to design the "multitude of waves," or "the waves that have the appearance of a multitude." In Coriolanus we have—"the many-headed *multitude*." STEEVENS.

[8] Making the green—one red.] The same thought occurs in The Downfal of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601:

"He made the *green sea red* with Turkish blood."

Again:

"The *multitudes* of seas died *red* with blood."

Another, not unlike it, is found in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. ii. c. x. st. 48:

"The whiles with blood they all the shore did stain,
"And the *grey ocean into purple dye*."

Again, in the 19th Song of Drayton's Polyolbion:

"And the vast *greenish sea discolour'd like to blood*."

STEEVENS.

The same thought is also found in The Two Noble Kinsmen, by Fletcher, 1634:

"Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd
"*Green Neptune into purple*."

The present passage is one of those alluded to in a note at the end of As You Like It, vol. vi. on the word *quintaine*, in which, I apprehend, our author's words have been refined into a sense that he never thought of. The other is in Othello:

"Put out the light, and then put out the light."

At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:

Arch. Camph. v. 1055. H. R. (in Lat. p. 109)

The line before us, on the suggestion of the ingenious author of The Gray's-Inn Journal, has been printed in some late editions in the following manner:

"Making the green—one red."

Every part of this line, as thus regulated, appears to me exceptionable. *One red* does not sound to my ear as the phraseology of the age of Elizabeth; and *the green*, for the green *one*, or for the green *sea*, is, I am persuaded, unexampled. The quaintness introduced by such a regulation seems of an entirely different colour from the quaintnesses of Shakspeare. He would have written, I have no doubt, "Making the green *sea*, red," (So, in The Tempest:

"And 'twixt *the green sea* and the azure vault
"Set roaring war.")

if he had not used the word *seas* in the preceding line, which forced him to employ another word here. As, to prevent the ear being offended, we have, in the passage before us, "the *green* one," instead of "the green *sea*," so we have in King Henry VIII. Act I. Sc. II. "lame *ones*," to avoid a similar repetition:

"They have all new *legs*, and *lame ones*."

Again, in The Merchant of Venice:

"A stage where every man must play a part,
"And mine a *sad one*."

Though the punctuation of the old copy is very often faulty, yet in all doubtful cases it ought, when supported by more decisive circumstances, to have some *little* weight. In the present instance, the line is pointed as in my text:

"Making the green one, red." MALONE.

If the new punctuation be dismissed, we must correct the foregoing line, and read—"the multitudinous *sea*; for how will the plural—*seas*, accord with the—green *one?*" Besides, the sense conveyed by the arrangement which Mr. Malone would reject, is countenanced by a passage in Hamlet:

"Hath now his dread and black complexion smear'd
"With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
"Now is he *total gules*."

i. e. *one red*. The expression—"one red," may also be justified by language yet more ancient than that of Shakspeare. In Genesis, ii. 24, (and several other places in scripture) we have—"one flesh." Again, in our Liturgy: "—be *made one* fold under one Shepherd." Again, in Milton's Comus, v. 133:

"And makes *one blot* of all the air."

But, setting aside examples, are there not many *unique* phrases in our author? STEEVENS.

How easy is it then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—'twere best not know myself [1]. [*Knock.*

Wake Duncan with thy knocking [2]! I would thou could'st [3]! [*Exeunt.*

9 My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a HEART SO WHITE.] A similar antithesis is found in Marlowe's Lust's Dominion, written before 1593:

"Your cheeks are black, let not your *soul look white*."
MALONE.

1 To know my deed,—'twere best not know myself.] i. e. While I have *the thoughts* of this deed, it were best not know, or *be lost* to, myself. This is an answer to the lady's reproof:

"——be not lost
"So poorly in your thoughts." WARBURTON.

2 Wake Duncan with thy knocking!] Macbeth is addressing the person who knocks at the outward gate.—Sir W. D'Avenant, in his alteration of this play, reads—(and intended probably to point) "Wake, Duncan, with *this* knocking!" conceiving that Macbeth called upon Duncan to awake. From the same misapprehension, I once thought his emendation right; but there is certainly no need of change. MALONE.

See Mr. Malone's extract from Mr. Whateley's Remarks on some of the Characters of Shakspeare, at the conclusion of this tragedy.
STEEVENS.

3 —AY, 'would thou could'st!] The old copy has—*I*; but as *ay*, the affirmative particle, was thus written, I conceive it to have been designed here. Had Shakspeare meant to express "*I* would," he might, perhaps, only have given us—'*Would*, as on many other occasions.—The repentant exclamation of Macbeth, in my judgment, derives force from the present change; a change which has been repeatedly made in spelling this ancient substitute for the word of enforcement—*ay*, in the very play before us.

If it be urged, that the line is roughen'd by the reading I would introduce, let not the following verse, in Act III. Sc. VI. of this very tragedy, be forgotten:

"Was not that nobly done? *Ay*, and wisely too?"
STEEVENS.

SCENE III[4].

The Same.

Enter a Porter. [*Knocking within.*

PORTER. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key[5]. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there, i' the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty[6]: Come in time; have napkins enough[7] about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Who's there, i' the other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake[8], yet could not

4 *Scene III.*] Though Shakspeare (see Sir J. Reynolds's excellent note on Act I. Sc. VI. p. 69,) might have designed this scene as another instance of what is called the *repose* in painting, I cannot help regarding it in a different light. A glimpse of comedy was expected by our author's audience in the most serious drama; and where else could the merriment, which he himself was always struggling after, be so happily introduced? STEEVENS.

5 —he should have OLD turning the key.] i. e. *frequent, more than enough.* So, in King Henry IV. Part II. the Drawer says, "Then here will be *old* utis." See note on this passage. STEEVENS.

6 —hanged himself on the expectation of plenty:] So, in Hall's Satires, b. iv. sat. 6:

"Each muckworme will be rich with lawlesse gaine,
"Altho he smother up mowes of seven years graine;
"*And hang'd himself when corne grows cheap again.*"

MALONE.

7 —NAPKINS enough —] i. e. handkerchiefs. So, in Othello:

"Your *napkin* is too little." STEEVENS.

8 —here's an equivocator,—who committed treason enough for God's sake,] Meaning a Jesuit: an order so troublesome to the state in Queen Elizabeth and King James the First's time. The inventors of the execrable doctrine of *equivocation*. WARBURTON.

equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? 'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose[8]: Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no

[8] — here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose:] The archness of the joke consists in this, that a French hose being very short and strait, a tailor must be master of his trade who could steal any thing from thence. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has said this at random. The *French hose* (according to Stubbs, in his Anatomie of Abuses,) were in the year 1595, much in fashion: "The Gallic hosen *are made very large and wide*, reaching down to their knees only, with three or foure gardes apeece laid down along either hose."

Again, in The Ladies Privilege, 1640;

" ——— wear their *long*
" *Parisian* breeches, with five points at knees,
" Whose tags, concurring with their harmonious spurs,
" Afford rare music; then have they doublets
" So short i' th' waist, they seem as twere begot
" Upon their doublets by their cloaks, which to save stuff
" Are but a year's growth longer than their skirts;
" And all this magazine of device is furnish'd
" By your French taylor."

Again, in The Defence of Coneycatching, 1592: "Blest be the *French* sleeves and breech verdingales that grants them (the tailors) leave to coney-catch so mightily." STEEVENS.

When Mr. Steevens censured Dr. Warburton in this place, he forgot the uncertainty of *French fashions*. In The Treasury of ancient and modern Times, 1613, we have an account (from Guyon, I suppose,) of the old French dresses: "*Mens hose* answered in length to their short-skirted doublets; being made *close to their limbes*, wherein they had no meanes for pockets." And Withers, in his Satyr against Vanity, ridicules "the spruze, *diminitive*, neat, *Frenchman's hose*." FARMER.

From the following passages in The Scornful Lady, by Beaumont and Fletcher, which appeared about the year 1613, it may be collected that *large* breeches were then in fashion:

Saville. [an old steward.] "A comelier wear, I wis, than your *dangling slops*." Afterwards Young Loveless says to the steward,—"This is as plain as your old *minikin breeches*."

MALONE.

further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire [9]. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

Enter MACDUFF *and* LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock [1]: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep [2], and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

9 — the PRIMROSE WAY to the EVERLASTING BONFIRE.] So, in Hamlet:

"Himself the *primrose path* of dalliance treads."

Again, in All's Well That Ends Well: "—the *flowery way* that leads, &c. to the *great fire*." Chaucer also, in his Persone's Tale, calls idleness "the *greene path-way* to hell." STEEVENS.

1 — till the second COCK:] Cockcrowing. So, in King Lear: "—he begins at curfew, and walks till the first *cock*." Again, in The Twelfth Mery Ieste of the Widow Edith, 1573:

"The time they pas merely til ten of the clok,
"Yea, and I shall not lye, till after the first *cok*." STEEVENS.

It appears, from a passage in Romeo and Juliet, that Shakspeare means, that they were carousing till *three o'clock*:

"——The *second cock* has crow'd;
"The curfew-bell has toll'd: 'tis *three* o'clock." MALONE.

2 — IN a sleep,] Surely we should read—*into* a sleep, or—*into* sleep. M. MASON.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night [3].

The old reading is the true one. Our author frequently uses *in* for *into*. So, in King Richard III. :

"But, first, I'll turn yon' fellow *in* his grave."

Again, ibid. :

"Falsely to draw me *in* these vile suspects." Steevens.

3 I believe, drink gave thee the lie LAST NIGHT.] It is not very easy to ascertain precisely the time when Duncan is murdered. The conversation that passes between Banquo and Macbeth, in the first scene of this Act, might lead us to suppose that when Banquo retired to rest it was not *much* after twelve o'clock :

"*Ban.* How goes the night, boy?

"*Fle.* The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

"*Ban.* And she goes down at *twelve*.

"*Fle.* I take't 'tis later sir."

The King was then "abed;" and immediately after Banquo retires Lady Macbeth strikes upon the bell, and Macbeth commits the murder. In a few minutes afterwards the knocking at the gate commences, (end of Sc. II.) and no time can be supposed to elapse between the second and the third scene, because the Porter gets up in consequence of the knocking: yet here Macduff talks of *last night*, and says that he was commanded to call *timely* on the King, and that he fears he has almost overpass'd the hour; and the Porter tells him "we were carousing till *the second cock;*" so that we must suppose it to be now at least six o'clock; for Macduff has already expressed his surprize that the Porter should lie *so late*.

From Lady Macbeth's words in the fifth Act,—"One—two—'tis time to do't,"—it *should seem* that the murder was committed at *two* o'clock, and that hour is certainly not inconsistent with the conversation above quoted between Banquo and his son; for we are not told how much later than twelve it was when Banquo retired to rest: but even that hour of *two* will not correspond with what the Porter and Macduff say in the present scene.

I suspect our author, (who is seldom very exact in his computation of time,) in fact meant, that the murder should be supposed to be committed a little before *day-break*, which exactly corresponds with the speech of Macduff now before us, though not so well with the other circumstances already mentioned, or with Lady Macbeth's desiring her husband to put on his night-gown, (that he might have the appearance of one newly roused from bed,) lest occasion should call them, "and show them to be *watchers;*" which may signify persons who sit up *late* at night, but can hardly mean those who do not go to bed till *day-break*.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me: But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him [4].

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter Macbeth.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physicks pain [5].
This is the door.

Shakspeare, I believe, was led to fix the time of Duncan's murder near the break of day by Holinshed's account of the murder of King Duffe, already quoted: "he was long in his oratorie, and there continued till it was *late in the night*." Donwald's servants, "enter the chamber where the king laie, *a little before cocks crow*, where they secretlie cut his throat." Donwald himself sat up with the officers of the guard the whole of the night. Malone.

[4] —— I made a shift to cast him.] To *cast him up*, to ease my stomach of him. The equivocation is between *cast* or *throw*, as a term of wrestling, and *cast* or *cast up*. Johnson.

I find a similar play upon words, in an old comedy, entitled, The Two Angry Women of Abington, printed 1599: "—to-night he's a good huswife, he reels all that he wrought to-day, and he were good now to play at dice, for he *casts* excellent well."
Steevens.

[5] The labour we delight in, physicks pain.] i. e. affords a cordial to it. So, in The Winter's Tale, Act I. Sc. I.: "It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, *physicks* the subject, makes old hearts fresh." Steevens.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service [6]. [*Exit Macduff.*
Len. Goes the king hence to-day [7]?
Macb. He does:—he did appoint so [8].
Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death;
And prophecying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake [9].

So, in The Tempest:

"There be some sports are *painful*; and their *labour*
"*Delight* in them sets off." Malone.

[6] For 'tis my LIMITED service.] *Limited*, for *appointed*. Warburton.

So, in Timon:

"—— for there is boundless theft,
"In *limited* professions."

i. e. professions to which people are regularly and legally appointed. Steevens.

[7] Goes the king
From hence to-day?] I have supplied the preposition—*from*, for the sake of metre. So, in a former scene, Duncan says,

"—— *From* hence to Inverness," &c. Steevens.

[8] He does:—he did appoint so.] The words—*he does*—are omitted by Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton. But perhaps Shakspeare designed Macbeth to shelter himself under an immediate falshood, till a sudden recollection of guilt restrained his confidence, and unguardedly disposed him to qualify his assertion; as he well knew the King's journey was effectually prevented by his death. A similar trait had occurred in a former scene:

"*L. M.* And when goes hence?
"*M.* To-morrow,—as he purposes." Steevens.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

9 —— strange screams of death;
And prophecying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.] These lines, I think, should be rather regulated thus:

" —— prophecying with accents terrible,
" Of dire combustion and confus'd events.
" New-hatch'd to the woeful time, the obscure bird
" Clamour'd the live-long night. Some say, the earth
" Was feverous and did shake."

A *prophecy* of an *event new-hatch'd* seems to be a *prophecy* of an *event past*. And a *prophecy new-hatch'd* is a wry expression. The term *new-hatch'd* is properly applicable to a *bird*, and that birds of ill omen should be *new-hatch'd to the woeful time*, that is, should appear in uncommon numbers, is very consistent with the rest of the prodigies here mentioned, and with the universal disorder into which nature is described as thrown by the perpetration of this horrid murder. Johnson.

I think Dr. Johnson's regulation of these lines is improper. *Prophecying* is what is *new-hatch'd*, and in the metaphor holds the place of *the egg*. The *events* are the fruit of such hatching.

Steevens.

I think Steevens has justly explained this passage, but should wish to read—*prophecyings* in the plural. M. Mason.

Dr. Johnson observes, that " a *prophecy* of an *event new-hatch'd* seems to be a *prophecy of an event past*. And a *prophecy new-hatch'd* is a wry expression." The construction suggested by Mr. Steevens meets with the first objection. Yet the following passage in which the same imagery is found, inclines me to believe that our author meant, that *new-hatch'd* should be referred to *events*, though the events were yet to come. Allowing for his usual inaccuracy with respect to the active and passive participle, the events may be said to be " the *hatch* and brood of time." See King Henry IV. Part II.:

" The which observ'd, a man may *prophesy*,
" With a near aim, of the main chance of things
" *As yet not come to life*; which in their seeds
" And weak beginnings lie entreasured.
" Such *things* become the *hatch* and brood of *time*."

Here certainly it is the *thing* or *event*, and not the *prophecy*,

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive [1], nor name thee!

Macb. Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—
[*Exeunt* MACBETH *and* LENOX.
Ring the alarum-bell:—Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see

which is the *hatch* of *time;* but it must be acknowledged, the word "*become*" sufficiently marks the future time. If therefore the construction that I have suggested be the true one, *hatch'd* must be here used for *hatching*, or "*in the state of being hatch'd.*"—"*To* the woeful time," means—to *suit* the woeful time.

MALONE.

"—— some say, the earth
"Was feverous, and did shake." So, in Coriolanus:
"—— as if the world
"Was feverous, and did tremble." STEEVENS.

[1] ——— Tongue, NOR heart,
CANNOT conceive, &c.] The use of the two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is very common in our author. So, in Julius Cæsar, Act III. Sc. I.:
"—— there is no harm
"Intended to your person, *nor* to *no* Roman else."

STEEVENS.

The great doom's image!——Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror[2]! [*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak[3],——
Macd. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,

[2] — this horror!] Here the old copy adds—*Ring the bell.* STEEVENS.

The subsequent hemistich—"What's the business?"—which completes the metre of the preceding line, without the words "Ring the bell," affords, in my opinion, a strong presumptive proof that these words were only a marginal direction. It should be remembered that the stage directions were formerly often couched in imperative terms: "Draw a knife;" "Play musick;" "Ring the bell:" &c. In the original copy we have here indeed also—*Bell rings*, as a marginal direction; but this was inserted, I imagine, from the players misconceiving what Shakspeare had in truth set down in his copy as a dramatick direction to the property-man, ("Ring the bell.") for a part of Macduff's speech; and, to distinguish the direction which they inserted, from the supposed words of the speaker, they departed from the usual imperative form. Throughout the whole of the preceding scene we have constantly an imperative direction to the prompter: "*Knock* within."

I suppose, it was in consequence of an imperfect recollection of this hemistich, that Mr. Pope, having, in his Preface, charged the editors of the first folio with introducing stage-directions into their author's text, in support of his assertion, quotes the following line:

"My queen is murder'd:—*ring the little bell.*"

a line that is not found in any edition of these plays that I have met with, nor, I believe, in any other book. MALONE.

[3] — speak, speak,—] These words, which violate the metre, were probably added by the players, who were of opinion that—*speak*, in the following line, demanded such an introduction. STEEVENS.

Would murder as it fell [4].——O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!

What, in our house [5]?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.——

Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time [6]; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;

[4] The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.] So, in Hamlet:

" —— He would drown the stage with tears,
" And cleave the general ear with horrid speech."

Again, in The Puritan, 1607: " The punishments that shall follow you in this world, would *with horrour kill the ear* should hear them related." MALONE.

[5] What, in our house?] This is very fine. Had she been innocent, nothing but the murder itself, and not any of its aggravating circumstances, would naturally have affected her. As it was, her business was to appear highly disordered at the news. Therefore, like one who has her thoughts about her, she seeks for an aggravating circumstance, that might be supposed most to affect her personally; not considering, that by placing it there, she discovered rather a concern for herself than for the King. On the contrary, her husband, who had repented the act, and was now labouring under the horrors of a recent murder, in his exclamation, gives all the marks of sorrow for the fact itself. WARBURTON.

[6] Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time;] So, in The Winter's Tale:

" ——— Undone, undone!
" If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
" To die when I desire." MALONE.

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.
Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.
Mal. O, by whom?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood [7],
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows [8]:
They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Out-run the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood [9];

[7] — BADG'D with blood,] I once thought that our author wrote *bath'd*; but *badg'd* is certainly right. So, in The Second Part of King Henry VI.:

"With murder's crimson *badge*." MALONE.

[8] —— their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows:] This idea, perhaps, was taken from The Man of Lawes Tale, by Chaucer, l. 5027, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit.:

"And in the bed the blody knif he fond."

See also the foregoing lines. STEEVENS.

[9] ——— Here lay Duncan,
His SILVER skin LAC'D with his GOLDEN blood;] Mr. Pope has endeavoured to improve one of these lines, by substituting *goary blood* for *golden blood*; but it may be easily admitted that

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance[1]: there, the murderers,

he, who could, on such an occasion, talk of *lacing the silver skin*, would *lace it* with *golden blood*. No amendment can be made to this line, of which every word is equally faulty, but by a general blot.

It is not improbable, that Shakspeare put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth, as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, to show the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy, and the natural outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech, so considered, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists entirely of antithesis and metaphor.

JOHNSON.

"His *silver* skin *lac'd* with his *golden* blood." The allusion is to the decoration of the richest habits worn in the age of Shakspeare, when it was usual to *lace* cloth of *silver* with *gold*, and cloth of *gold* with *silver*. The second of these fashions is mentioned in Much Ado About Nothing, Act III. Sc. IV.: "Cloth of *gold*,—*laced* with *silver*."

To *gild* any thing *with blood* is a very common phrase in the old plays. So Heywood, in the second part of his Iron Age, 1632:

"—— we have *gilt* our Greekish arms
"*With blood* of our own nation."

Shakspeare repeats the image in King John:

"Their armours that march'd hence so *silver* bright,
"Hither return all *gilt* with Frenchmen's *blood*."

STEEVENS.

We meet with the same antithesis in many other places. Thus, in Much Ado About Nothing:

"——— to see the fish
"Cut with her *golden* oars the *silver* stream."

Again, in The Comedy of Errors:

"Spread o'er the *silver* waves thy *golden* hairs." MALONE.

The allusion is so ridiculous on such an occasion, that it discovers the declaimer not to be affected in the manner he would represent himself. The whole speech is an unnatural mixture of far-fetched and common-place thoughts, that shows him to be acting a part. WARBURTON.

[1] — a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance:] This comparison occurs likewise in Sidney's Arcadia, lib. iii.: "— battering down the wals of their armour, making *breaches* almost in every place, for troupes of wounds to *enter*." Again, in A Herring's Tayle, a poem, 1598:

"A batter'd *breach where* troopes of wounds may *enter in*."

STEEVENS.

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore [2]: Who could re-
frain,

[2] Unmannerly BREECH'D with gore:] The expression may mean, that the daggers were covered with blood, quite to their *breeches*, i. e. their *hilts* or *handles*. The lower end of a cannon is called the *breech* of it; and it is known that both to *breech* and to *unbreech* a gun are common terms. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Custom of the Country;

"The main-spring's weaken'd that holds up his cock,
"He lies to be new *breech'd*."

Again, in A Cure for a Cuckold, by Webster and Rowley:

"*Unbreech* his barrel, and discharge his bullets."

STEEVENS.

Mr. Warton has justly observed that the word *unmannerly* is here used adverbially. So *friendly* is used for *friendily* in King Henry IV. Part II. and *faulty* for *faultily* in As You Like It.

So, in Henry VIII.:

"If I have us'd myself *unmannerly* —."

So also Taylor the Water-poet, Works, 1630, p. 173: "These and more the like such pretty aspersions, the outcast rubbish of my company hath very liberally and *unmannerly* and ingratefully bestowed upon me."

A passage in the preceding scene, in which Macbeth's visionary dagger is described, strongly supports Mr. Steevens's interpretation:

"—— I see thee still:
"And on thy blade, and *dudgeon*, [i. e. *hilt* or *haft*] gouts of *blood*,
"Which was not so before."

The following lines in King Henry VI. Part III. may, perhaps, after all, form the best comment on these controverted words:

"And full as oft came Edward to my side,
"With purple faulchion, *painted to the hilt*
"*In blood* of those that had encounter'd him."

So also, in The Mirrour for Magistrates, 1587:

"—— a naked sword he had,
"That to the *hilts* with blood was all embrued."

Though so much has been written on this passage, the commentators have forgotten to account for the attendants of Duncan being furnished with daggers. The fact is, that in Shakspeare's time a dagger was a common weapon, and was usually carried by servants and others, suspended at their backs. So, in Romeo and Juliet:

"Then I will lay the *serving creature's dagger* on your pate."

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his * love known?
Lady M. Help me hence, ho!
Macd. Look to the lady [3].
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,

* First folio, *make's*.

Again, ibid.:

"This *dagger* hath mista'en; for lo! his house
"Is empty on the *back* of Montague,
"And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!" Malone.

The sense is, in plain language, "Daggers filthily—in a foul manner,—sheath'd with blood." A *scabbard* is called a *pilche*, a *leather coat*, in Romeo;—but you will ask, whence the allusion of *breeches*? Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson have well observed, that this speech of Macbeth is very artfully made up of unnatural thoughts and language. In 1605, (the year in which the play appears to have been written,) a book was published by Peter Erondell, (with commendatory Poems by Daniel, and other wits of the time,) called The French Garden, or a Summer Dayes Labour; containing, among other matters, some dialogues of a dramatick cast, which, I am persuaded, our author read in the English; and from which he took, as he supposed, for his present purpose, this quaint expression. I will quote *literatim* from the 6th dialogue: "Boy! you do nothing but play tricks here, go fetch your master's silver-hatched daggers, you have not brushed their *breeches*, bring the brushes, and brush them before me."—Shakspeare was deceived by the pointing, and evidently supposes *breeches* to be a new and affected term for *scabbards*. But had he been able to have read the French on the other page, even as a *learner*, he must have been set right at once: "Garçon, vous ne faites que badiner, allez querir les poignards argentez de vos maistres, vous n'avez pas espousseté leur *hâut-de-chausses*,'—their *breeches*, in the common sense of the word: as in the next sentence *bas-de-chausses*, *stockings*, and so on through all the articles of dress. Farmer.

[3] Look to the lady.] Mr. Whateley, from whose ingenious remarks on this play I have already made a large extract, justly observes that, "on Lady Macbeth's seeming to faint,—while Banquo and Macduff are solicitous about her, Macbeth, by his unconcern, betrays a consciousness that the fainting is feigned."

I may add, that a bold and hardened villain would, from a refined policy, have assumed the *appearance* of being alarmed about her, lest this very imputation should arise against him: the irresolute Macbeth is not sufficiently at ease to act such a part. Malone.

† he is silent - because he fears a discovery from an over hasty dissimulation.

That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken
Here, where our fate, hid in an augre-hole [4],
May rush, and seize us? Let's away; our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion [5].

Ban. Look to the lady:—

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure [6], let us meet,

4 ——— HERE,
Where our fate, hid WITHIN an augre-hole,] The oldest copy reads only "—*in* an augre-hole." I have adopted the correction of the second folio—*within*.

Mr. Malone reads—

"*Here*, where our fate, hid *in* an augre-hole." STEEVENS.

In the old copy the word *here* is printed in the preceding line. The lines are disposed so irregularly in the original edition of this play, that the modern editors have been obliged to take many liberties similar to mine in the regulation of the metre. In this very speech the words *our tears* do not make part of the following line, but are printed in that subsequent to it. The editor of the second folio, to complete the measure, reads—*within* an augre-hole. A word having been accidentally omitted in King Henry V.: "—Let us die *in* [fight]," Mr. Theobald, with equal impropriety, reads there—"Let us die *instant*:" but I believe neither transcriber or compositor ever omitted *half* a word. MALONE.

More skilful and accurate compositors than those employed in our present republication, cannot easily be found; and yet, I believe, even *they* will not deny their having occasionally furnished examples of the omission of *half* a word.

"——within an *augre-hole*." So, in Coriolanus:

"——confin'd
"Into an *augre's bore*." STEEVENS.

5 Nor our strong sorrow ON
The foot of motion.] The old copy—*upon*. STEEVENS.

6 And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure,] i. e. "when we have clothed our half drest bodies, which may take cold from being exposed to the air." It is possible that, in such a cloud of words, the meaning might escape the reader. STEEVENS.

The Porter, in his short speech, had observed, that this "place

And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice [7].

MACB. And so do I.

ALL. So all.

MACB. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

ALL. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but* MAL. *and* DON.

MAL. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.

[i. e. the court in which Banquo and the rest now are,] is too *cold* for hell." Mr. Steevens's explanation is likewise supported by the following passage in Timon of Athens:

" —— Call the creatures,
" Whose *naked natures* live in all the spight
" Of wreakful heaven." MALONE.

7 In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd PRETENCE I fight
Of treasonous malice.] *Pretence* is *intention*, *design*, a sense in which the word is often used by Shakspeare. So, in The Winter's Tale: " — conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband, the *pretence* whereof being by circumstance partly laid open." Again, in this tragedy of Macbeth:

" What good could they *pretend?* "

i. e. intend to themselves. Banquo's meaning is,—in our present state of doubt and uncertainty about this murder, I have nothing to do but to put myself under the direction of God; and, relying on his support, I here declare myself an eternal enemy to this treason, and to all its *further designs that have not yet come to light*. STEEVENS.

Hand, as Mr. Upton has observed, is here used for *power*, or *providence*. So, in Psalm. xxii.: " Deliver my soul from the sword, my darling from the *power* [Heb. from the *hand*] of the dog." In King Henry V. we have again the same expression:

" ——Let us deliver
" Our puissance into *the hand of God*." MALONE.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody [8].

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted [9]; and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Without the Castle.

Enter Rosse and an Old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time, I have seen

[8] —— the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.] Meaning, that he suspected Macbeth to be the murderer; for he was the *nearest in blood* to the two princes, being the cousin-german of Duncan. Steevens.

[9] This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted;] The design to fix the murder upon some innocent person has not yet taken effect. Johnson.

"The shaft is not yet lighted, and though it has done mischief in its flight, we have reason to apprehend still more before it has spent its force and falls to the ground." The end for which the murder was committed is not yet attained. The death of the king only, could neither insure the crown to Macbeth, nor accomplish any other purpose, while his sons were yet living, who had, therefore, just reason to apprehend they should be removed by the same means.

Such another thought occurs in Bussy D'Ambois, 1607:

"The chain-shot of thy lust *is yet aloft*,
"And it must murder," &c. Steevens.

Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it[1]?
Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place[2],
Was by a mousing owl[3] hawk'd at, and kill'd.
Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange and certain,)

[1] —darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?] After the murder of King Duffe, (says Holinshed,) "for the space of six moneths togither there appeared no sunne by day, nor moone by night, in anie part of the realme, but still was the sky covered with continual clouds; and sometimes such outrageous winds arose with lightenings and tempests, that the people were in great fear of present destruction."—It is evident that Shakspeare had this passage in his thoughts. MALONE.

[2] —in her PRIDE OF PLACE,] Finely expressed, for *confidence in its quality.* WARBURTON.

In a place of which she seemed proud;—in an elevated situation. MALONE.

[3] —by a MOUSING owl—] i. e. by an owl that was hunting for mice, as her proper prey. WHALLEY.

This is also found among the prodigies consequent on King Duffe's murder: "There was a *sparhawk* strangled by an owl." STEEVENS.

Mousing is a very effective epithet in this passage, as contrasting the falcon, in her pride of place, with a bird that was accustomed to seek its prey on the ground. TALBOT.

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race [4],
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff:——

Enter Macduff.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known, who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

[4] — minions of THEIR race,] Theobald reads—
" —— minions of *the* race,"
very probably, and very poetically. JOHNSON.

Their is probably the true reading, the same expression being found in Romeus and Juliet, 1562, a poem which Shakspeare had certainly read:

" There were two ancient stocks, which Fortune high did place
" Above the rest, endew'd with wealth, the nobler *of their race.*"

In our author's time a *race* of horses was the term for what is now called a *stud*. Thus Thomas Blundeville, in The four chiefest Offices belonging to Horsemanship: " The horses there bred [at Naples] be of so strong and healthful complexion, as they will not quaik wheresoever they go; and that they prosper so well heere in this land as in any other foraine country, not only the Queenes Majesties *race*, but also many other mens *races*, and especially Sir Nicholas Arnolds *race*, doth well testifie." MALONE.

I prefer " minions of *the* race," i. e. the *favourite* horses on the race-ground. Thus, in Henry IV. Part I. we have " minions of *the* moon." The horses of Duncan have just been celebrated for being *swift*.

Most of the prodigies just before mentioned are related by Holinshed, as accompanying King Duffe's death; and it is in particular asserted, " that horses of singular beauty and swiftness did eat their own flesh." STEEVENS.

Rosse. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend[5]?
Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up[6]
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like[7],
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth[8].
Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.
Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?
Macd. Carried to Colme-kill[9];

[5] What good could they PRETEND?] To *pretend* is here to *propose to themselves*, to *set before themselves* as a motive of action. JOHNSON.

To *pretend*, in this instance, as in many others, is simply to *intend*, to *design*. STEEVENS.

So, in Goulart's Histories, 1607: "The carauell arriued safe at her *pretended* port." p. 575. Again, p. 586: "As for the Sclauonian captaine, he cast himselfe into the sea, meaning to swimme vnto the shelfes neere vnto the fort, where hee *pretended* to saue himselfe." RITSON.

[6] —that WILT ravin up—] The old copy reads—*will*. Corrected by Sir Thomas Hanmer. MALONE.

[7] —Then 'tis most like,] To complete the measure, I suppose, with Sir T. Hanmer, that our author wrote—

"*Why*, then *it is* most like—." STEEVENS.

[8] —Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.] Macbeth, by his birth, stood next in the succession to the crown, immediately after the sons of Duncan. King Malcolm, Duncan's predecessor, had two daughters, the eldest of whom was the mother of Duncan, the youngest the mother of Macbeth. *Holinshed*. STEEVENS.

[9] ——Colme-kill;] *Colm-kill*, is the famous *Iona*, one of the western isles, which Dr. Johnson visited, and describes in his Tour. Holinshed scarcely mentions the death of any of the ancient kings of Scotland, without taking notice of their being buried with their predecessors in *Colme-kill*. STEEVENS.

It is now called *Icolmkill*. *Kill*, in the Erse language, signifies a *burying-place*. MALONE.

No: *kil* is a *cell*. See Jamieson's Dictionary *in voce*. *Colme-kill* is the *cell* or *chapel* of St. Columbo.[x] BOSWELL.

[x] Columba cella, which the Scotch and Irish retain of the Latin word, cell or kill, there being then a common cell or burying-place for the Kings of both nations. Paul Gamage in G. M. 1783 corrupted Columba into Colmes-kill. This Burton would read Colmes-hill—in consequence of which Mr. St. Paul [Church]

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there;—adieu!——

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those

That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd[1]; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine[2],)

[1] Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women PROMIS'D;] Here we have another passage, that might lead us to suppose that the thaneship of Glamis descended to Macbeth subsequent to his meeting the weird sisters, though that event had certainly taken place before. See p. 46. MALONE.

[2] (As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches SHINE,)—] *Shine*, for *prosper*. WARBURTON.

Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, *as King; Lady* MACBETH, *as Queen;* LENOX, ROSSE, *Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir[3],
And I'll request your presence.
Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me[4]; to the which, my duties

Shine, for "appear with all the *lustre* of *conspicuous* truth." JOHNSON.

I rather incline to Dr. Warburton's interpretation. So, in King Henry VI. Part I. Sc. II.:

"Heaven, and our lady gracious, hath it pleased
"To *shine* on my contemptible estate." STEEVENS.

[3] —a SOLEMN supper, sir,] This was the phrase of the time. So, Sir Henry Wotton, Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, edit. 1651, p. 475: "Yesternight the Count Palatine invited all the councell to a *solemn supper* which was well ordered." MALONE.

It was used in private life, and seems to have meant nothing more than a supper given on a regular invitation. So, Howell, in a letter to Sir Thomas Hawke, 1636: "I was invited yesternight to a *solemn supper*, by B. J. [Ben Jonson] where you were deeply remembered." BOSWELL.

[4] LET your highness
Command UPON me;] Thus the old copy, and perhaps rightly, though modern editors have been content to read—"*Lay* your highness," &c. Every uncouth phrase in an ancient author should not be suspected of corruption.

In As You Like It an expression somewhat similar occurs:

"And take *upon command* what help we have." STEEVENS.

The change was suggested by Sir W. D'Avenant's alteration of this play: it was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

I should rather read *lay*, or *set* your command upon me, than

Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit [5].

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,)
In this day's council; but we'll talk to-morrow [6].
Is't far you ride?

let: for unless *command* is used as a noun, there is nothing to which the following words—"to the which"—can possibly refer.
M. Mason.

5 — to the which, my DUTIES
Are with a most indissoluble tie

For ever KNIT.] So, in our author's Dedication of his Rape of Lucrece, to Lord Southampton, 1594: "What I have done is yours, being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my *duty* would show greater; mean time as it is, it is *bound* to your lordship." Malone.

6 — we'll TAKE to-morrow.] Thus the old copy, and, in my opinion, rightly. Mr. Malone would read—

"—— we'll *talk* to-morrow." Steevens.

I proposed this emendation some time ago, and having since met with two other passages in which the same mistake has happened, I trust I shall be pardoned for giving it a place in my text. In King Henry V. edit. 1623, we find,

"For I can *take* [talke] for Pistol's cock is up."

Again, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, 1623, p. 31: "It is no matter for that, so she sleep not in her *take*." [instead of *talke*, the old spelling of *talk*.] On the other hand, in the first scene of Hamlet, we find in the folio, 1623:

"—— then no planet strikes,
"No fairy *talkes*——."

So again, in the play before us:

"The interim having weigh'd it, let us *speak*
"Our free hearts each to other."

Again, Macbeth says to his wife:

"—— We will *speak* further."

Again, in a subsequent scene between Macbeth and the assassins:

"Was it not yesterday we *spoke* together?"

In Othello we have almost the same sense, expressed in other words:

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better[7],

"——— *To-morrow*, with the earliest,
" *Let me have speech with you.*"

Had Shakspeare written *take*, he would surely have said—"but we'll *take't* to-morrow." So, in the first scene of the second Act, Fleance says to his father: "I *take't*, 'tis later, sir."

MALONE.

I do not perceive the necessity of change. The poet's meaning could not be misunderstood. His end was answered, if his language was intelligible to his audience. He little supposed the time would arrive, when his words were to abide the strictest scrutiny of verbal criticism. With the ease of conversation, therefore, he copied its incorrectness. To *take*, is to *use*, to *employ*. To *take* time is a common phrase; and where is the impropriety of saying—"we'll *take* to-morrow?" i. e. we will *make use of* to-morrow. So, in King Henry VI. Part III. Act V. Sc. I.:

"Come, Warwick, *take* the time."

Banquo, "without a prompter," must have understood, by this familiar expression, that Macbeth would employ to-morrow, as he wished to have employed to-day.

When Pistol says—"I can *take*"—he means, 'he can kindle, or lay hold, as fire does on its object.'—So Dryden, speaking of flames:

"At first they warm, then scorch, and then they *take*."

Again, in Froissart's Chronicle, vol. ii. cap. C.xcii. fol. CCxliii. b. "—he put one of the torches that his servauntes helde, so nere, that the heate of the fyre entred into the flaxe (wherein if fyre *take*, there is no remedy)," &c.

That the words *talk* and *take* may occasionally have been printed for each other, is a fact which no man conversant with the press will deny; and yet the bare possibility of a similar mistake in the present instance, ought to have little weight in opposition to an old reading sufficiently intelligible.

The word *take* is employed in quite a different sense by Fleance, and means—"to understand in any particular sense or manner." So, Bacon: "I *take it*, that iron brass, called white brass, hath some mixture of tin." Again, in King Henry VIII.:

"——— there, I take it,
"They may, cum privilegio, wear away
"The lag end of their lewdness." STEEVENS.

[7] —go not my horse the BETTER,] i. e. if he does not go well. Shakspeare often uses the *comparative* for the *positive* and *superlative*. So, in King Lear:

I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland: not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.
Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs [8].
Farewell.—— [*Exit Banquo.*

"—— her smiles and tears
"Were like a *better* day."

Again, in Macbeth:

"—— it hath cow'd my *better* part of man."

Again, in King John:

"Nay, but make haste; the *better* foot before."

Again, in P. Holland's translation of Pliny's Nat. Hist. b. ix. c. xlvi.: "Many are caught out of their fellowes hands, if they bestirre not themselves the *better*." Thus also Virgil:

"—— oblitos famæ *melioris* amantes."

It may, however, mean, 'If my horse does not go the better for the haste I shall be in to avoid the night.' STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's first interpretation is, I believe, the true one. It is supported by the following passage in Stowe's Survey of London, 1603: "— and hee that hit it not full, if he *rid* not the *faster*, had a sound blow in his neck, with a bag full of sand hanged on the other end." MALONE.

[8] And so I do COMMEND you to their backs.] In old language one of the senses of to *commend* was to *commit*, and such is the meaning here. So, in King Richard II.:

"And now he doth *commend* his arms to rust." MALONE.

So, in Milton's Comus, v. 831:

"*Commended* her fair innocence to the flood."

Commend, however, in the present instance, may only be a civil term, signifying—*send*. Thus, in King Henry VIII.:

"The king's majesty *commends* his good opinion to you."

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then God be with you.

[*Exeunt Lady* MACBETH, *Lords, Ladies, &c.*

Sirrah, a word with you[9]: Attend those men
Our pleasure?

ATTEN. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

MACB. Bring them before us.—[*Exit Atten.*]
To be thus, is nothing;
But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature[1]
Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis much he dares;
And, to[2] that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour[3]

Thus also, in Chapman's version of the eighteenth book of Homer's Odyssey:

"The others other wealthy gifts *commended*
"To her fair hand."

What Macbeth, therefore, after expressing his friendly wish relative to their horses, appears to mean, is—'so I *send* (or dismiss) you to mount them.' STEEVENS.

9 Sirrah, a word: &c.] The old copy reads—

"Sirrah, a word *with you:* Attend those men our pleasure?"

The words I have omitted are certainly spurious. The metre is injured by them, and the sense is complete without them. STEEVENS.

The old copy arranges these words as in the text. BOSWELL.

1 — ROYALTY of nature —] *Royalty*, in the present instance, signifies *nobleness, supreme excellence*. Thus, in Twelfth-Night, we have "Sport *royal*," for *excellent* sport; and Chaucer, in his Squiere's Tale, has "*crowned malice*," for *eminence of malignity*. STEEVENS.

2 — to—] i. e. in addition to. See p. 16, n. 2. STEEVENS.

3 — to that dauntless temper of his mind,
HE HATH A WISDOM THAT DOTH GUIDE his valour —] So, in Chapman's version of the fifteenth Iliad:

"—— superior to his sire in feet, fight, noblenes
"Of all the virtues; *and all those did such a wisdome guide*—."

STEEVENS.

To act in safety. There is none, but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar [4]. He chid the sisters,

4 My genius is rebuk'd; AS, IT IS SAID,
MARK ANTONY'S WAS BY CÆSAR.] For the sake of metre, the prænomen—*Mark* (which probably was an interpolation) might safely be omitted. STEEVENS.

Though I would not often assume the critick's privilege of being confident where certainty cannot be obtained, nor indulge myself too far in departing from the established reading; yet I cannot but propose the rejection of this passage, which I believe was an insertion of some player, that, having so much learning as to discover to what Shakspeare alluded, was not willing that his audience should be less knowing than himself, and has therefore weakened the author's sense, by the intrusion of a remote and useless image into a speech bursting from a man wholly possessed with his own present condition, and therefore not at leisure to explain his own allusions to himself. If these words are taken away, by which not only the thought, but the numbers are injured, the lines of Shakspeare close together without any traces of a breach:

"My genius is rebuk'd. He chid the sisters —."

This note was written before I was fully acquainted with Shakspeare's manner, and I do not now think it of much weight: for though the words which I was once willing to eject, seem interpolated, I believe they may still be genuine, and added by the author in his revision. Mr. Heath cannot admit the measure to be faulty. There is only one foot, he says, put for another. This is one of the effects of literature in minds not naturally perspicacious. Every boy or girl finds the metre imperfect, but the pedant comes to its defence with a tribrachys or an anapæst, and sets it right at once, by applying to one language the rules of another. If we may be allowed to change feet, like the old comick writers, it will not be easy to write a line not metrical. To hint this once is sufficient. JOHNSON.

Sir William D'Avenant omitted these lines; but our author having alluded to this circumstance in Antony and Cleopatra, there is no reason to suspect any interpolation here:

"Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
"Thy Dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
"Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
"Where Cæsar's is not; but *near him thy angel*
"*Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd.*" MALONE.

To produce the example of the old Greek or Latin comick writers would, it is true, be applying to one language the rules of

When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind [5]:
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them: and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man [6],

another; but if it can be shown that versification equally licentious may be found in Shakspeare himself elsewhere, and was consistent with the practice of his contemporaries, for which I refer the reader to the Essay on Shakspeare's Versification, it may not perhaps prove the line to be metrical, but will certainly furnish a strong presumption that the poet wrote it, and did not consider it as faulty. Mr. Steevens's suggestion, that the prænomen *Mark* might be omitted, would leave the verse quite as harsh as he found it. BOSWELL.

Lord Clarendon had this passage in his mind, perhaps, when he wrote—"When Cromwell refused the crown, many were of opinion that his genius at that time forsook him, and yielded to the King's spirit." Book xv. p. 554. BLAKEWAY.

[5] For Banquo's issue have I FIL'D my mind;] We should read:

" ——— *'filed* my mind."

i. e. defiled. WARBURTON.

This mark of contraction is not necessary. To *file* is in the Bishops' Bible. JOHNSON.

So, in The Revenger's Tragedy, 1608:

"He call'd his father villain, and me strumpet,
"A name I do abhor to *file* my lips with."

Again, in The Miseries of inforc'd Marriage, 1607: "— like smoke through a chimney that *files* all the way it goes." Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. iii. c. i.:

"She lightly lept out of her *filed* bed." STEEVENS.

[6] — the common enemy of man,] It is always an entertainment to an inquisitive reader, to trace a sentiment to its original source; and therefore, though the term "enemy of man," applied to the devil, is in itself natural and obvious, yet some may be pleased with being informed, that Shakspeare probably borrowed it from the first lines of The Destruction of Troy, a book which he

To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings[7]!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance[8]!——Who's there?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call[9].
[*Exit Attendant.*

is known to have read. This expression, however, he might have had in many other places. The word *fiend* signifies *enemy*.
JOHNSON.

Shakspeare repeats this phrase in Twelfth-Night, Act III. Sc. IV.: "— Defy the devil: consider, he's an *enemy to mankind*." Again, in Fairfax's Tasso, iv. i.:

"The *ancient foe to man* and mortal seed,
"His wannish eies upon them bent askance." STEEVENS.

7 — the SEED of Banquo kings!] The old copy reads—*seeds*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

8 — come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!] This passage will be best explained by translating it into the language from whence the only word of difficulty in it is borrowed. "Que la destinée se rende en lice, et qu'elle me donne un defi *a l'outrance*." A challenge, or a combat *a l'outrance, to extremity*, was a fixed term in the law of arms, used when the combatants engaged with an *odium internecinum, an intention to destroy each other*, in opposition to trials of skill at festivals, or on other occasions, where the contest was only for reputation or a prize. The sense therefore is: 'Let fate, that has fore-doomed the exaltation of the sons of Banquo, enter the lists against me, with the utmost animosity, in defence of its own decrees, which I will endeavour to invalidate, whatever be the danger. JOHNSON.

We meet with the same expression in Gawin Douglas's translation of Virgil, p. 331, 49:

"That war not put by Greikis to *utterance*."

Again, in The History of Graund Amoure and La Bel Pucelle, &c. by Stephen Hawes, 1555:

"That so many monsters put to *utterance*."

Again, and more appositely, in the 14th book of Golding's translation of Ovid's Metamorphosis:

"To both the parties at the length from battell for to rest,
"And not to fight to *utterance*."

Shakspeare uses it again in Cymbeline, Act III. Sc. I.
STEEVENS.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
1 *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.
Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference; pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand [1]; how cross'd; the instruments;

9 Now to the door, and stay there till we call.] The old copy reads—

"Now *go* to the door," &c.

but, for the sake of versification, I suppose the word *go*, which is understood, may safely be omitted. Thus, in the last scene of the foregoing Act:

"Will you to Scone?
"No, cousin, *I'll to Fife*."

In both these instances *go* is mentally inserted. STEEVENS.

1 — pass'd in PROBATION WITH YOU,
How you were BORNE IN HAND; &c.] The words—*with you*, I regard as an interpolation, and conceive the passage to have been originally given thus:

"In our last conference; pass'd in probation how
"You were borne in hand; how cross'd," &c.

"Pass'd in probation" is, I believe, only a bulky phrase, employed to signify—*proved*. STEEVENS.

The meaning may be, 'past in *proving* to you, how you were,' &c. So, in Othello:

"——— so *prove* it,
"That the *probation* bear no hinge or loop
"To hang a doubt on."

Perhaps after the words "with you," there should be a comma, rather than a semicolon. The construction, however, may be different. "This I made good to you in our last conference, past in *probation*, &c. I made good to you, how you were borne," &c. To *bear in hand* is, to delude by encouraging hope and holding out fair prospects, without any intention of performance. MALONE.

So, in Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks, 1611:

"Yet I will *bear* a dozen men *in hand*,
"And make them all my gulls." STEEVENS.

Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might,
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd [2],
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege [3].

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;

[2] — Are you so gospell'd,] Are you of that degree of precise virtue? *Gospeller* was a name of contempt given by the Papists to the Lollards, the puritans of early times, and the precursors of protestantism. JOHNSON.

So, in the Morality called Lusty Juventus, 1561:

"What, is Juventus become so tame
"To be a newe *gospeller?*"

Again:

"And yet ye are a great *gospeller* in the mouth."

I believe, however, that *gospel led* means no more than kept in obedience of that precept of the gospel, which teaches us "to pray for those that despitefully use us." STEEVENS.

[3] We are MEN, my liege.] That is, we have the same feelings as the rest of mankind, and, *as men*, are not without a *manly resentment* for the wrongs which we have suffered, and which you have now recited.

I should not have thought so plain a passage wanted an explanation, if it had not been mistaken by Dr. Grey, who says, "they don't answer in the name of *Christians*, but as *men*, whose humanity would hinder them from doing a barbarous act." This false interpretation he has endeavoured to support by the well-known line of Terence:

Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.

That amiable sentiment does not appear very suitable to a cut-throat. They urge their manhood, in my opinion, in order to show Macbeth their willingness, not their aversion, to execute his orders. MALONE.

As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs[4], water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file[5]
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive

[4] Shoughs,] *Shoughs* are probably what we now call *shocks*, demi-wolves, *lyciscæ?* dogs bred between wolves and dogs. JOHNSON.

This species of dogs is mentioned in Nashe's Lenten Stuffe, &c. 1599: "—a trundle-tail, tike, or *shough* or two." STEEVENS.

[5] —the VALUED FILE—] In this speech the word *file* occurs twice, and seems in both places to have a meaning different from its present use. The expression, "valued file," evidently means, a list or catalogue of value. A station in the *file*, and not in the worst rank, may mean, a place in the list of manhood, and not in the lowest place. But *file* seems rather to mean, in this place, a post of honour; the first rank, in opposition to the last; a meaning which I have not observed in any other place. JOHNSON.

"The valued file" is the file or list where the value and peculiar qualities of every thing is set down, in contradistinction to what he immediately mentions, "the bill that writes them all alike." *File*, in the second instance, is used in the same sense as in this, and with a reference to it: "Now if you belong to any class that deserves a place in the valued *file* of man, and are not of the lowest rank, the common herd of mankind, that are not worth distinguishing from each other."

File and *list* are synonymous, as in the last Act of this play:

"—— I have a *file*
"Of all the gentry."

Again, in Heywood's Dedication to the second part of his Iron Age, 1632: "—to number you in the *file* and *list* of my best and choicest well-wishers." This expression occurs more than once in The Beggar's Bush of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—— all ways worthy,
"As else in any *file* of mankind."

Shakspeare likewise has it in Measure for Measure: "The greater *file* of the subject held the duke to be wise." In short, the "valued file" is the catalogue with prices annexed to it. STEEVENS.

Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not [6] i' the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1 Mur. And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune [7],
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

[6] And not—] *And* was supplied by Mr. Rowe for the sake of metre. Steevens.

[7] So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,] We see the speaker means to say, that he is weary with struggling with adverse fortune. But this reading expresses but half the idea; viz. of a man tugged and haled by fortune without making resistance. To give the complete thought, we should read—

"So weary with *disastrous tugs* with fortune."

This is well expressed, and gives the reason of his being weary, because fortune always hitherto got the better. And that Shakspeare knew how to express this thought, we have an instance in The Winter's Tale:

"Let *myself and fortune*
"*Tug* for the time to come."

Besides, "to be tugg'd with fortune," is scarce English.

Warburton.

"Tugged with fortune" may be, *tugged* or *worried* by fortune.

Johnson.

I have left the foregoing note as an evidence of Dr. Warburton's propensity to needless alterations.

Mr. Malone very justly observes that the old reading is confirmed by the following passage in an Epistle to Lord Southampton, by S. Daniel, 1603:

"He who hath never warr'd with misery,
"Nor ever *tugg'd with fortune* and distress." Steevens.

Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.
2 *Mur.* True, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance [8],
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends [9] that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.
2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
1 *Mur.* Though our lives——
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour, at most [1],
I will advise you where to plant yourselves:
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't [2]; for't must be done to-night,

Steevens

[8] — in such bloody DISTANCE,] *Distance*, for *enmity*. WARBURTON.

By *bloody distance* is here meant, such a distance as mortal enemies would stand at from each other, when their quarrel must be determined by the sword. This sense seems evident from the continuation of the metaphor, "where every minute of his being is represented as thrusting at the nearest part where life resides. STEEVENS.

[9] FOR certain friends —] *For*, in the present instance, signifies *because of*. So, in Coriolanus:

"—— Speak, good Cominius,
"Leave nothing out *for* length." STEEVENS.

[1] — at most,] These words have no other effect than to spoil the metre, and may therefore be excluded as an evident interpolation. STEEVENS.

[2] Acquaint you with the PERFECT SPY O' THE TIME,
The MOMENT on't;] What is meant by "the spy of the

And something from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearness [3]: And with him,

time," it will be found difficult to explain; and therefore sense will be cheaply gained by a slight alteration.—Macbeth is assuring the assassins that they shall not want directions to find Banquo, and therefore says:

"I will——

"Acquaint you with a perfect *spy* o' the time."

Accordingly a third murderer joins them afterwards at the place of action.

Perfect is *well instructed*, or *well informed*, as in this play:

"Though in your state of honour I am *perfect*."

Though I am *well acquainted* with your quality and rank.

JOHNSON.

"—the perfect spy o' the time," i. e. the critical juncture.

WARBURTON.

How the "critical juncture" is the "spy o' the time," I know not, but I think my own conjecture right. JOHNSON.

I rather believe we should read thus:

"Acquaint you with the perfect *spot*, *the* time,

"The moment on't—;" TYRWHITT.

I believe that the word *with* has here the force of *by*; in which sense Shakspeare frequently uses it; and that the meaning of the passage is this: "I will let you know by the person best informed, of the exact moment in which the business is to be done." And accordingly we find, in the next scene, that these two murderers are joined by a third, as Johnson has observed.—In his letter to his wife, Macbeth says, "I have heard by the *perfectest* report, that they have more than mortal knowledge."—And in this very scene, we find the word *with* used to express *by*, where the murderer says he is "tugg'd *with* fortune." M. MASON.

The meaning, I think, is, I will acquaint you with the time when you may *look out* for Banquo's coming, with the most *perfect* assurance of not being disappointed; and not only with the *time* in general most proper for lying in wait for him, but with the very *moment* when you may expect him. MALONE.

I apprehend it means the very moment you are to *look for* or *expect*, not when you may *look out* for, Banquo. BOSWELL.

I explain the passage thus, and think it needs no reformation, but that of a single point:

"—— Within this hour at most,
"I will advise you where to plant yourselves."

Here I place a full stop; as no further instructions could be given by Macbeth, the hour of Banquo's return being quite uncertain. Macbeth therefore adds—"Acquaint *you*," &c. i. e. in

(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon[4].

2 Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.

ancient language, "acquaint *yourselves*" with the exact time most favourable to your purposes; for such a moment must be *spied* out by you, be selected by your own attention and scrupulous observation.—*You* is ungrammatically employed, instead of *yourselves*; as *him* is for *himself*, in The Taming of the Shrew:

"To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
"Who, for twice seven years, hath esteemed *him*
"No better than a poor and loathsome beggar."

In this place it is evident that *him* is used instead of *himself*. Again, in King Henry IV. Part I.:

"Advantage feeds *him* fat—." i. e. *himself*.

Again, more appositely, in King Richard II. where York, addressing himself to Bolingbroke, Northumberland, and others, says—

"——— enter in the castle
"And there repose *you* [i. e. yourselves] for this night."

Again, in Coriolanus:

"Breathe *you*, my friends—."

Macbeth, in the intervening time, might have learned, from some of Banquo's attendants, which way he had ridden out, and therefore could tell the murderers *where* to plant themselves so as to cut him off on his return; but who could ascertain the precise hour of his arrival, except the ruffians who watched for that purpose?" STEEVENS.

[3] —— always thought,
That I require a clearness:] i. e. you must manage matters so, that throughout the whole transaction I may stand clear of suspicion. So, Holinshed: "— appointing them to meet Banquo and his sonne *without the palace*, as they returned to their lodgings, and there to slea them, so that he would not have his house slandered, but that in time to come he might *cleare* himself." STEEVENS.

[4] I'll come TO YOU anon.] Perhaps the words—*to you*, which corrupt the metre, without enforcing the sense, are another playhouse interpolation. STEEVENS.

It is concluded:——Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. Another Room.

Enter Lady MACBETH *and a Servant.*

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?
Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night:
Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.
Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent [5],
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies [6] your companions making?

[5] NOUGHT'S HAD, all's spent,] Surely, the unnecessary words —*Nought's had*, are a tasteless interpolation; for they violate the measure without expansion of the sentiment.

"For a few words. Madam, I will. All's spent."

is a complete verse.

There is sufficient reason to suppose the metre of Shakspeare was originally uniform and regular. His frequent exactness in making one speaker complete the verse which another had left imperfect, is too evident to need exemplification. Sir T. Hanmer was aware of this, and occasionally struggled with such metrical difficulties as occurred; though for want of familiarity with ancient language, he often failed in the choice of words to be rejected or supplied. STEEVENS.

[6] — SORRIEST fancies —] i. e. worthless, ignoble, vile. So, in Othello:

"I have a salt and *sorry* rheum offends me."

Using those thoughts, which should indeed have
died
With them they think on? Things without all re-
medy[7],
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.
Macb. We have scotch'd[8] the snake, not kill'd
it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint,
Both the worlds suffer[9],
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly: Better be with the
dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace[1],

Sorry, however, might signify *sorrowful, melancholy, dismal.* So, in The Comedy of Errors:

"The place of death and *sorry* execution."

Again, in the play before us, (as Mr. M. Mason observes,) Macbeth says,—"This is a *sorry* sight." STEEVENS.

7 —Things without remedy,] The old copy—"*all* remedy." But surely, as Sir T. Hanmer thinks, the word *all* is an interpolation, hurtful to the metre, without improvement of the sense. The same thought occurs in King Richard II. Act II. Sc. III.:

"Things past redress, are now with me past care."

STEEVENS.

8 —scotch'd—] Mr. Theobald.—Fol. *scorch'd.* JOHNSON. *Scotch'd* is the true reading. So, in Coriolanus, Act IV. Sc. V.:

"——he *scotch'd* him and notch'd him like a carbonado."

STEEVENS.

9 But let
The frame of things disjoint, BOTH THE WORLDS suffer,] The old copy reads thus, and I have followed it, rejecting the modern contraction, which was:

"But let *both worlds disjoint, and all things* suffer."

The same idea occurs in Hamlet:

"That *both the worlds* I give to negligence." STEEVENS.

1 Whom we, to gain our PLACE, have sent to peace,] The old copy reads:

"Whom we, to gain our *peace*—."

Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstacy [2]. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on; gentle my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love;
And so, I pray, be you: let your remembrance [3]
Apply to Banquo: present him eminence [4], both
With eye and tongue: unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are [5].

The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. Malone.

[2] In restless ECSTACY.] *Ecstacy*, for *madness*. Warburton.

Ecstacy, in its general sense, signifies any violent emotion of the mind. Here it means the emotion of pain, agony. So, in Marlowe's Tamburlaine, Part I.:

"Griping our bowels with retorqued thoughts,
"And have no hope to end our *extasies*."

Again, Milton, in his ode on The Nativity:

"In pensive trance, and anguish, and *ecstatic* fit."

Thus also Chapman, in his version of the last Iliad, where he describes the distracting sorrow of Achilles:

"—— Although he saw the morn
"Shew sea and shore his *extasie*." Steevens.

[3] —— remembrance —] Is here employed as a quadrisyllable. So, in Twelfth-Night:

"And lasting in her sad *remembrance*." Steevens.

[4] — present him eminence,] i. e. do him the highest honours. Warburton.

[5] —unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.] The sense of this passage (though clouded by metaphor, and perhaps by omission,) appears to be as follows:—"It is a sure sign that our royalty is unsafe, when it must descend to flattery, and stoop to dissimulation."

LADY M. You must leave this.
MACB. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.
LADY M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne [6].

And yet I cannot help supposing (from the hemistich, *Unsafe the while that we,*) some words to be wanting which originally rendered the sentiment less obscure. Shakspeare might have written—

" Unsafe the while *it is for us*, that we," &c.

By a different arrangement in the old copy, the present hemistich, indeed, is avoided; but, in my opinion, to the disadvantage of the other lines. See former editions. STEEVENS.

The arrangement in the text is Mr. Malone's. The old copy reads this and the preceding speech thus:

" *Lady.* Come on:
" Gentle my lord, sleeke o'er your rugged looks,
" Be bright and joviall among your guests to night.
" *Macb.* So shall I, love, and so I pray be you:
" Let your remembrance apply to Banquo,
" Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
" *Unsafe the while that we must lave*
" *Our honors in these flattering streames*," &c.

Except in the instance of the hemistichs, distinguished by italicks, and printing *'mong* for "*among* your guests," Mr. Steevens has followed the folio. BOSWELL.

[6] —nature's copy's not ETERNE.] The *copy*, the *lease*, by which they hold their lives from nature, has its time of termination limited. JOHNSON.

Eterne, for *eternal*, is often used by Chaucer. So, in The Knight's Tale, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 1305:

" —— O cruel goddes, that governe
" This world with binding of your word *eterne*,
" And writen in the table of athamant
" Your parlement and your *eterne* grant." STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson's interpretation is supported by a subsequent passage in this play:

" —— and our high-plac'd Macbeth
" Shall live the *lease of nature*, pay his breath
" To time and mortal custom."

Again, by our author's 13th Sonnet:

" So should that beauty which you hold in *lease*,
" Find no determination." MALONE.

I once thought that by " Nature's copy," &c. our author meant

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight [7]; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle [8], with his drowsy hums,

(to use a Scriptural phrase) man, *as formed after the Deity*, though not, like him, immortal. So, in King Henry VIII.:

" —— how shall man,
" *The image of his Maker*, hope to thrive by't? "

Or, as Milton expresses the same idea, Comus, v. 69:

" —— the human countenance,
" Th' express resemblance of the gods —."

But, (as Mr. M. Mason observes,) in support of Dr. Johnson's explanation, we find that Macbeth, in his next speech but one, alluding to the intended murder of Banquo and Fleance, says:

" Cancel, and tear to pieces, *that great bond*
" That keeps me pale."

Mr. M. Mason, however, adds, that by " nature's copy," Shakspeare might only mean—*the human form divine.* STEEVENS.

The allusion is to an *estate for lives* held by *copy of court-roll.* It is clear, from numberless allusions of the same kind, that Shakspeare had been an attorney's clerk. RITSON.

7 — the bat hath flown
His CLOISTER'D flight;] Bats are often seen flying round *cloisters*, in the dusk of the evening, for a considerable length of time. MALONE.

The bats wheeling round the dim *cloisters* of Queen's College, Cambridge, have frequently impressed on me the singular propriety of this original epithet. STEEVENS.

8 The SHARD-BORNE beetle,] i. e. the beetle hatched in clefts of wood. So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

" They are his *shards*, and he their *beetle*." WARBURTON.

The *shard-borne* beetle is the beetle borne along the air by its *shards* or *scaly wings.* From a passage in Gower, De Confessione Amantis, it appears that *shards* signified *scales*:

" She sigh, her thought, a dragon tho,
" Whose *scherdes* shynen as the sonne." L. VI. fol. 138.

and hence the upper or outward wings of the beetle were called *shards*, they being of a *scaly* substance. To have an outward pair of wings of a *scaly* hardness, serving as integuments to a *filmy* pair beneath them, is the characteristick of the beetle kind.

Ben Jonson, in his Sad Shepherd, says—

" The *scaly* beetles with their *habergeons*,
" That make a humming murmur as they fly."

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

In Cymbeline, Shakspeare applies this epithet again to the beetle:

" ——— we find
" The *sharded* beetle in a safer hold
" Than is the full-wing'd eagle."

Here there is a manifest opposition intended between the wings and flight of the *insect* and the *bird*. The *beetle*, whose sharded *wings* can but *raise him above the ground*, is often in a state of greater *security* than the *vast-winged eagle*, that can soar *to any height*.

As Shakspeare is here describing the *beetle* in the act of flying, (for he never makes his humming noise but when he flies,) it is more natural to suppose the epithet should allude to the peculiarity of his wings, than to the circumstance of his origin, or his place of habitation, both of which are common to him with several other creatures of the insect kind.

Such another description of the *beetle* occurs in Chapman's Eugenia, 4to. 1614:

" ——— The *beetle* ——
" —— there did raise
" With his Irate wings his most unwieldie paise;
" And with his *knollike humming gave the dor*
" *Of death to men* ——."

It is almost needless to say, that the word *irate*, in the second line, must be a corruption.

The quotation from Antony and Cleopatra, seems to make against Dr. Warburton's explanation.

The meaning of Ænonarbus, in that passage, is evidently as follows: Lepidus, says he, is the *beetle* of the trumvirate, a dull, blind creature, that would but crawl on the earth, if Octavius and Antony, his more active colleagues in power, did not serve him for *shards* or wings to raise him a little above the ground.

What idea is afforded, if we say that Octavius and Antony are two clefts in the old wood in which Lepidus was hatched?

STEEVENS.

The " shard-born beetle " is the beetle born in dung. Aristotle and Pliny mention beetles that breed in dung. Poets as well as natural historians have made the same observation. See Drayton's Ideas, 31: " I scorn all earthly *dung-bred* scarabies." So, Ben Jonson, Whalley's edit. vol. i. p. 59:

" But men of thy condition feed on sloth,
" As doth the *beetle* on the *dung* she breeds in."

Lady M. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck [9],

That *shard* signifies *dung*, is well known in the North of Staffordshire, where *cowshard* is the word generally used for *cow-dung*. So, in A petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure, p. 165: "The humble-bee taketh no scorn to loge on a cowe's foule *shard*." Again, in Bacon's Natural History, exp. 775: "Turf and peat, and cow *sheards*, are cheap fuels, and last long."

"Sharded beetle," in Cymbeline, means the "beetle lodged in dung;" and there the humble earthly abode of the beetle is opposed to the lofty eyry of the eagle in "the cedar, whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree," as the poet observes, in The Third Part of King Henry VI. Act V. Sc. II. Tollet.

The *shard-born* beetle is, perhaps, the beetle born among shards, i. e. (not cow's dung, for that is only a secondary or metonymical signification of the word, and not even so, generally, but) pieces of broken pots, tiles, and such-like things, which are frequently thrown together in corners as rubbish, and under which these beetles may usually breed, or (what is the same) may have been supposed so to do.

Thus, in Hamlet, the Priest says of Ophelia:

"*Shards*, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her."

Would Mr. Tollet say that *cow's dung* was to be thrown into the grave? It is true, however, that *sharded beetle* seems scarcely reconcilable to the above explanation. Mr. Steevens *may* be *right*; but Dr. Warburton and Mr. Tollet are certainly wrong. Ritson.

Sir W. D'Avenant appears not to have understood this epithet, for he has given instead of it—

"—— the *sharp-brow'd* beetle."

Mr. Steevens's interpretation is, I think, the true one, in the passage before us. Malone.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation is no doubt the most suitable to the context. The succeeding passages, however, make in favour of Mr. Tollet's explanation. In A briefe Discourse of the Spanish State, 1590, p. 3, there is, "How that nation rising like the *beetle* from the *cowshern* hurtleth against al things." And in Dryden, The Hind and the Panther:

"Such souls as *shards produce*, such *beetle things*,
"As only buzz to heaven with evening wings."

Holt White.

9 — dearest chuck,] I meet with this term of endearment, (which is probably corrupted from *chick* or *chicken*,) in many of our ancient writers. So, in Warner's Albion's England, b. v. c. xxvii.:

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night[1],
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale[2]!—Light thickens; and the
crow[3]

"——immortal she-egg *chuck* of Tyndarus his wife."
It occurs also in our author's Twelfth Night:
"—— how dost thou *chuck?*
"—— Ay, *biddy*, come with me." STEEVENS.

[1] —Come, SEELING night,] *Seeling*, i. e. *blinding*. It is a term in falconry. WARBURTON.

So, in The Booke of Hawkyng, Huntyng, &c. bl. l. no date: "And he must take wyth hym nedle and threde, to *ensyle* the haukes that bene taken. And in thys maner they must be *ensiled*. Take the nedel and thryde, and put it through the over eye lyd, and soe of that other, and make them fast under the becke that she se not," &c. Again, in Chapman's version of the thirteenth Iliad:

"——— did seele
"Th' assailer's *eyes* up."

Again, in the thirteenth Odyssey:

"—— that sleep might sweetly *seel*
"His restful *eyes*." STEEVENS.

[2] Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!] This may be well explained by the following passage in King Richard III.:

"*Cancel his bond of life*, dear God, I pray."

Agsin, in Cymbeline, Act V. Sc. IV.:

"—— take this life,
"And *cancel* these cold *bonds*." STEEVENS.

[3] —LIGHT THICKENS; and the crow, &c.] By the expression, "light thickens," Shakspeare means, "the light grows dull or muddy." In this sense he uses it in Antony and Cleopatra:

"—— my lustre *thickens*
"When he shines by."——EDWARDS's MSS.

It may be added, that in The Second Part of King Henry IV. Prince John of Lancaster tells Falstaff, that "his desert *is too thick to shine*." Again, in The Faithful Shepherdess of Fletcher, Act I. Sc. ult.:

"Fold your flocks up, for the air
"'Gins to *thicken*, and the sun
"Already his great course hath run." STEEVENS.

Again, in Spenser's Calendar, 1579:

Makes wing to the rooky wood [4]:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse [5].

"But see, the welkin *thicks* apace,
"And stouping Phœbus steepes his face;
"It's time to haste us home-ward." MALONE.

4 Makes wing to the ROOKY wood:] *Rooky* may mean *damp, misty, steaming with exhalations.* It is only a North country variation of dialect from *reeky.* In Coriolanus, Shakspeare mentions—

"—— the *reek* of th' rotten fens."

And in Caltha Poetarum, &c. 1599:

"Comes in a vapour like a *rookish* ryme."

"Rooky wood," indeed, may signify a *rookery, the wood that abounds with rooks;* yet, merely to say of the *crow* that he is flying to a wood inhabited by *rooks,* is to add little immediately pertinent to the succeeding observation, viz. that—

"—— things of day begin to droop and drowse."

I cannot, therefore, help supposing our author wrote—

"Makes wing to *rook i' th'* wood."

i. e. to *roost* in it. *Ruck,* or *Rouke, Sax.* So, in King Henry VI. Part I. Act V. Sc. VI.:

"The raven-*rook'd* her on the chimney's top."

See note on this passage.

Again, in Chaucer's Nonnes Preestes Tale:

"O false morderour, *rucking* in thy den."

Again, in Gower, de Confessione Amantis, lib. iv. fol. 72:

"But how their *rucken* in her nest."

Again, in the fifteenth book of A. Golding's translation of Ovid's Metamorphosis:

"He *rucketh* down upon the same, and in the spices dies."

Again, in The Contention betwyxte Churchyeard and Camell, &c. 1560:

"All day to *rucken* on my taile, and poren on a booke."

The harmless crow, that merely flew *to* the *rooky* wood, for aught we are conscious of on this occasion, might have taken a second flight *from* it; but the same bird, when become drowsy, would naturally *ruck* or roost where it settled, while the agents of nocturnal mischief were hastening to their prey. The quiescent state of innoxious birds is thus forcibly contrasted with the active vigilance of destructive beings. So Milton, in the concluding lines of the first book of his Paradise Regained:

Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

" ——— for now began
" Night with her sullen wings to double-shade
" The desert; fowls in their clay nests were *couch'd;*
" And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam."

Should this attempt to reform the passage before us be condemned, " the substance which underwent the operation, at the very worst, is but where it was."

Such an unfamiliar verb as *rook*, might, (especially in a playhouse copy,) become easily corrupted. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's first explanation may receive some support from a passage in the Historie of King Morindos and Miracola, a Spanish Witch, 1609: " It was even at the middle of night, when the scritch-owle, *rookes*, and doremice *sleepe in foggy mistes:* it was even at that houre when the ghoastes of dead men walke, when murtherers dreame of villainy." BOSWELL.

5 Whiles night's black agents to their PREY do rouse.] This appears to be said with reference to those dæmons who were supposed to remain in their several places of confinement all day, but at the close of it were released; such, indeed, as are mentioned in The Tempest, as rejoicing " To hear the solemn curfew," because it announced the hour of their freedom. So also, in Sydney's Astrophel and Stella:

" In night, of sprites the ghastly powers do stir."

Thus also in Ascham's Toxophilus, edit. 1589, p. 13: " For on the night time and in corners, spirites and theeves, &c. &c. use most styrring, when in the day light, and in open places which be ordeyned of God for honest things, they dare not once come; which thing Euripides noteth very well, saying—*Iph. in Taur:*

" Ill thyngs the nyght, good thyngs the day doth haunt and use." STEEVENS.

The old copy reads *preys*, as in the text, which Mr. Steevens and the other modern editors have altered to *prey;* but the original word was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. So, in a translation from Virgil in The Housholders Philosophie, 1588:

" We hide our grey hairs with our helmets, liking ever more
" To live upon the sport and waft our *praics* from shore to shore." MALONE.

SCENE III.

The Same. A Park or Lawn, with a Gate leading to the Palace.

Enter Three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us[6]?
3 *Mur.* Macbeth.
2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.
1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated[7] traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho!
2 *Mur.* Then it is he; the rest

[6] But who did bid thee join with us?] The meaning of this abrupt dialogue is this. The *perfect spy*, mentioned by Macbeth, in the foregoing scene, has, before they enter upon the stage, given them the directions which were promised at the time of their agreement; yet one of the murderers suborned, suspects him of intending to betray them: the other observes, that, by his exact knowledge of *what they were to do*, he appears to be employed by Macbeth, and needs not to be mistrusted. JOHNSON.

The third assassin seems to have been sent to join the others, from Macbeth's superabundant caution. From the following dialogue it appears that some conversation has passed between them before their present entry on the stage. MALONE.

The third Murderer enters only to tell them *where* they should place themselves. STEEVENS.

[7] — lated —] i. e. *belated*, benighted. So, again, in Antony and Cleopatra:

" I am so *lated* in the world, that I
" Have lost my way for ever." STEEVENS.

That are within the note of expectation [8],
Already are i' the court [9].

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE, *a Servant with a torch preceding them.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down [1].

[*Assaults* BANQUO.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou may'st revenge.—O slave!

[*Dies. Fleance and Servant escape* [2].

[8] — the note of expectation,] i. e. they who are set down in the list of guests, and expected to supper. STEEVENS.

[9] Then it is he; the rest
THAT ARE within the note of expectation,
ALREADY are i' the court.] Perhaps this passage, before it fell into the hands of the players, stood thus:

" Then it is he;
" The rest within the note of expectation,
" Are i' the court."

The hasty recurrence of *are*, in the last line, and the redundancy of the metre, seem to support my conjecture. Numberless are the instances in which the player editors would not permit the necessary something to be supplied by the reader. They appear to have been utterly unacquainted with an ellipsis. STEEVENS.

[1] Stand to't.
IT will BE rain to-night.
Let it come down.] For the sake of metre, we should certainly read—

" Stand to't.
" 'Twill rain to-night.
" Let it come down." STEEVENS.

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?
1 *Mur.* Was't not the way[3]?
3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the son is fled.
2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.
1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room of State in the Palace.

A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, *Lady* MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down: at first
And last, the hearty welcome[4].
Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.

[2] *Fleance,* &c. *escape.*] *Fleance,* after the assassination of his father, fled into Wales, where, by the daughter of the Prince of that country, he had a son named Walter, who afterwards became Lord High Steward of Scotland, and from thence assumed the name of Walter Steward. From him, in a direct line, King James I. was descended; in compliment to whom our author has chosen to describe Banquo, who was equally concerned with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan, as innocent of that crime. MALONE.

[3] Was't not the way?] i. e. the best means we could take to evade discovery. STEEVENS.

Rather, to effect our purpose. RITSON.

[4] You know your own degrees, sit down: AT first,
And last, the hearty welcome.] I believe the true reading is:
" You know your own degrees, sit down.—*To* first
" And last the hearty welcome."
All, of whatever degree, from the highest to the lowest, may be assured that their visit is well received. JOHNSON.

Our hostess keeps her state [5]; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks:——
Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within [6].
Is he despatch'd?

[5] Our hostess keeps her state; &c,] i. e. continues in her chair of state at the head of the table. This idea might have been borrowed from Holinshed, p. 805: "The king (Henry VIII.) caused the queene to *keepe the estate*, and then sat the ambassadours and ladies as they were marshalled by the king, who would not sit, but walked from place to place, making cheer," &c.

To *keep state* is a phrase perpetually occurring in our ancient dramas, &c. So, Ben Jonson, in his Cynthia's Revels:

"Seated in thy silver chair
"*State* in wonted manner *keep*."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Wild Goose Chase:

"What a *state she keeps!* how far off they sit from her!"

Many more instances, to the same purpose, might be given. Steevens.

A *state* appears to have been a royal chair with a canopy over it. So, in King Henry IV. Part I.:

"This *chair* shall be my *state*."

Again, in Sir T. Herbert's Memoirs of Charles I.: "— where being *set*, the king *under a state*," &c. Again, in The View of France, 1598: "— espying the *chayre* not to stand well under the *state*, he mended it handsomely himself." Malone.

[6] 'Tis better thee without, than he within.] The sense requires that this passage should be read thus:

"'Tis better thee without, than *him* within."

That is, 'I am better pleased that the blood of Banquo should be on thy face than in his body.'

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: Yet he's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the casing air:
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes[7] on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:——
There the grown serpent lies; the worm[8], that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*

Lady M. My royal lord,

The author might mean, 'It is better that Banquo's blood were on thy face, than *he* in this room.' Expressions thus imperfect are common in his works. JOHNSON.

I have no doubt that this last was the author's meaning. MALONE.

7 — TRENCHED gashes —] *Trancher*, to cut. Fr. So, in Arden of Feversham, 1592:

"Is deeply *trenched* on my blushing brow."

Again, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:

"—— like a figure
"*Trenched* in ice." STEEVENS.

8 — the WORM,] This term, in our author's time, was applied to all of the serpent kind. MALONE.

You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold [9],
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite [1],
And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness sit?

[*The Ghost of Banquo rises* [2], *and sits in Macbeth's place.*

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance [3]!

9 — the feast is SOLD, &c.] Mr. Pope reads:—"the feast is *cold*,"—and not without plausibility. Such another phrase occurs in The Elder Brother of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"You must be welcome too:—*the feast is flat else.*"

But the same expression as Shakspeare's is found in The Romaunt of the Rose:

"Good dede done through praiere,
"*Is sold* and bought to dere." STEEVENS.

The meaning is,—That which is not *given cheerfully*, cannot be called a *gift*, it is something that must be paid for. JOHNSON.

It is still common to say, that we *pay dear* for an entertainment, if the circumstances attending the participation of it prove irksome to us. HENLEY.

1 Now, GOOD DIGESTION wait on appetite,] So, in King Henry VIII.:

"A *good digestion* to you all." STEEVENS.

2 *The Ghost of Banquo rises,*] This circumstance of *Banquo's ghost* seems to be alluded to in The Puritan, first printed in 1607, and ridiculously ascribed to Shakspeare: "We'll ha' the *ghost* i' th' white sheet sit at *upper end o' th' table.*" FARMER.

3 Than pity for mischance!] This is one of Shakspeare's touches of nature. Macbeth, by these words, discovers a consciousness of guilt: and this circumstance could not fail to be recollected by a nice observer on the assassination of Banquo

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?
Macb. The table's full.
Len. Here's a place reserv'd, sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good lord[4]. What is't that moves your highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought[5]

being publickly known. Not being yet rendered sufficiently callous by "hard use," Macbeth betrays himself (as Mr. Whateley has observed) "by an over-acted regard for Banquo, of whose absence from the feast he affects to complain, that he may not be suspected of knowing the cause, though at the same time he very unguardedly drops an allusion to that cause." Malone.

These words do not seem to convey any consciousness of guilt on the part of Macbeth, or allusion to Banquo's murder, as Mr. Whateley supposes. Macbeth only means to say—"I have more cause to accuse him of unkindness for his absence, than to pity him for any accident or mischance that may have occasioned it." Douce.

[4] Here, my lord, &c.] The old copy—"my *good* lord;" an interpolation that spoils the metre. The compositor's eye had caught—*good* from the next speech but one. Steevens.

Mr. Steevens makes *Where?* the commencement of this line. Boswell.

[5] — upon a thought —] i. e. as speedily as *thought* can be exerted. So, in King Henry IV. Part I.: "—and, *with a thought*, seven of the eleven I pay'd." Again, in Hamlet:

"—— as swift
"As *meditation*, or the *thoughts* of love." Steevens.

He will again be well: If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion [6];
Feed and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff [7]!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become [8]
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

[6] — extend his passion;] Prolong his suffering; make his fit longer. JOHNSON.

[7] O proper stuff!] This speech is rather too long for the circumstances in which it is spoken. It had begun better at—*Shame itself!* JOHNSON.

Surely it required more than a few words, to argue Macbeth out of the horror that possessed him. M. MASON.

[8] — O, these flaws, and starts,
(IMPOSTORS TO TRUE FEAR,) would well become, &c.] i. e. these flaws and starts, as they are indications of your needless fears, are the imitators or impostors only of those which arise from a fear well grounded. WARBURTON.

Flaws are *sudden gusts*. JOHNSON.

So, in Coriolanus:

"Like a great sea-mark, standing every *flaw*." STEEVENS.

Again, in Venus and Adonis:

"Gusts and foul *flaws* to herdmen and to herds."
MALONE.

"Impostors *to* true fear," mean impostors when *compared with* true fear. Such is the force of the preposition *to* in this place.
M. MASON.

So, in King Henry VIII.: "Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches *to* them." STEEVENS.

To may be used for *of*. In The Two Gentlemen of Verona we have an expression resembling this:

"Thou *counterfeit to* thy true friend." MALONE.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?——
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites [9]. [*Ghost disappears.*
Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly [1]?
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady M. Fye, for shame!
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time [2],

9 — our MONUMENTS
Shall be the maws of KITES.] The same thought occurs in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. ii. c. viii.:

"Be not *entombed* in the raven or the *kight*."

Thus also—inter nubes tenebrasque Lycophronis atri, v. 413:

Πολλῶν γὰρ ἐν σπλάγχνοισι τυμβευθήσεται
Νήριθμος ἐσμὸς. STEEVENS.

In splendidissimum quemque captivum, non sine verborum contumelia, sæviit: ut quidem uni suppliciter *sepulturam* precanti respondisse dicatur, jam istam *in volucrum fore potestatem*. *Sueton. in August.* 13.

So, in Kyd's Cornelia:

"Where are our legions, where our men at arms?
* * * * * * * *
" ——— the vultures and the crowes,
"Lyons and beares, are theyr best sepulchres." MALONE.

1 What! quite unmann'd IN FOLLY?] Would not this question be forcible enough without the two last words, which overflow the metre, and consequently may be suspected as interpolations? STEEVENS.

2 — i' the OLDEN time,] Mr. M. Mason proposes to read—"the *golden* time," meaning the *golden age:* but the ancient reading may be justified by Holinshed, who, speaking of the Witches, says, they "resembled creatures of the *elder world;*" and in Twelfth-Night we have—

" ——dallies with the innocence of love,
" Like the *old age*."

Again, in Thystorie of Jacob and his Twelve Sones, bl. l. printed by Wynkyn de Worde:

" Of dedes done in the *olde tyme*."

Again, in our Liturgy—" and in the *old time* before them." STEEVENS.

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal [3];
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget:—
Do not muse at me[4], my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down:——Give me some wine, fill full:——
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Ghost rises.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst [5],
And all to all [6].

[3] Ere human statute purg'd the GENTLE WEAL;] The *gentle weal*, is, the *peaceable community*, the state made quiet and safe by *human statutes*.

Mollia securæ peragebant otia gentes. JOHNSON.

In my opinion it means 'That state of innocence which did not require the aid of human laws to render it quiet and secure.'

M. MASON.

[4] Do not MUSE at me,] To *muse* anciently signified to *wonder*, to be in *amaze*. So, in King Henry IV. Part II. Act IV.:

"I *muse*, you make so slight a question."

Again, in All's Well that Ends Well:

"And rather *muse*, than ask, why I entreat you."

STEEVENS.

[5] —to all, and him, we THIRST,] We *thirst*, I suppose, means we desire to drink. So, in Julius Cæsar, Cassius says, when Brutus drinks to him, to bury all unkindness—

"My heart is *thirsty* for that noble pledge." M. MASON.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes [7]
Which thou dost glare with!
Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger [8],
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;

[6] And all to all.] i. e. all good wishes to all; such as he had named above, *love, health, and joy.* Warburton.

I once thought it should be *hail* to all, but I now think that the present reading is right. Johnson.

Timon uses nearly the same expression to his guests, Act I.: "All to you."

Again, in King Henry VIII. more intelligibly:

"And *to you all* good health." Steevens.

[7] — no speculation in those eyes —] So, in the 115th Psalm: "— eyes have they, but see not." Steevens.

[8] — the Hyrcan tiger,] Theobald chooses to read, in opposition to the old copy—"*Hyrcanian* tiger;" but the alteration was unnecessary, as Dr. Philemon Holland, in his translation of Pliny's Natural History, p. 122, mentions the *Hyrcane* sea. Tollet.

Sir William D'Avenant unnecessarily altered this to *Hircanian* tiger, which was followed by Theobald, and others. *Hircan* tigers are mentioned by Daniel, our author's contemporary, in his Sonnets, 1594:

"—— restore thy fierce and cruel mind
"To *Hircan tygers*, and to ruthless beares." Malone.

Alteration certainly might be spared: in Riche's Second Part of Simonides, 4to. 1584, sign. C 1, we have—"Contrariewise these souldiers, like to *Hircan tygers*, revenge themselves on their own bowelles; some parricides, some fratricides, all homicides." Reed.

If trembling I inhibit [9] thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
[*Ghost disappears.*

9 If trembling I INHIBIT —] *Inhabit* is the original reading, which Mr. Pope changed to *inhibit*, which *inhibit* Dr. Warburton interprets *refuse*. The old reading may stand, at least as well as the emendation. JOHNSON.

Inhibit seems more likely to have been the poet's own word, as he uses it frequently in the sense required in this passsage, Othello, Act I. Sc. VII.:

" —— a practiser
" Of arts *inhibited*."

Hamlet, Act II. Sc. VI.:

" I think their *inhibition* comes of the late innovation."

To *inhibit* is to *forbid*. STEEVENS.

I have not the least doubt that " *inhibit* thee," is the true reading. In All's Well that Ends Well, we find, in the second, and all the subsequent folios—" which is the most *inhabited* sin of the canon," instead of *inhibited*.

The same error is found in Stowe's Survey of London, 4to. 1618, p. 772: " Also Robert Fabian writeth, that in the year 1506, the one and twentieth of Henry the Seventh, the said stew-houses in Southwarke were for a season *inhabited*, and the doores closed up, but it was not long, saith he, ere the houses there were set open again, so many as were permitted."—The passage is not in the printed copy of Fabian, but that writer left in manuscript a continuation of his Chronicle from the accession of King Henry VII. to near the time of his own death, (1512,) which was in Stowe's possession in the year 1600, but I believe is now lost.

By the other slight but happy emendation, the reading *thee* instead of *then*, which was proposed by Mr. Steevens, and to which I have paid the respect that it deserved, by giving it a place in my text, this passage is rendered clear and easy.

Mr. Steevens's correction is strongly supported by the punctuation of the old copy, where the line stands—" If trembling I inhabit then, protest," &c. and not—" If trembling I inhabit, then protest," &c. In our author's King Richard II. we have nearly the same thought:

" If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
" *I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness.*" MALONE.

Inhabit is the original reading; and it needs no alteration. The obvious meaning is—' Should you challenge me to encounter you in the desert, and I, through fear, remain trembling in my castle, then protest me,' &c. Shakspeare here uses the verb *inhabit* in a neutral sense, to express *continuance in a given situation*; and Milton has employed it in a similar manner:

Unreal mockery [1], hence !—Why, so ;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke
the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder [2] ? You make me
strange

" Meanwhile *inhabit* lax, ye powers of heaven ! " Henley.

To *inhabit*, a verb neuter, may undoubtedly have a meaning like that suggested by Mr. Henley. Thus, in As You Like It : " O knowledge ill-*inhabited !* worse than Jove in a thatched house ! " *Inhabited*, in this instance, can have no other meaning than *lodged*.

It is not, therefore, impossible, that by *inhabit*, our author capriciously meant—' stay within doors.'—If, when you have challenged me to the desert, I sculk in my house, do not hesitate to protest my cowardice. Steevens.

The reading—" If trembling I *inhibit*,"—and the explanation of it, derives some support from Macbeth's last words—

" And damn'd be him that first cries, hold ! enough ! "

I cannot reconcile myself to Henley's or Steevens's explanation of *inhabit*. M. Mason.

Another instance of *inhabit*, used as a neuter verb, may be found in Fletcher's Mad Lover :

" Her eye *inhabits on him*."

Where a satisfactory meaning can be elicited from the old copy, it is surely taking too great a liberty to introduce an alteration which requires the amendment of two words. Mr. Horne Tooke very strenuously defends the original reading, which, had I been at liberty to do it, I should have retained, but has added no additional argument in its support to what had been already produced. Boswell.

[1] Unreal MOCKERY,] i. e. *unsubstantial pageant*, as our author calls the vision in The Tempest ; or the picture in Timon of Athens, " — a *mocking* of the life." Steevens.

[2] Can such things be,
And OVERCOME us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?] The meaning is, " Can such wonders as these *pass over* us without wonder, as a casual summer cloud passes over us ? " Johnson.

No instance is given of this sense of the word *overcome*, which

Even to the disposition that I owe [3],
When now I think you can behold such sights,

has caused all the difficulty; it is, however, to be found in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. iii. c. vii. st. 4:

" —— A little valley —
" All covered with thick woods, that quite it *overcame*."

FARMER.

Again, in Chapman's version of the fifteenth Iliad:

" —— his eyes were *overcome*
" With fervour, and resembled flames—."

Again, in the fourth Iliad:

" So (after Diomed) the field was *overcome*
" With thick impressions of the Greeks—." STEEVENS.

Again, in Marie Magdalene's Repentaunce, 1567:

" With blode *overcome* were both his eyen." MALONE.

[3] —— You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,] Which, in plain English, is only: " You make me just mad." WARBURTON.

You produce in me an *alienation of mind;* which is probably the expression which our author intended to paraphrase.

JOHNSON.

I do not think that either of the editors has very successfully explained this passage, which seems to mean,—" You prove to me that I am a stranger even to my own disposition, when I perceive that the very object which steals the colour from my cheek, permits it to remain in yours." In other words,—' You prove to me how false an opinion I have hitherto maintained of my own courage, when yours, on the trial, is found to exceed it." A thought somewhat similar occurs in The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II. Sc. I.: " I'll entertain myself like one I am not acquainted withal." Again, in All's Well That Ends Well, Act V.:

" —— if you know
" That you are well acquainted with yourself."

STEEVENS.

The meaning, I think, is, ' You render me a stranger to, *or forgetful of*, that *brave* disposition which *I know* I possess, and make me fancy myself a coward, when I perceive that I am terrified by a sight which has not in the least alarmed you.' A passage in As You Like It may prove the best comment on that before us:

" If with myself I hold intelligence,
" Or have acquaintance with my own desires—."

So Macbeth says, he has no longer *acquaintance* with his own *brave* disposition of mind: His wife's *superior* fortitude makes

And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear[4].

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all[5]!

[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood[6]:

him as ignorant of his own courage as a *stranger* might be supposed to be. Malone.

I believe it only means, 'you make me *amazed*.' The word *strange* was then used in this sense. So, in The History of Jack of Newberry: "I jest not, said she; for I mean it shall be; and stand not *strangely*, but remember that you promised me," &c. Reed.

[4] —are BLANCH'D with fear,] i. e. turned pale, as in Webster's Dutchess of Malfy, 1623:

"Thou dost *blanch* mischief;
"Dost make it white." Steevens.

The old copy reads—*is* blanch'd. Sir T. Hanmer corrected this passage in the wrong place, by reading—*cheek*; in which he has been followed by the subsequent editors. His correction gives, perhaps, a more elegant text, but not the text of Shakspeare. The alteration now made is only that which every editor has been obliged to make in almost every page of these plays.—In this very scene the old copy has "—the times *has* been," &c. Perhaps it may be said that *mine* refers to *ruby*, and that therefore no change is necessary. But this seems very harsh. Malone.

[5] A KIND good night to all!] I take it for granted, that the redundant and valueless syllables—*a kind*, are a play-house interpolation. Steevens.

[6] It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:] So, in The Mirror of Magistrates, p. 118:

"Take heede, ye princes, by examples past,
"*Bloud will have bloud*, eyther at first or last." Henderson.

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak [7];
Augurs, and understood relations [8], have

I would thus point the passage:

"It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood."

As a confirmation of the reading, I would add the following authority:

"Blood asketh blood, and death must death requite."

Ferrex and Porrex, Act IV. Sc. II. WHALLEY.

I have followed Mr. Whalley's punctuation, instead of placing the semicolon after—*say*.

The same words occur in The Battle of Alcazar, 1594:

"*Bloud will have bloud*, foul murther scape no scourge."

STEEVENS.

7 — and trees to speak;] Alluding perhaps to the vocal tree which (see the third book of the Æneid) revealed the murder of Polydorus. STEEVENS.

8 Augurs, and understood RELATIONS, &c.] By the word *relation* is understood the *connection* of effects with causes; to *understand relations* as *an augur*, is to know how those things *relate* to each other, which have no visible combination or dependence. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare, in his licentious way, by *relations*, might only mean *languages*; i. e. the language of birds. WARBURTON.

The old copy has the passage thus:

"Augures, and understood relations, have
"By maggot-pies and choughs," &c.

The modern editors have read:

"Augurs *that understand* relations, have
"By *magpies* and *by* choughs," &c.

Perhaps we should read, *auguries*, i. e. prognostications by means of omens and prodigies. These, together with the connection of effects with causes, being understood, (says he,) have been instrumental in divulging the most secret murders.

In Cotgrave's Dictionary, a *magpie* is called *magatapie*. So, in The Night-Raven, a Satirical Collection, &c.

"I neither tattle with iack-daw,
"Or *Maggot-pye* on thatch'd house straw."

Magot-pie is the original name of the bird; *Magot* being the familiar appellation given to pies, as we say *Robin* to a redbreast, *Tom* to a titmouse, *Philip* to a sparrow, &c. The modern *mag* is the abbreviation of the ancient *Magot*, a word which we had from the French. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens rightly restores *Magot-pies*. In Minsheu's Guide to the Tongues, 1617, we meet with a *maggatapie*: and

By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought
forth
The secret'st man of blood [9].—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is
which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his
person,
At our great bidding [1]?

Middleton, in his More Dissemblers beside Women, says: "He calls her *magot o' pie*." Farmer.

It appears to me that we ought to read:

"Augurs *that* understood relations," &c.

which, by a very slight alteration, removes every difficulty.

M. Mason.

9 —and choughs, and rooks, brought forth

The secret'st man of blood.] The inquisitive reader will find such a story in Thomas Lupton's Thousand Notable Things, &c. 4to. bl. l. no date, p. 100; and in Goulart's Admirable Histories, &c. p. 425, 4to. 1607. Steevens.

1 How say'st thou, &c.] Macbeth here asks a question, which the recollection of a moment enables him to answer. Of this forgetfulness, natural to a mind oppressed, there is a beautiful instance in the sacred song of Deborah and Barak: "She asked her wise women counsel; yea, she returned answer to herself."

Mr. M. Mason's interpretation of this passage has, however, taught me diffidence of my own. He supposes, and not without sufficient reason, that what Macbeth means to say, is this: "What do you think of this circumstance, that Macduff denies to come at our great bidding? What do you infer from thence? What is your opinion of the matter?"

So, in Othello, when the Duke is informed that the Turkish fleet was making for Rhodes, which he supposed to have been bound for Cyprus, he says—

"How *say you* by this change?"

That is, what do you think of it?

In The Coxcomb, Antonio says to Maria—

"Sweetheart, how *say you* by this gentleman?
"He will away at midnight."

Again, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Speed says—

"But Launce, *how say'st thou*, that my master is become a notable lover?"

Again, Macbeth, in his address to his wife, on the first appearance of Banquo's ghost, uses the same form of words:

"—— behold! look! lo! *how say you?*"

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them [2], but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(And betimes I will,) to the weird sisters [3]:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er [4]:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd [5].

The circumstance, however, on which this question is founded, took its rise from the old history. Macbeth sent to Macduff to assist in building the castle of Dunsinane. Macduff sent workmen, &c. but did not choose to trust his person in the tyrant's power. From that time he resolved on his death. STEEVENS.

[2] There's not A ONE of them,] *A one* of them, however uncouth the phrase, signifies an individual. Chaucer frequently prefixes the article *a* to nouns of number. See Squiere's Tale, 10,697:

"And up they risen, wel *a* ten or twelve."

In Albumazar, 1614, the same expression occurs: "Not *a one* shakes his tail, but I sigh out a passion." Theobald would read *thane;* and might have found his proposed emendation in D'Avenant's alteration of Macbeth, 1674. This avowal of the tyrant is authorized by Holinshed; "He had in every nobleman's house one slie fellow or other in fee with him to reveale all," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] (Betimes I will,) UNTO the weird sisters:] The ancient copy reads—

"*And* betimes I will *to* the weird sisters."

They whose ears are familiarized to discord, may perhaps object to my omission of the first word, and my supplement to the fifth. STEEVENS.

[4] ——— I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:] This idea is borrowed by Dryden, in his Œdipus, Act IV.:

"—— I have already past
"The middle of the stream; and to return
"Seems greater labour, than to venture o'er." STEEVENS.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep [6].

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
We are yet but young in deed [7]. [*Exeunt.*

[5] —be SCANN'D.] To *scan* is to examine nicely. Thus, in Hamlet:

"——so he goes to heaven,
"And so am I reveng'd: That would be *scann'd*."

STEEVENS.

[6] You lack the SEASON of all natures, sleep.] I take the meaning to be, "*You want sleep*, which *seasons*, or gives the relish to, *all nature*." "Indiget somni vitæ condimenti."

JOHNSON.

This word is often used in this sense by our author. So, in All's Well That Ends Well: "'Tis the best brine a maiden can *season* her praise in." Again, in Much Ado About Nothing, where, as in the present instance, the word is used as a substantive:

"And salt too little, which may *season* give
"To her foul tainted flesh."

So, in The Miscellaneous Poems, published in the names of Lord Pembroke and Sir Benjamin Rudyer, p. 70:

"And jealousy, thus mix'd, doth prove
"The *season* and the salt of love."

An anonymous correspondent thinks the meaning is, "You stand in need of the time or season of sleep, which all natures require." MALONE.

[7] We are yet but young IN DEED.] The editions before Theobald read—

"We're but young *indeed*." JOHNSON.

The meaning is not ill explained by a line in King Henry VI. Part III.: We are not, Macbeth would say,

"Made *impudent* with use of *evil deeds*."

or, we are not yet (as Romeo expresses it) "*old* murderers." Theobald's amendment may be countenanced by a passage in Antony and Cleopatra: "Not *in deed*, madam, for I can do nothing."

Again, in Chapman's translation of the eleventh book of the Iliad, fol. edit. p. 146:

"And would not be the first in name, unlesse the first *in deed*."

Again, in Hamlet:

SCENE V.

The Heath.

Thunder. Enter HECATE[8], *meeting the Three Witches.*

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate[9]? you look angerly.

"To show yourself *in deed* your father's son
"More than in words."

The initiate fear, is the fear that always attends the first initiation into guilt, before the mind becomes callous and insensible by frequent repetition of it, or (as the poet says) by *hard use*.

STEEVENS.

[8] *Enter Hecate,*] Shakspeare has been censured for introducing Hecate among the vulgar witches, and, consequently, for confounding ancient with modern superstitions. He has, however, authority for giving a mistress to the witches. Delrio, Disquis. Mag. lib. ii. quæst. 9, quotes a passage of Apuleius, Lib. de Asino aureo: "de quadam Caupona, *regina* Sagarum." And adds further: "ut scias etiam tum quasdam ab iis hoc *titulo* honoratas." In consequence of this information, Ben Jonson, in his Masque of Queens, has introduced a character which he calls a *Dame*, who presides at the meeting of the Witches:

"Sisters, stay; we want our *dame*."

The *dame* accordingly enters, invested with marks of superiority, and the rest pay an implicit obedience to her commands.

Again, in A true Examination and Confession of Elizabeth Stile, alias Rockyngham, &c. 1579, bl. l. 12mo: "Further she saieth, that Mother Seidre, dwelling in the almes house, was the *maistres* witche of all the reste, and she is now deade."

Shakspeare is therefore blameable only for calling his presiding character Hecate, as it might have been brought on with propriety under any other title whatever. STEEVENS.

The Gothic and Pagan fictions were now frequently blended and incorporated. The Lady of the Lake floated in the suite of Neptune before Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth; Ariel assumes the semblance of a sea-nymph, and Hecate, by an easy association, conducts the rites of the weird sisters in Macbeth.

T. WARTON.

See a very curious investigation of this subject in Mr. Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare, vol. i. p. 382. BOSWELL.

Shakspeare seems to have been unjustly censured for introducing Hecate among the modern witches. Scot's Discovery of

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffick with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,

Witchcraft, b. iii. c. ii. and c. xvi. and b. xii. c. iii. mentions it as the common opinion of all writers, that witches were supposed to have nightly "meetings with Herodias, and the Pagan gods," and "that in the night-times they ride abroad with Diana, the goddess of the Pagans," &c.—Their dame or chief leader seems always to have been an old Pagan, as "the Ladie Sibylla, Minerva, or Diana." Tollet.

In Jonson's Sad Shepherd, Act II. Sc. III. Maudlin, the witch, (who is the speaker,) calls Hecate the *mistress of witches*, "our Dame *Hecate*;" which has escaped the notice of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Tollet, in their remarks on Shakspeare's being censured for introducing Hecate among the vulgar witches. Todd.

9 Why, how now, Hecate?] Marlowe, though a scholar, has likewise used the word *Hecate*, as a dissyllable:

"Pluto's blew fire, and *Hecat's* tree,
"With magick spells so compass thee." *Dr. Faustus.*

The writers of that time were accustomed to Anglicise classical proper names in this manner.

So, Fairfax, xvi. 5:

"The *Ciclades* seem'd to swimme among the maine."

Malone.

Mr. Todd, among his ingenious notes on Comus, has pointed out the same illegitimate pronunciation in The Sad Shepherd of Ben Jonson, Act II. Sc. III.:

"———— that very night
"We earth'd her in the shades, when our dame *Hecat*
"Made it her gaing night over the kirk-yard."

Milton, in his Comus, has likewise taken the same liberty:

"Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
"Wherein thou rid'st with *Hecat*, and befriend
"Us," &c. Steevens.

Again, in King Lear, Act I. Sc. I.:

"The mysteries of *Hecate* and the night." Reed.

Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you[1].
But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron[2]

[1] — for a wayward son,
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, AS OTHERS DO,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.] Inequality of measure, (the first of these lines being a foot longer than the second,) together with the unnecessary and weak comparison—" as others do," incline me to regard the passage before us as both maimed and interpolated. Perhaps it originally ran thus:

" —— for a wayward son,
" *A* spiteful and a wrathful, who
" Loves for his own ends, not for you."

But the repetition of the article *a* being casually omitted by some transcriber for the theatre, the verse became too short, and a fresh conclusion to it was supplied by the amanuensis, who overlooked the legitimate rhyme *who*, when he copied the play for publication.

If it be necessary to exemplify the particular phraseology introduced by way of amendment, the following line in Chaucer,

" A frere there was, *a wanton* and *a mery*."

and a passage in The Witch, by Middleton, will sufficiently answer that purpose:

" What death is't you desire for Almachildes?
" *A* sudden, and *a* subtle."

In this instance, the repeated article *a* is also placed before two adjectives referring to a substantive in the preceding line. See also The Paston Letters, vol. iv. p. 155: " Pray God send us *a* good world and *a* peaceable." Again, in our author's King Henry IV.: " *A* good portly man, i' faith, and *a* corpulent."

Again, in an ancient MS. entitled The Boke of Huntyng, that is cleped Mayster of Game: " It [the Boar] is a prowde beest, *a* feers, and *a* perilous." STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is led upon the same principle to make an equally unauthorized alteration a few lines after this:

" Unto *a* dismal and *a* fatal end."

Contemporary authority for the inequality of measure on which his objection to the text is founded, is produced in the Essay on Shakspeare's Versification. BOSWELL.

[2] — the pit of ACHERON —] Shakspeare seems to have thought it allowable to bestow the name of *Acheron* on any fountain, lake, or pit, through which there was vulgarly supposed to be a communication between this and the infernal world. The

Meet me i' the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside:
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end [3].
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon [4]

true original *Acheron* was a river in Greece; and yet Virgil gives this name to his lake in the valley of *Amsanctus* in Italy.

STEEVENS.

Shakspeare perhaps was led by Scripture (as Mr. Plumptre observed to me, not by any classical notion,) to make his witches assemble at the pit of *Acheron*.

See 2 Kings i. 2, 7, sometimes called "The Fourth Book of Kings:"

"2. And Ahaziah," &c.

"6. And they said unto him, There came a man up to meet us and said unto us, Go, turn again unto the king that sent you, and say unto him, Thus saith the Lord, Is it not because there is not a God in Israel, that thou sendest to inquire of Baal-zebub the god of *Ekron*? therefore thou shalt not come down from that bed on which thou art gone up, but shalt surely die."

Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, alluding to this passage in a work of great celebrity at that time, which doubtless Shakspeare had read, (Defensative against Supposed Prophecies, p. 83,) calls demons the pages of Baal-zebub the god of *Acharon*.

Ekron, according to Cruden, signifies "*barren* place."

MALONE.

[3] Unto a dismal-fatal end.] The old copy violates the metre by needless addition:

"Unto a dismal *and a* fatal end."

I read—*dismal-fatal*. Shakspeare, as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes, in a note on King Richard III. is fond of these compound epithets, in which the first adjective is to be considered as an adverb. So, in that play, we meet with *childish-foolish*, *senseless-obstinate*, and *mortal-staring*. And, in King John, we have *stubborn-hard*.

STEEVENS.

[4] Upon the corner of the MOON, &c.] Shakspeare's mythological knowledge, on this occasion, appears to have deserted him; for as *Hecate* is only one of three names belonging to the same goddess, she could not properly be employed in one character to catch a drop that fell from her in another. In A Midsummer-

There hangs a vaporous drop profound [5];
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that distill'd by magick slights [6],
Shall raise such artificial sprights,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Song. [*Within.*] *Come away, come away* [7], *&c.*

Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

Night's Dream, however, our poet was sufficiently aware of her three-fold capacity:

" —— fairies, that do run
" By the *triple* Hecat's team—." Steevens.

[5] — vaporous drop profound;] That is, a drop that has *profound, deep,* or *hidden* qualities. Johnson.

This vaporous drop seems to have been meant for the same as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on particular herbs, or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantment. Lucan introduces Erictho using it, lib. vi.:

—— et virus large *lunare* ministrat. Steevens.

[6] — slights,] Arts; subtle practices. Johnson.

[7] *Come away, come away, &c.*] This entire song I found in a MS. dramatic piece, entitled, " A Tragi-Coomodie called The Witch; long since acted &c. written by Thomas Middleton."

The Hecate of Shakspeare has said—

" I am for the air," &c.

The Hecate of Middleton (who, like the former, is summoned away by aerial spirits,) has the same declaration in almost the same words—

" I am for aloft " &c.

Song.] " Come away, come away:
" Heccat, Heccat, come away," &c. } *in the aire.*

See my note among Mr. Malone's Prolegomena, Article *Macbeth*, [vol. ii.] where other coincidences, &c. are pointed out. Steevens.

SCENE VI.

Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LENOX *and another Lord*[8].

LEN. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne: The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought[9], how monstrous[1]
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!

[8] *Enter Lenox, and another Lord.*] As this tragedy, like the rest of Shakspeare's, is perhaps overstocked with personages, it is not easy to assign a reason why a nameless character should be introduced here, since nothing is said that might not with equal propriety have been put into the mouth of any other disaffected man. I believe, therefore, that in the original copy it was written with a very common form of contraction, *Lenox and An.* for which the transcriber, instead of Lenox and Angus, set down, "Lenox and *another Lord*." The author had, indeed, been more indebted to the transcriber's fidelity and diligence, had he committed no errors of greater importance. JOHNSON.

[9] Who CANNOT want the thought,] The sense requires:

"Who *can* want the thought."

Yet, I believe, the text is not corrupt. Shakspeare is sometimes incorrect in these *minutiæ*. MALONE.

[1] — monstrous —] This word is here used as a trisyllable. MALONE.

So, in Chapman's version of the 9th book of Homer's Odyssey:

"A man in shape, immane and *monsterous*." STEEVENS.

How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an't please heaven, he shall not,) they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan [2],
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect: Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid [3]
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives [4];

[2] The son of Duncan,] The old copy—*sons*. Malone.
Theobald corrected it. Johnson.

[3] — on his aid —] Old copy—*upon*. Steevens.

[4] Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;] The construction is—Free our feasts and banquets from bloody knives. Perhaps the words are transposed, and the line originally stood:
"Our feasts and banquets free from bloody knives."
Malone.

Aukward transpositions in ancient language are so frequent,

Do faithful homage, and receive free honours [5],
All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath so exasperate [6] the king [7], that he
Prepares for some attempt of war [8].

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution [9], to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing

that the passage before us might have passed unsuspected, had there not been a possibility that the compositor's eye caught the word *free* from the line immediately following. We might read, *fright*, or *fray*, (a verb commonly used by old writers,) but any change, perhaps, is needless. Steevens.

[5] — and receive FREE honours,] *Free* may be either honours *freely bestowed*, not purchased by crimes; or honours *without slavery*, without dread of a tyrant. Johnson.

[6] — exasperate —] i. e. exasperated. So *contaminate* is used for *contaminated* in King Henry V. Steevens.

[7] — THE king,] i. e. Macbeth. The old copy has, less intelligibly—*their*. Steevens.

[8] Prepares for some attempt OF WAR.] The singularity of this expression, with the apparent redundancy of the metre, almost persuade me to follow Sir T. Hanmer, by the omission of the two last words. Steevens.

[9] Advise him to a CAUTION,] Sir T. Hanmer, to add smoothness to the versification, reads—"to a *care*."

I suspect, however, the words—*to a*, are interpolations, designed to render an elliptical expression more clear, according to some player's apprehension. Perhaps the lines originally stood thus:

"And that well might
"Advise him caution, *and* to hold what distance
"His wisdom can provide." Steevens.

May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd [1]!
Lord. I'll send my prayers with him [2]!
[*Exeunt.*

[1] — to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!] The construction is,—to our country suffering under a hand accursed. MALONE.

[2] My prayers with him!] The old copy, frigidly, and in defiance of measure, reads—

"*I'll send* my prayers with him."

I am aware, that for this, and similar rejections, I shall be censured by those who are disinclined to venture out of the track of the old stage-waggon, though it may occasionally conduct them into a slough. It may soon, therefore, be discovered, that numerous beauties are resident in the discarded words—*I'll send*; and that as frequently as the vulgarism—*on*, has been displaced to make room for—*of*, a diamond has been exchanged for a pebble.—For my own sake, however, let me add, that, throughout the present tragedy, no such liberties have been exercised, without the previous approbation of Dr. Farmer, who fully concurs with me in supposing the irregularities of Shakspeare's text to be oftener occasioned by interpolations, than by omissions.
STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has proposed three alterations of the text in twenty-one lines, and has given the rein to his critical boldness in this play, more, perhaps, than in any other. The *old stage-waggon* may offend the refinement of those who may accuse Shakspeare "*Plaustris* vexisse poemata:" but his genuine admirers will prefer the vehicle which he himself has chosen to the modern curricle which Mr. Steevens would provide for him. BOSWELL.

ACT IV. SCENE I [3].

A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron boiling.

Thunder. Enter the Three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd [4].

[3] *Scene I.*] As this is the chief scene of enchantment in the play, it is proper, in this place, to observe, with how much judgment Shakspeare has selected all the circumstances of his infernal ceremonies, and how exactly he has conformed to common opinions and traditions:

"Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

The usual form in which familiar spirits are reported to converse with witches, is that of a cat. A witch, who was tried about half a century before the time of Shakspeare, had a cat named Rutterkin, as the spirit of one of those witches was Grimalkin; and when any mischief was to be done, she used to bid Rutterkin *go and fly*. But once, when she would have sent Rutterkin to torment a daughter of the Countess of Rutland, instead of *going* or *flying*, he only cried *mew*, from whence she discovered that the lady was out of his power, the power of witches being not universal, but limited, as Shakspeare has taken care to inculcate:

"Though his bark cannot be lost,
"Yet it shall be tempest-tost."

The common afflictions which the malice of witches produced, were melancholy, fits, and loss of flesh, which are threatened by one of Shakspeare's witches:

"Weary sev'n nights, nine times nine,
"Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine."

It was likewise their practice to destroy the cattle of their neighbours, and the farmers have to this day many ceremonies to secure their cows and other cattle from witchcraft; but they seem to have been most suspected of malice against swine. Shakspeare has accordingly made one of his witches declare that she has been *killing swine*; and Dr. Harsnet observes, that, about that time, "a sow could not be ill of the measles, nor a girl of the sullens, but some old woman was charged with witchcraft."

"Toad, that under the cold stone,
"Days and nights hast thirty-one,
"Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
"Boil thou first i' the charmed pot."

Toads have likewise long lain under the reproach of being by some means accessary to witchcraft, for which reason Shakspeare,

2 *Witch*. Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd[5].

Boche Fameton f. 119

44 in the first scene of this play, calls one of the spirits Paddock or Toad, and now takes care to put a toad first into the pot. When Vaninus was seized at Tholouse, there was found at his lodgings *ingens bufo vitro inclusus, a great toad shut in a vial*, upon which those that prosecuted him *Veneficium exprobrabant, charged him*, I suppose, *with witchcraft*.

" Fillet of a fenny snake,
" In the cauldron boil and bake:
" Eye of newt, and toe of frog;——
" For a charm," &c.

The propriety of these ingredients may be known by consulting the books De Viribus Animalium and De Mirabilibus Mundi, ascribed to Albertus Magnus, in which the reader, who has time and credulity, may discover very wonderful secrets.

" Finger of birth-strangled babe,
" Ditch-deliver'd by a drab ——;"

It has been already mentioned, in the law against witches, that they are supposed to take up dead bodies to use in enchantments, which was confessed by the woman whom King James examined; and who had of a dead body, that was divided in one of their assemblies, two fingers for her share. It is observable, that Shakspeare, on this great occasion, which involves the fate of a king, multiplies all the circumstances of horror. The babe, whose finger is used, must be strangled in its birth; the grease must not only be human, but must have dropped from a gibbet, the gibbet of a murderer; and even the sow, whose blood is used, must have offended nature by devouring her own farrow. These are touches of judgment and genius.

" And now about the cauldron sing,——
" Black spirits and white,
" Red spirits and grey,
" Mingle, mingle, mingle,
" You that mingle may."

And, in a former part:

" —— weird sisters, hand in hand,——
" Thus do go about, about;
" Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
" And thrice again, to make up nine!"

These two passages I have brought together, because they both seem subject to the objection of too much levity for the solemnity of enchantment, and may both be shown, by one quotation from Camden's account of Ireland, to be founded upon a practice really observed by the uncivilized natives of that country: " When any one gets a fall, *says the informer of*

3 Witch. Harper cries[6]: — 'Tis time, 'tis time[7].

Camden, he starts up, and, *turning three times to the right*, digs a hole in the earth; for they imagine that there is a spirit in the ground, and if he falls sick in two or three days, they send one of their women that is skilled in that way to the place, where she says, I call thee from the east, west, north, and south, from the groves, the woods, the rivers, and the fens, from the *fairies*, *red*, *black*, *white*." There was likewise a book written before the time of Shakspeare, describing, amongst other properties, the *colours* of spirits.

Many other circumstances might be particularised, in which Shakspeare has shown his judgment and his knowledge.

JOHNSON.

[4] Thrice the brinded CAT hath mew'd.] A *cat*, from time immemorial, has been the agent and favourite of Witches. This superstitious fancy is pagan, and very ancient; and the original, perhaps, this: "When Galanthia was changed into a *cat* by the Fates, (says Antonius Liberalis, Metam. c. xxix.) by witches, (says Pausanias in his Bœotics,) Hecate took pity of her, and made her her priestess; in which office she continues to this day. Hecate herself too, when Typhon forced all the gods and goddesses to hide themselves in animals, assumed the shape of a *cat*. So, Ovid:

"*Fele* soror Phœbi latuit." WARBURTON.

[5] THRICE; and ONCE the HEDGE-PIG whin'd.] Mr. Theobald reads, "*twice* and once," &c. and observes that odd numbers are used in all enchantments and magical operations. The remark is just, but the passage was misunderstood. The second Witch only repeats the number which the first had mentioned, in order to confirm what she had said; and then adds, that the *hedge-pig* had likewise cried, though but once. Or what seems more easy, the hedge-pig had whined *thrice*, and after an interval had whined once again.

Even numbers, however, were always reckoned inauspicious. So, in The Honest Lawyer, by S. S. 1616: "Sure 'tis not a lucky time; the first crow I heard this morning, cried *twice*. This *even*, sir, is no good number." "Twice and once," however, might be a cant expression. So, in King Henry IV. Part II. Silence says, "I have been merry *twice and once*, ere now."

STEEVENS.

The urchin, or hedgehog, from its solitariness, the ugliness of its appearance, and from a popular opinion that it sucked or poisoned the udders of cows, was adopted into the demonologic system, and its shape was sometimes supposed to be assumed by

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go [8];
In the poison'd entrails throw.——
Toad, that under coldest stone [9],
Days and nights hast [1] thirty-one

mischievous elves. Hence it was one of the plagues of Caliban in The Tempest. T. Warton.

[6] Harper cries :] This is some imp, or familiar spirit, concerning whose etymology and office, the reader may be wiser than the editor. Those who are acquainted with Dr. Farmer's pamphlet, will be unwilling to derive the name of *Harper* from Ovid's Harpalos, ab αρπάζω rapio. See Upton's Critical Observations, &c. edit. 1748, p. 155.

Harper, however, may be only a mis-spelling, or misprint, for *harpy*. So, in Marlowe's Tamburlaine, &c. 1590:

"And like a *harper* tyers upon my life."

The word *cries* likewise seems to countenance this supposition. *Crying* is one of the technical terms appropriated to the noise made by birds of prey. So, in the nineteenth Iliad, 350:

Ἡ δ', ΑΡΠΗ *εἰκυῖα ταναυπτέρυγι*, ΛΙΓΥΦΩΝΩ,
Οὐρανῦ *ἐκκατεπᾶλτο*—."

Thus rendered by Chapman:

"And like a *harpie*, with a *voice that shrieks*," &c.

Steevens.

We might as well imagine the names of all the evil spirits in King Lear to be corruptions because we are unacquainted with their etymology. Boswell.

[7] —'Tis time, 'tis time.] This familiar does not cry out that it is time for them to begin their enchantments; but *cries*, i. e. gives them the signal, upon which the third Witch communicates the notice to her sisters:

"Harper cries:—'Tis time, 'tis Time."

Thus too the Hecate of Middleton, already quoted:

"*Hec.*] Heard you the owle yet?
"*Stad.*] Briefely in the copps.
"*Hec.*] *'Tis high time for us then.*" Steevens.

[8] Round about the cauldron go;] Milton has caught this image in his Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity:

"In dismal dance about the furnace blue." Steevens.

[9] —coldest stone,] The old copy has—"*cold* stone." The modern editors—"*the* cold stone." The slighter change I have made, by substituting the superlative for the positive, has met with the approbation of Dr. Farmer, or it would not have appeared in the text. Steevens.

The was added by Mr. Pope. Malone.

Swelter'd venom [2] sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

All. Double, double toil and trouble [3];
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble,

2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork [4], and blind-worm's sting [5],
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,

I have endeavoured to show that neither alteration was necessary. See Essay on Shakspeare's Versification. Boswell.

[1] Days and nights HAST—] Old copy—*has*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. Malone.

[2] Swelter'd venom—] This word seems to be employed by Shakspeare, to signify that the animal was moistened with its own cold exudations. So, in the twenty-second Song of Drayton's Polyolbion:

"And all the knights there dub'd the morning but before,
"The evening sun beheld there *swelter'd* in their gore."

In the old translation of Boccace's Novels, [1620] the following sentence also occurs: "—an huge and mighty *toad* even *welter-ing* (as it were) in *a hole full of poison*."—"*Sweltering* in blood," is likewise an expression used by Fuller, in his Church History, p. 37. And in Churchyard's Farewell to the World, 1593, is a similar expression:

"He spake great thinges that *swelted* in his greace."

Steevens.

[3] Double, double toil and trouble;] As this was a very extraordinary incantation, they were to double their pains about it. I think, therefore, it should be pointed as I have pointed it:

"Double, double toil and trouble;"

otherwise the solemnity is abated by the immediate recurrence of the rhyme. Steevens.

[4] Adder's FORK,] Thus Pliny, Nat. Hist. book xi. ch. xxxvii.: "Serpents have very thin tongues, and the same three-*forked*." *P. Holland's translation*, edit. 1601, p. 338. Steevens.

[5] —BLIND-WORM's sting,] The *blind-worm* is the *slow-worm*. So Drayton, in Noah's Flood:

"The small-eyed *slow-worm* held of many *blind*."

Steevens.

For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf[6],
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark[7];
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse[8];
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips[9];

6 — maw, and gulf,] The *gulf* is the *swallow*, the *throat*. STEEVENS.

In The Mirror for Magistrates, we have "monstrous *mawes and gulfes*." HENDERSON.

7 — RAVIN'D salt-sea shark;] Mr. M. Mason observes that we should read—*ravin*, instead of—*ravin'd*. So, in All's Well that Ends Well, Helena says:

"Better it were
"I met the *ravin* lion, when he roar'd
"With sharp constraint of hunger."

And in Beaumont and Fletcher's Maid of the Mill, Gillian says:

"When nurse Amaranta—
"Was seiz'd on by a fierce and hungry bear,
"She was the *ravin's* prey."

However, in Phineas Fletcher's Locusts, or Appollyonists, 1627, the same word, as it appears in the text of the play before us, occurs:

"But slew, devour'd and fill'd his empty maw;
"But with his *raven'd* prey his bowells broke,
"So into four divides his brazen yoke."

Ravin'd is *glutted with prey*. *Ravin* is the ancient word for *prey obtained by violence*. So, in Drayton's Polyolbion, Song 7:

"—— but a den for beasts of *ravin* made."

The same word occurs again in Measure for Measure. STEEVENS.

To *ravin*, according to Minshieu, is to *devour*, or *eat greedily*. See his Dict. 1617, in v. *To devour*. I believe our author, with his usual licence, used *ravin'd* for *ravenous*, the passive participle for the adjective. MALONE.

8 SLIVER'D in the MOON'S ECLIPSE;] *Sliver* is a common

Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab [1]:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron [2],
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

word in the North, where it means *to cut a piece*, or *a slice*. Again, in King Lear:

"She who herself will *sliver* and disbranch."

Milton has transplanted the second of these ideas into his Lycidas:

"—— perfidious bark
"Built in th' *eclipse*." Steevens.

9 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;] These ingredients, in all probability, owed their introduction to the detestation in which the Turks were held, on account of the *holy wars*.

So solicitous, indeed, were our neighbours, the French, (from whom most of our prejudices. as well as customs, are derived,) to keep this idea awake, that even in their military sport of the quintain, their soldiers were accustomed to point their lances at the figure of a Saracen. Steevens.

1 Finger of birth-strangled, &c.

Make the gruel thick and slab;] Gray appears to have had this passage in his recollection, when he wrote—

"Sword that once a monarch bore
"*Keep the tissue close and strong.*" *Fatal Sisters.*
Steevens.

Mr. Steevens's comparison is very complimentary to the monarch; but seriously, can any two passages differ more from each other than these do both in subject and expression? Boswell.

2 Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,] *Chaudron*, i. e. *entrails*; a word formerly in common use in the books of cookery, in one of which, printed in 1597, I meet with a receipt to make a pudding of a calf's *chaldron*. Again, in Decker's Honest Whore, 1635: "Sixpence a meal wench, as well as heart can wish, with calves' *chauldrons* and chitterlings." At the coronation feast of Elizabeth of York, queen of Henry VII. among other dishes, one was "a swan with *chaudron*," meaning sauce made with its entrails. See Ives's Select Papers, N° 3. p. 140. See also Mr. Pegge's Forme of Cury, a Roll of Ancient English Cookery, &c. 8vo. 1780, p. 66. Steevens.

Enter HECATE, *and the other Three Witches*[3].

HEC. O, well done[4]! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

SONG[5].

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

3 — *the other* THREE *Witches.*] The insertion of these words, "and *the* other Three Witches," in the original copy, must be owing to a mistake. There is no reason to suppose that Shakspeare meant to introduce more than *Three* Witches upon the scene. RITSON.

Perhaps these additional Witches were brought on for the sake of the approaching dance. Surely the original triad of hags was insufficient for the performance of the "ancient round" introduced in page 207. STEEVENS

4 O, well done!] Ben Jonson's Dame, in his Masque of Queens, 1609, addresses her associates in the same manner:

"Well done, my hags."

The attentive reader will observe, that in this piece, old Ben has exerted his strongest efforts to rival the incantation of Shakspeare's Witches, and the final address of Prospero to the aerial spirits under his command.

It may be remarked also, that Shakspeare's Hecate, after delivering a speech of five lines, interferes no further in the business of the scene, but is lost in the croud of subordinate witches. Nothing, in short, is effected by her assistance, but what might have been done without it. STEEVENS.

Jonson could not have intended to rival Prospero's address, as his Masque was written several years before The Tempest. MALONE.

Mr. Gifford has denied that there was any imitation in the other instance. BOSWELL.

5 Song.] In a former note on this tragedy, I had observed, that the original edition contains only the two first words of the song before us; but have since discovered the entire stanza in

2 *Witch*. By the pricking of my thumbs [6],
Something wicked this way comes:——
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I cónjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves [7]

The Witch, a dramatic piece, by Middleton, already quoted. The song is there called—"A Charme-Song, about a Vessel."—I may add, that this invocation, as it *first* occurs in The Witch, is—"White spirits, black spirits, gray spirits, red spirits."—Afterwards, we find it in its present metrical shape.

The song was, in all probability, a traditional one. The colours of spirits are often mentioned. So, in Monsieur Thomas, 1639:

"Be thou *black*, or *white*, or *green*,
"Be thou heard, or to be seen."

Perhaps, indeed, this musical scrap (which does not well accord with the serious business of the scene) was introduced by the players, without the suggestion of Shakspeare.

It may yet be urged, that however light and sportive the metre of this stanza, the sense conveyed by it is sufficiently appropriate and solemn! 'Spirits of every hue, who are permitted to unite your various influences, unite them on the present occasion.'

Steevens.

Reginald Scot, in his Discovery of Witchcraft, 1584, enumerating the different kinds of spirits, particularly mentions *white*, *black*, *grey*, and *red* spirits. See also a passage quoted from Camden, ante, p. 191, n. 3. The modern editions, without authority, read—"*Blue* spirits and grey." Malone.

[6] By the pricking of my thumbs, &c.] It is a very ancient superstition, that all sudden pains of the body, and other sensations which could not naturally be accounted for, were presages of somewhat that was shortly to happen. Hence Mr. Upton has explained a passage in The Miles Gloriosus of Plautus: "Timeo quod rerum gesserim hic, ita *dorsus totus prurit*." Steevens.

[7] — yesty waves —] That is, *foaming* or *frothy waves*.

Johnson.

Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd [8], and trees blown down;
Though castles topple [9] on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins [1] tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thoud'st rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

[8] Though bladed corn be LODG'D,] So, in King Richard II.:

"Our sighs, and they, shall *lodge* the summer corn."

Again, in King Henry VI. Part II.:

"Like to the summer corn by tempest *lodg'd*."

Corn, prostrated by the wind, in modern language, is said to be *lay'd;* but *lodg'd* had anciently the same meaning. RITSON.

[9] Though castles TOPPLE —] *Topple* is used for *tumble*. So, in Marlowe's Lust's Dominion, Act IV. Sc. III.:

"That I might pile up Charon's boat so full,
"Until it *topple* o'er."

Again, in Shirley's Gentleman of Venice:

"—— may be, his haste hath *toppled* him
"Into the river."

Again, in Pericles, Prince of Tyre, 1609:

"The very principals did seem to rend, and all to *topple*."

STEEVENS.

[1] Of nature's GERMINS —] This was substituted by Theobald for "Natures *germaine*." JOHNSON.

So, in King Lear, Act III. Sc. II.:

"—— all *germins* spill at once
"That make ungrateful man."

Germins are seeds which have begun to *germinate* or sprout. *Germen*, Lat. *Germe*, Fr. *Germe* is a word used by Brown, in his Vulgar Errors: "Whether it be not made out of the *germe* or treadle of the egg," &c. STEEVENS.

1 *Witch*. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow[2]; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly show[3].

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises[4].

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,——
2 *Witch*. He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought[5].

[2] — sow's blood, that HATH EATEN
HER nine FARROW;] Shakspeare probably caught the idea of this offence against nature from the laws of Kenneth II. King of Scotland: "If a *sowe eate hir pigges*, let hyr be stoned to death and buried, that no man eate of hyr fleshe."—Holinshed's *History of Scotland*, edit. 1577, p. 181. STEEVENS.

[3] — DEFTLY show.] i. e. with adroitness, dexterously. So, in the Second Part of King Edward IV. by Heywood, 1626:

"—— my mistress speaks *deftly* and truly."

Again, in Warner's Albion's England:

"Tho Roben Hood, liell John, frier Tucke, and Marian
deftly play —."

Deft is a North Country word. So, in Richard Brome's Northern Lass, 1633:

"—— He said I were a *deft* lass." STEEVENS.

[4] *An Apparition of an armed Head rises*.] The armed head represents symbolically Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff untimely ripped from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head, and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane. This observation I have adopted from Mr. Upton. STEEVENS.

Lord Howard, in his Defensative against the Poison of supposed Prophecies, mentions "a notable example of a conjuror, who represented (as it were, in dumb show,) all the persons who should possess the crown of France; and caused the King of Navarre, or rather a wicked spirit in his stead, to appear in the fifth place," &c. FARMER.

[5] — say thou nought.] Silence was necessary during all incantations. So, in Doctor Faustus, 1604:

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware
Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife [6].—-Dismiss me:—
Enough [7]. [*Descends.*

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright [8]:—But one word more:—

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded; Here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee [9].

App. Be bloody, bold,
And resolute: laugh to scorn the power of man,

"Your grace, demand no questions,——
"But in dumb *silence* let them come and go."

Again, in The Tempest:

"—— be *mute*, or else our spell is marr'd."

STEEVENS.

[6] Beware the thane of Fife.—] "—— He had learned of certain wizzards, in whose words he put great confidence, how that he ought to take heede of Macduff," &c. *Holinshed.* STEEVENS.

[7] Dismiss me:—Enough.] Spirits thus evoked were usually represented as impatient of being questioned. So, in Henry VI. Part II. Act I. Sc. IV. the spirit, raised by the witch Jourdain, says, "Ask what thou wilt—*that I had said and done!*" See Mr. Steevens's note on that passage. MALONE.

[8] Thou hast HARP'D my fear aright:] To *harp*, is to touch on a passion as a *harper* touches a string. So, in Coriolanus, Act II. Sc. ult.:

"*Harp* on that still." STEEVENS.

[9] Had I THREE EARS, &c.] Does Macbeth mean to say—that 'if his sense of hearing were thrice what it is,' &c.?—or—that 'if the number of his ears were equal to that of the spectre's invocations of his name,' &c.? Let the reader determine. STEEVENS.

For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth [1].

[*Descends.*

Macb. Then live, Macduff; What need I fear of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate [2]: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned, with a Tree in his Hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty [3]?

All. Listen, but speak not to't [4].

App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill [5]
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

[1] — shall harm Macbeth.] So, Holinshed: "And surely hereupon he had put Macduff to death, but that a certeine witch, whom he had in great trust, had told him, that he should never be slaine with man borne of anie woman, nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castell of Dunsinane. This prophecie put all feare out of his heart." Steevens.

[2] — take a BOND of fate:] In this scene the attorney has more than once degraded the poet; for presently we have—"*the lease* of nature." Steevens.

[3] ——— the ROUND
And TOP of sovereignty?] The *round* is that part of the crown that encircles the head. The *top* is the ornament that rises above it. Johnson.

[4] Listen, but speak not.] The old copy, injuriously to measure, reads—
"Listen, but speak not *to't*." Steevens.

[5] — high DUNSINANE hill —] The present quantity of *Dunsinane* is right. In every subsequent instance the accent is misplaced. Thus, in Hervey's Life of King Robert Bruce, 1729 (a good authority):

Macb. That will never be;
Who can impress the forest[6]; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head, rise never[7], till the wood

"The noble Weemyss, M^c^duff's immortal son,
"M^c^duff! th' asserter of the Scottish throne;
"Whose deeds let Birnam and *Dunsinnan* tell,
"When Canmore battled, and the villain * fell."
RITSON.

This accent may be defended on the authority of A. of Wyntown's Cronykil, b. vi. ch. xviii.:

"A gret hows for to mak of were
"A-pon the hycht of *Dwnsynāne*:
"Tymbyr thare-til to drawe and stane—." v. 120.

It should be observed, however, that Wyntown employs both quantities. Thus, in b. vi. ch. xviii. v. 190:

"——— the Thane wes thare
"Of Fyfe, and till *Dwnsynăne* fare
"To byde Makbeth —." STEEVENS.

Prophecies of apparent impossibilities were common in Scotland; such as the removal of one place to another. Under this popular prophetick formulary the present prediction may be ranked. In the same strain, peculiar to his country, says Sir David Lindsay:

"Quhen the Bas and the Isle of May
"Beis set upon the Mount Sinay,
"Quhen the Lowmound besyde Falkland
"Be liftit to Northumberland ——." T. WARTON.

[6] Who can impress the forest;] i. e. who can command the forest to serve him like a soldier impressed. JOHNSON.

[7] Rebellious HEAD, rise never,] The old copy has—rebellious *dead*. MALONE.

We should read—"Rebellious *head*,"—i. e. let rebellion never make head against me till a forest move, and I shall reign in safety. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald rightly observes, that *head* means *host*, or power:

"That Douglas and the English rebels met;—
"A mighty and a fearful *head* they are."
King Henry IV. Part I.

Again, in King Henry VIII.:

---

* Macbeth.

Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this[8]?
[*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.* Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart[9];
Come like shadows, so depart.

Eight Kings[1] *appear, and pass over the Stage in order; the last with a Glass in his Hand; Banquo following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!

" My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
" Who first *rais'd head* against usurping Richard."
JOHNSON.

This phrase is not peculiar to Shakspeare. So, in The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601:

" —— howling like a *head* of angry wolves."

Again, in Look About You, 1600:

" Is, like a *head* of people, mutinous." STEEVENS.

[8] — what NOISE is this?] *Noise*, in our ancient poets, is often literally synonymous for *musick*. See a note on King Henry IV. Part II. Act II. Sc. IV. Thus also Spenser, Fairy Queen, b. i. xii. 39:

" During which time there was a heavenly *noise*."

See likewise the 47th Psalm: " God is gone up with a merry *noise*, and the Lord with the sound of the trump." STEEVENS.

[9] Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;] " And the man of thine, whom I shall not cut off from mine altar, shall be to *consume thine eyes, and to grieve thine heart*." 1 *Samuel*, ii. 33. MALONE.

[1] *Eight Kings* —] " It is reported that Voltaire often laughs

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls [9]:—And thy air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former [1]:—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom [2]?

at the tragedy of Macbeth, for having a legion of ghosts in it. One should imagine he either had not learned English, or had forgot his Latin; for the spirits of Banquo's line are no more ghosts, than the representation of the Julian race in the Æneid; and there is no ghost but Banquo's throughout the play."—*Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakspeare, &c. by Mrs. Montagu.* STEEVENS.

9 Thy crown does SEAR mine eye-balls:] The expression of Macbeth, 'that the crown *sears* his eye-balls,' is taken from the method formerly practised of destroying the sight of captives or competitors, by holding a burning bason before the eye, which dried up its humidity. Whence the Italian, *abacinare*, to *blind*. JOHNSON.

1 —And thy AIR, &c.] In former editions,
"And thy *hair*,
"Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
"A third is like the former."
As Macbeth expected to see a train of kings, and was only inquiring from what race they would proceed, he could not be surprised that the *hair* of the second was *bound with gold* like that of the first; he was offended only that the second resembled the first, as the first resembled Banquo, and therefore said:
"—— and thy *air*,
"Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first."
This Dr. Warburton has followed. JOHNSON.
So, in The Winter's Tale:
"Your father's image is so hit in you,
"His very *air*, that I should call you brother
"As I did him."
The old reading, however, as Mr. M. Mason observes, may be the true one. "It implies that their *hair* was of the same colour, which is more likely to mark a family likeness, than the *air*, which depends on habit," &c. A similar mistake has happened in The Maid's Tragedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher:
"Mine arms thus; and mine *air* [hair] blown with the wind."
STEEVENS.

2 —to the CRACK of doom?] i. e. the dissolution of nature. *Crack* has now a mean signification. It was anciently employed in a more exalted sense. So, in The Valiant Welchman, 1615

Another yet ?—A seventh ?—I'll see no more :—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass [3],
Which shows me many more ; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry [4] :
Horrible sight !—Now, I see, 'tis true [5] ;

" And will as fearless entertain this sight,
" As a good conscience doth the *cracks* of Jove."

STEEVENS.

3 And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,] This method of juggling prophecy is again referred to in Measure for Measure, Act II. Sc. VII. :

" —— and like a prophet,
" Looks in a *glass*, and shows me *future evils*."

So, in an Extract from The Penal Laws Against Witches, it is said " they do answer either by voice, or else do set before their eyes in *glasses*, chrystal stones, &c. the pictures or images of the *persons* or things sought for." Among the other knaveries with which Face taxes Subtle in The Alchemist, this seems to be one :

" And taking in of shadows with a *glass*."

Again, in Humor's Ordinarie, an ancient collection of satires, no date :

" Shew you the devil in a *chrystal glass*."

Spenser has given a very circumstantial account of the *glass* which Merlin made for King Ryence, in the second canto of the third book of The Fairy Queen. A *mirror* of the same kind was presented to Cambuscan in The Squier's Tale of Chaucer ; and in John Alday's translation of Pierre Boisteau's Theatrum Mundi, &c. bl. l. no date : " A certaine philosopher did the like to Pompey, the which *shewed him in a glasse* the order of his enemies march."

STEEVENS.

4 That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry :] This was intended as a compliment to King James the First, who first united the two islands and the three kingdoms under one head ; whose house too was said to be descended from Banquo. WARBURTON.

Of this last particular our poet seems to have been thoroughly aware, having represented Banquo not only as an innocent, but as a noble character ; whereas, according to history, he was confederate with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan. The flattery of Shakspeare, however, is not more gross than that of Ben Jonson, who has condescended to quote his majesty's ridiculous book on Dæmonology, in the notes to The Masque of Queens, 1609.

STEEVENS.

5 —AY, now, I see, 'tis true ;] That the metre may be complete, I have supplied—*ay*, an adverb employed by our author in other places, to enforce his meaning. STEEVENS.

For the blood-bolter'd Banquo[6] smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

[6] ——the BLOOD-BOLTER'D Banquo—] The epithet *blood-bolter'd* (which Dr. Warburton and the subsequent editors supposed to mean "one whose blood hath issued out at many wounds, as flour of corn passes out of the holes of a sieve,") has been entirely misunderstood. It is a provincial term, well known in Warwickshire, and probably in some other counties. When a horse, sheep, or other animal, perspires much, and any of the hair or wool, in consequence of such perspiration, or any redundant humour, becomes matted in tufts with grime and sweat, he is said to be *boltered*; and whenever the blood issues out, and coagulates, forming the locks into hard clotted bunches, the beast is said to be *blood-bolter'd*. This precisely agrees with the account already given of the murder of Banquo, who was killed by a wound in the head, and thrown into a ditch; with the filth of which, and the blood issuing from his wounds, his hair would necessarily be hardened and coagulated. He ought, therefore, to be represented both here and at the banquet, with his hair clotted with blood. The murderer, when he informs Macbeth of his having executed his commission, says,

"———— safe in a *ditch* he bides,
"With twenty trenched gashes on his *head*,
"The least a death to nature."

And Macbeth himself exclaims,

"Thou can'st not say, I did it; never shake
"Thy *gory locks* at me." MALONE.

To *bolter*, in Warwickshire, signifies to *daub*, *dirty*, or *begrime*. "I ordered (says my informant) a harness-collar to be made with a linen lining, but blacked, to give it the appearance of leather. The sadler made the lining as he was directed, but did not black it, saying, it would *bolter* the horse. Being asked what he meant by *bolter*, he replied, *dirty*, *besmear*; and that it was a common word in his country. This conversation passed within eight miles of Stratford on Avon."

In the same neighbourhood, when a boy has a broken head, so that his hair is matted together with blood, his head is said to be *boltered* [pronounced *baltered*]. So, in Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny's Natural History, 1601, book xii. ch. xvii. p. 370: "— they doe drop and distill the said moisture, which the shrewd and unhappie beast catcheth among the shag long haires of his beard. Now by reason of dust getting among it, it *baltereth* and cluttereth into knots," &c. Such a term is therefore applicable to Banquo, who had "twenty trenched gashes on his head."

The propriety of the foregoing note has been abundantly con-

1 *Witch*. Ay, sir, all this is so:—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights[7],
And show the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound[8],
While you perform your antique round[9]:
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Musick. The Witches dance, and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar[1]!—
Come in, without there!

firmed by Mr. Homer, a truly respectable clergyman of Warwickshire. I seize this opportunity to offer my best acknowledgment for his remarks, which were obligingly conveyed to me by his son, the late Reverend and amiable Henry Homer, who favoured the world with editions of Sallust and Tacitus, the elegance of which can only be exceeded by their accuracy.

STEEVENS.

7 — cheer we up his SPRIGHTS,] i. e. spirits. So, in Sidney's Arcadia, lib. ii.:

"Hold thou my heart, establish thou my *sprights*."

STEEVENS.

8 I'll charm THE AIR to give a sound,] The Hecate of Middleton says, on a similar occasion:

"Come, my sweete sisters, let *the air* strike our tune,
"Whilst we show reverence to yon peeping moone."

STEEVENS.

9 — your ANTIQUE ROUND: —— *The Witches* DANCE, *and* VANISH.] These ideas as well as a foregoing one—

"The weird sisters, *hand in hand*,"

might have been adopted from a poem, intitled Churchyard's Dreame, 1593:

"All *hand in hand* they traced on
"A tricksie *ancient round*;
"And soone *as shadowes were they gone*,
"And might no more be found." STEEVENS.

Antique was the old spelling for *antick*, and so perhaps it is used here. So, in Greene's James IV.: "Enter three *Antiques*, who dance *round* and take Slipper with them." MALONE.

1 Stand aye accursed in the calendar!] In the ancient alma-

Enter LENOX.

LEN. What's your grace's will?
MACB. Saw you the weird sisters?
LEN. No, my lord.
MACB. Came they not by you?
LEN. No, indeed, my lord.
MACB. Infected be the air whereon they ride[2];
And damn'd, all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: Who was't came by?
LEN. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.
MACB. Fled to England?
LEN. Ay, my good lord.
MACB. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits[3]:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very firstlings[4] of my heart shall be

nacks the unlucky days were distinguished by a mark of reprobation. So, in Decker's Honest Whore, 1635:

" —— henceforth let it stand
" Within the wizard's book, the *kalender*,
" *Mark'd with a marginal finger*, to be chosen,
" By thieves, by villains, and black murderers."

STEEVENS.

[2] INFECTED be the AIR whereon they ride;] So, in the first part of Selimus, 1594:

" Now Baiazet will ban another while,
" And vtter curses to the concaue skie,
" Which may *infect* the regions of the *ayre*." TODD.

[3] Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:] To *anticipate* is here to *prevent*, by taking away the opportunity. JOHNSON.

[4] The very FIRSTLINGS —] *Firstlings*, in its primitive sense, is the first produce or offspring. So, in Heywood's Silver Age, 1613:

" The *firstlings* of their vowed sacrifice."

The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line[5]. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more sights[6]!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

Here it means the thing first thought or done. The word is used again in the prologue to Troilus and Cressida:

"Leaps o'er the vant and *firstlings* of these broils."

STEEVENS.

[5] That trace his line.] i. e. follow, succeed in it. Thus, in a poem interwoven with A Courtlie Controversie of Cupid's Cautels: &c. translated out of French, &c. by H. W. [Henry Wotton] 4°. 1578:

"They *trace* the pleasant groves,
"And gather floures sweete—."

Again, in Sir Arthur Gorges' translation of the third book of Lucan, 1614:

"The tribune's curses in like case
"Said he, did greedy Crassus *trace*."

The old copy reads—

"That trace *him in* his line."

The metre, however, demands the omission of such unnecessary expletives. STEEVENS.

[6] But no more sights!] This hasty reflection is to be considered as a moral to the foregoing scene:

Tu ne quæsieris, scire (nefas), quem mihi, quem tibi
Finem Dî dederint Leuconöe; nec Babylonios
Tentaris numeros: ut melius, quicquid erit, pati.

STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

Fife. A Room in MACDUFF'S Castle.

Enter Lady MACDUFF, *her Son, and* ROSSE.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors [7].

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch [8]: for the poor wren [9],
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

7 Our fears do make us traitors.] i. e. our flight is considered as an evidence of our treason. STEEVENS.

8 — natural touch:] Natural sensibility. He is not touched with natural affection. JOHNSON.

So, in an ancient MS. play, intitled The Second Maiden's Tragedy:

" —— How she's beguil'd in him!
" There's no such *natural touch*, search all his bosom."
STEEVENS.

9 — the poor wren, &c.] The same thought occurs in The Third Part of King Henry VI.:

" —— doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
" Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
" Which sometimes they have us'd in fearful flight)
" Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
" Offering their own lives in their young's defence?"
STEEVENS.

Rosse. My dearest coz',
I pray you, school yourself: But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season [1]. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves [2]; when we hold rumour
From what we fear [3], yet know not what we fear;

[1] The fits o' the season.] The *fits of the season* should appear to be, from the following passage in Coriolanus, the *violent disorders* of the season, its convulsions:

" ——— but that
" The *violent fit* o' th' times craves it as physick."

STEEVENS.

Perhaps the meaning is,—what is most *fitting* to be done in every conjuncture. ANONYMOUS.

[2] — when we are traitors,
And do not KNOW ourselves;] i. e. we think ourselves innocent, the government thinks us traitors; therefore we are ignorant of ourselves. This is the ironical argument. The Oxford editor alters it to—

" And do not *know't* ourselves: "

But sure they did know what they said, that the state esteemed them traitors. WARBURTON.

Rather, when we are considered by the state as traitors, while at the same time we are *unconscious* of guilt; when we appear to others so different from what we really are, that we seem not to *know ourselves*. MALONE.

[3] — when we hold rumour
From what we fear,] To " hold rumour," signifies to be governed by the authority of rumour. WARBURTON.

I rather think to *hold* means, in this place, to *believe*, as we say, " I *hold* such a thing to be true, i. e. I take it, I believe it to be so." Thus, in King Henry VIII.:

" —— Did you not of late days hear, &c.
" 1 *Gen.* Yes, but *held* it not."

The sense of the whole passage will then be: " The times are cruel when our fears induce us to believe, or take for granted, what we hear rumoured or reported abroad; and yet at the same time, as we live under a tyrannical government where *will* is substituted for *law*, we know not what we have to fear, because we know not when we offend." Or; " When we are led by our

But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move [4].—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit Rosse.*

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead [5]:
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

fears to believe every rumour of danger we hear, yet are not conscious to ourselves of any crime for which we should be disturbed with those fears." A passage like this occurs in King John:

" Possess'd with *rumours*, full of idle dreams,
" *Not knowing what they fear*, but full of fear."

This is the best I can make of the passage. Steevens.

[4] Each way, and move.—] Perhaps the poet wrote—" And each way move." If they *floated each way*, it was needless to inform us that they *moved*. The words may have been casually transposed, and erroneously pointed. Steevens.

Perhaps Shakspeare used it as a substantive: as a man in quitting a room is familiarly said to " make a move," or as we say he " makes a move," at chess or backgammon. Anonymous.

[5] Sirrah, your father's dead;] *Sirrah*, in our author's time, was not always a term of reproach, but sometimes used by masters to servants, parents to children, &c. So before, in this play, Macbeth says to his servant,

" *Sirrah*, a word with you: attend those men
" Our pleasure?"

So Gabriel Harvey writes to Spenser: " But hoe I pray you, gentle *sirra*, a word with you more." Malone.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged, that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect[6].
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty[7],
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Messenger.*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable: to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm?——What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

[6] — in your state of honour I am PERFECT.] i. e. I am *perfectly acquainted* with your rank of honour. So, in the old book that treateth of the Lyfe of Virgil, &c. bl. l. no date: "—which when Virgil saw, he looked in his boke of negromancy, wherein he was *perfit*." Again, in The Play of the four P's, 1569:

"*Pot.* Then tell me this: Are you *perfit* in drinking?
"*Ped. Perfit* in drinking as may be wish'd by thinking."

STEEVENS.

[7] To do WORSE to you, were fell cruelty.] To do *worse* is to let her and her children be destroyed without warning.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards explains these words differently. "To do *worse* to you (says he) signifies,—to fright you more, by relating all the circumstances of your danger; which would detain you so long that you could not avoid it." The meaning, however, may be, "To do worse to you," not to disclose to you the perilous situation you are in, from a foolish apprehension of alarming you, would be fell cruelty. Or the Messenger may only mean, to do more than *alarm* you by this disagreeable intelligence,—to do you any actual and bodily harm, were fell cruelty. MALONE.

If to fright you thus seem savage, how fell must be the cruelty of those who seek your destruction. BOSWELL.

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain [8].

Mur. What, you egg? [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery?

Son. He has killed me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*

[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying murder, and pursued by the Murderers.*

[8] — SHAG-EAR'D villain.] Perhaps we should read *shag-hair'd*, for it is an abusive epithet very often used in our ancient plays, &c. So, in Decker's Honest Whore, Part II. 1630:— "— a *shag-haired* cur." Again, in our author's King Henry VI. Part II.: "— like a *shag-haired* crafty Kern." Again, in Sir Arthur Gorge's translation of Lucan, 1614:

"That *shag-haired* Caicos tam'd with forts."

And Chapman, in his translation of the seventh book of Homer, 1598, applies the same epithet to the Greeks. Again, in the spurious play of King Leir, 1605:

"There she had set a *shaghayr'd* murdering wretch."

Again, in Barnaby Googe's version of Palingenius, 1561:

"But sore afraid was I to meete
"The *shagheard* horson's horne."

It may be observed, that, in the seventh Iliad of Homer, the κάρη κόμοωντες Ἀχαιοί are rendered by Arthur Hall, 1581, "—*peruke* Greekes." And by Chapman, 1611, "—*shag-haird* Greekes." STEEVENS.

This emendation appears to me extremely probable. In King John, Act V. we find "*unhear'd* sauciness" for "*unhair'd* sauciness;" and we have had in this play *hair* instead of *air*.

Hair was formerly written *heare*. Hence perhaps the mistake. So, in Ives's Select Papers, chiefly relating to English Antiquities, No. 3, p. 133: "— and in her *heare* a circlet of gold richely garnished." In Lodge's Incarnate Devils of the Age, 4to. 1596, we find in p. 37, "*shag-heard* slave," which still more strongly supports Mr. Steevens's emendation. However, as flap-*ear'd* is used as an epithet of contempt in The Taming of the Shrew, and prick-*ear'd* in Henry V. the old copy may be right. MALONE.

Mr. Steevens's emendation will be further confirmed by a reference to one of our Law Reporters. In 23 Car. I. Ch. Justice Rolle said it had been determined that these words, "Where is that long-locked, *shag-haired* murdering rogue?" were actionable. *Aleyn's Reports*, p. 61. REED.

SCENE III.

England. A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF[8].

MAL. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

[8] *Enter* MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.] The part of Holinshed's Chronicle which relates to this play, is no more than an abridgment of John Bellenden's translation of The Noble Clerk, Hector Boece, imprinted at Edinburgh, 1541. For the satisfaction of the reader, I have inserted the words of the first mentioned historian, from whom this scene is almost literally taken :—" Though Malcolme was verie sorrowfull for the oppression of his countriemen the Scots, in manner as Makduffe had declared, yet doubting whether he was come as one that ment unfeinedlie as he spake, or else as sent from Makbeth to betraie him, he thought to have some further triall, and thereupon dissembling his mind at the first, he answered as followeth :

" I am trulie verie sorie for the miserie chanced to my countrie of Scotland, but though I have never so great affection to relieve the same, yet by reason of certaine incurable vices, which reign in me, I am nothing meet thereto. First, such immoderate lust and voluptuous sensualitie (the abhominable fountain of all vices) followeth me, that if I were made King of Scots, I should seek to defloure your maids and matrones, in such wise that my intemperancie should be more importable unto you than the bloudie tyrannie of Makbeth now is. Hereunto Makduffe answered : This surelie is a very euil fault, for manie noble princes and kings have lost both lives and kingdomes for the same ; neverthelesse there are women enow in Scotland, and therefore follow my counsell. Make thy selfe kinge, and I shall conveie the matter so wiselie, that thou shalt be satisfied at thy pleasure in such secret wise, that no man shall be aware thereof.

" Then said Malcolme, I am also the most avaritious creature in the earth, so that if I were king, I should seeke so manie waies to get lands and goods, that I would slea the most part of all the nobles of Scotland by surmized accusations, to the end I might injoy their lands, goods and possessions ; and therefore to shew you what mischiefe may insue on you through mine unsatiable covetousnes, I will rehearse unto you a fable. There

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword[9]; and, like good men,

was a fox having a sore place on him overset with a swarme of flies, that continuallie sucked out hir bloud: and when one that came by and saw this manner, demanded whether she would have the flies driven beside hir, she answered no; for if these flies that are alreadie full, and by reason thereof sucke not verie eagerlie, should be chased awaie, other that are emptie and fellie an hungred, should light in their places, and sucke out the residue of my bloud farre more to my greevance than these, which now being satisfied doo not much annoie me. Therefore saith Malcolme, Suffer me to remaine where I am, lest if I atteine to the regiment of your realme, mine unquenchable avarice may proove such, that ye would thinke the displeasures which now grieve you, should seeme easie in respect of the unmeasurable outrage which might insue through my comming amongst you.

"Makduffe to this made answer, how it was a far woorse fault than the other: for avarice is the root of all mischiefe, and for that crime the most part of our kings have been slaine, and brought to their finall end. Yet notwithstanding follow my counsell, and take upon thee the crowne. There is gold and riches inough in Scotland to satisfie thy greedie desire. Then said Malcolme again, I am furthermore inclined to dissimulation, telling of leasings, and all other kinds of deceit, so that I naturallie rejoise in nothing so much, as to betraie and deceive such as put anie trust or confidence in my woords. Then sith there is nothing that more becommeth a prince than constancie, veritie, truth, and justice, with the other laudable fellowship of those faire and noble vertues which are comprehended onelie in soothfastnesse, and that lieng utterlie overthroweth the same, you see how unable I am to governe anie province or region: and therefore sith you have remedies to cloke and hide all the rest of my other vices, I praie you find shift to cloke this vice amongst the residue.

"Then said Makduffe: "This is yet the woorst of all, and there I leave thee, and therefore saie; Oh ye unhappie and miserable Scotishmen, which are thus scourged with so manie and sundrie calamities ech one above other! Ye have one cursed and wicked tyrant that now reigneth over you, without anie right or title, oppressing you with his most bloudie crueltie. This other that hath the right to the crowne, is so replet with the inconstant behaviour and manifest vices of Englishmen, that he is nothing woorthie to injoy it: for by his owne confession he is not onlie avaritious and given to unsatiable lust, but so false a traitor withall, that no trust is to be had unto anie woord he speaketh. Adieu Scotland, for now I account my selfe a banished man for

Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom [1]: Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour [2].

ever, without comfort or consolation: and with these woords the brackish tears trickled downe his cheekes verie abundantlie.

"At the last, when he was readie to depart, Malcolme tooke him by the sleeve, and said: Be of good comfort Makduffe, for I have none of these vices before remembered, but have jested with thee in this manner, onlie to prove thy mind: for divers times heretofore Makbeth sought by this manner of means to bring me into his hand," &c.

Holinshed's History of Scotland, p. 175. STEEVENS.

9 — the mortal sword;—] i. e. the deadly sword. So, in King Henry VI. Part III.:

"Or bide the *mortal* fortune of the field."

1 Bestride our DOWN-FALL'N BIRTHDOM:] The old copy has—*down-fall*. Corrected by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

He who can discover what is meant by him that earnestly exhorts him to *bestride* his *downfall birthdom*, is at liberty to adhere to the present text; but it is probable that Shakspeare wrote:

"—— like good men,
"Bestride our *down-fall'n birthdom* ——."

The allusion is to a man from whom something valuable is about to be taken by violence, and who, that he may defend it without incumbrance, lays it on the ground, and stands over it with his weapon in his hand. Our birthdom, our birthright, says he, lies on the ground; let us, like men who are to fight for what is dearest to them, not abandon it, but stand over it and defend it. This is a strong picture of obstinate resolution. So, Falstaff says to Hal: "If thou see me down in the battle, and *bestride me*, so."

Birthdom for *birthright* is formed by the same analogy with *masterdom* in this play, signifying the *privileges* or *rights* of a *master*.

Perhaps it might be *birth-dame* for *mother*; let us stand over our *mother* that lies bleeding on the ground. JOHNSON.

There is no need of change. In The Second Part of King Henry IV. Morton says:

"—— he doth *bestride a bleeding land*." STEEVENS.

King Henry IV. Act V. Sc. I. MALONE.

2 — and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.] This presents a ridiculous image. But what is insinuated under it is noble; that the portents and

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend[3], I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me[4]; and wisdom[5]
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.

prodigies in the skies, of which mention is made before, showed that heaven sympathised with Scotland. Warburton.

The ridicule, I believe, is only visible to the commentator. Steevens.

[3] — to FRIEND,] i. e. to *befriend*. Steevens.

[4] You may DESERVE of him through me;] The old copy reads —*discerne*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, who supports it by Macduff's answer:

"I am not treacherous." Malone.

[5] — and wisdom —] That is, and *'tis* wisdom. Heath.

The sense of this passage is obvious, but the construction difficult, as there is no verb to which *wisdom* can refer. Something is omitted, either through the negligence of the printer, or probably the inadvertence of the author. If we read—

"—And *think it* wisdom —"

the sense will be supplied; but that would destroy the metre; and so indeed would the insertion of any word whatever.

M. Mason.

I suspect this line to have suffered by interpolation, as well as omission, and that it originally ran thus:

"——— but something
"You may deserve through me; and wisdom *is it*
"To offer," &c.

So, in King Henry VI. Part II.:

"Now *is it* manhood, *wisdom* and defence."

Had the passage in question been first printed thus, would any reader have supposed the words "of him," were wanting to the sense? In this play I have already noted several instances of manifest interpolation and omission. See notes on Act I. Sc. III. p. 28, n. 9, and Act III. Sc. V p. 182, n. 1. Steevens.

Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge [6]. But I shall crave your pardon [7];
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul [8] would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.
Macd. I have lost my hopes.
Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness [9] left you wife, and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,)
Without leave-taking ?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,

[6] A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge.] A good mind may *recede* from goodness in the execution of a *royal commission*. Johnson.

[7] — But 'crave your pardon;] The old copy, without attention to measure, reads:
"——But *I shall* crave your pardon." Steevens.

[8] Though all things foul, &c.] This is not very clear. The meaning, perhaps, is this:—"My suspicions cannot injure you, if you be virtuous, by supposing that a traitor may put on your virtuous appearance. I do not say that your virtuous appearance proves you a traitor; for virtue must wear its proper form, though that form be counterfeited by villainy." Johnson.

An expression of a similar nature occurs in Measure for Measure:
"——Good alone
"Is good; without a name vileness is so." M. Mason.

[9] Why in that rawness —] Without previous provision, without due preparation, without *maturity* of counsel. Johnson.

I meet with this expression in Lyly's Euphues, 1580, and in the quarto, 1608, of King Henry V.:
"Some their wives *rawly* left." Steevens.

But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee[1]! wear thou
thy wrongs[2],
Thy title is affeer'd[3]!—Fare thee well, lord:

[1] For goodness DARES not check thee!] The old copy reads—*dare*. Corrected in the third folio. MALONE.

[2] —wear thou thy wrongs,] That is, '*Poor country*, wear thou thy wrongs.' JOHNSON.

[3] Thy title is AFFEER'D!] *Affeer'd*, a law term for *confirm'd*. POPE.

What Mr. Pope says of the law term is undoubtedly true; but is there absolute reason why we should have recourse to it for the explanation of this passage? Macduff first apostrophises his country, and afterwards pointing to Malcolm, may say, that his title was *afear'd*, i. e. frighted from exerting itself. Throughout the ancient editions of Shakspeare, the word *afraid* is frequently written as it was formerly pronounced, *afear'd*. The old copy reads—"*The* title," &c. i. e. 'the regal title is afraid to assert itself.'

I have, however, adopted Mr. Malone's emendation, as it varies, but in a single letter, from the reading of the old copy. See his subsequent note. STEEVENS.

If we read—"*The* title is *affeer'd*," the meaning may be:—'Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs, *the title to them is legally settled by those who had the final judication of it.*'

Affeerers had the power of confirming, or moderating, fines and amercements. TOLLET.

To *affeer* (for so it should be written) is to *assess*, or reduce to certainty. All amerciaments—that is, judgments of any court of justice, upon a presentment or other proceeding, that a party shall be amerced, or in mercy,—are by Magna Charta to be *affeered* by lawful men, sworn to be impartial. This is the ordinary practice of a Court Leet, with which Shakspeare seems to have been intimately acquainted, and where he might have occasionally acted as an *affeerer*. RITSON.

For the emendation now made I am answerable. *The* was, I conceive, the transcriber's mistake, from the similar sounds of *the* and *thy*, which are frequently pronounced alike.

Perhaps the meaning is,—"Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs! Thy title to them is now fully established by law." Or, perhaps, he addresses Malcolm. Continue to endure tamely the

I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms [4].

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious [5], smacking of every sin
That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up

wrongs you suffer: thy just title to the throne is *cow'd*, has not spirit to establish itself. Malone.

4 — confineless harms.] So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II. Sc. II.: " — thou *unconfinable baseness* —." Steevens.

5 Sudden, malicious,] *Sudden*, for *capricious*. Warburton. Rather, violent, passionate, hasty. Johnson.

The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance [6]
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-
wink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust [7]: and it hath been

[6] Boundless intemperance —] Perhaps the epithet—*boundless*, which overloads the metre, was a play-house interpolation. Steevens.

[7] — grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust;] *Summer-seeming* has no manner of sense: correct,
" Than summer-*teeming* lust — ;"
i. e. the passion that lasts no longer than the *heat* of life, and which goes off in the *winter* of age. Warburton.

The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons [8] to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All these are portable [9],
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,

When I was younger and bolder, I corrected it thus:
"Than fume, or seething lust."
That is, an angry passion, or boiling lust. JOHNSON.

Summer-seeming lust, may signify lust that seems as hot as summer. STEEVENS.

Read—summer-*seeding*. The allusion is to plants; and the sense is,—"Avarice is a perennial weed; it has a deeper and more pernicious root than *lust*, which is a mere annual, and lasts but for a summer, when it sheds its seed and decays."
BLACKSTONE

I have paid the attention to this conjecture which I think it deserves, by admitting it into the text. STEEVENS.

Summer-*seeming* is, I believe, the true reading. In Donne's Poems we meet with "winter-*seeming*." MALONE.

Sir W. Blackstone's elegant emendation is countenanced by the following passages: Thus, in The Rape of Lucrece:

"How will thy shame be *seeded* in thine age,
"When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?"

And in Troilus and Cressida:

"——The *seeded* pride
"That hath to its maturity grown up
"In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
"Or, shedding, breed a nursery of evil,
"To over-bulk us all." HENLEY.

[8] — foysons —] Plenty. POPE.

It means *provisions* in plenty. So, in The Ordinary, by Cartwright: "New *foysons* byn ygraced with new titles." The word was antiquated in the time of Cartwright, and is by him put into the mouth of an antiquary. Again, in Holinshed's Reign of King Henry VI. p. 1613: "— fifteene hundred men, and great *foison* of vittels." STEEVENS.

[9] — All these are PORTABLE,] *Portable* is, perhaps, here used for *supportable*. 'All these vices, being balanced by your virtues, may be *endured*.' MALONE.

Portable answers exactly to a phrase now in use. Such failings may be *borne with*, or are *bearable*. STEEVENS.

Bounty, perséverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth[1].

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant[2] bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen, that bore
thee,

[1] — Nay, had I power, I should
POUR THE SWEET MILK OF CONCORD INTO HELL,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.] Malcolm, I think, means to say, that if he had ability, he would pour all *that* milk of human kindness, which is so beneficial to mankind, into the abyss, so as to leave the earth without any portion of it; and that by thus depriving mankind of those humane affections which are so necessary to their mutual happiness, he will throw the whole world into confusion. MALONE.

I believe, all that Malcolm designs to say is,—that, if he had power, he would even annihilate the gentle source or principle of peace: pour the soft milk by which it is nourished, among the flames of hell, which could not fail to dry it up.

Lady Macbeth has already observed that her husband was "too full of the *milk* of human kindness." STEEVENS

[2] — an UNTITLED TYRANT —] Thus, in Chaucer's Manciple's Tale:

"Right so betwix a *titleles tiraunt*
"And an outlawe." STEEVENS.

Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived [3]. Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste [4]: But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith: would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach [5],
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,

[3] Died every day she lived.] The expression is borrowed from the sacred writings: "I protest by your rejoicing which I have in Christ Jesus, *I die daily*." Malone.

J. Davies, of Hereford, in his Epigram on—A proud lying Dyer, has the same allusion:

"Yet (like the mortifide) he *dyes* to *live*."

To *die* unto *sin*, and to *live* unto *righteousness*, are phrases employed in our Liturgy. Steevens.

[4] From over-credulous haste:] From over-hasty credulity. Malone.

[5] — THY here-approach,] The old copy has—*they* here. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. Malone.

All ready * at a point [6], was setting forth:
Now we'll together; And the chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel [7]. Why are you si-
lent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at
once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth,
I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched
souls,

* First folio, *Already.*

[6] — ten thousand warlike men,
All ready AT A POINT,] *At a point*, may mean 'all ready at a time;' but Shakspeare meant more: he meant both time and place, and certainly wrote:

"All ready at *appoint*——."

i. e. at the place *appointed*, at the rendezvous. WARBURTON.
There is no need of change. JOHNSON.
So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. i. c. ii.:

"A faithlesse Sarazin all arm'd *to point*." MALONE.

[7] — And the CHANCE OF GOODNESS
Be like our warranted quarrel!] The *chance of goodness*, as it is commonly read, conveys no sense. If there be not some more important error in the passage, it should at least be pointed thus:

"—— and the *chance, of goodness*,
"Be like our warranted quarrel!——"

That is, may the event be, of the goodness of heaven, [*pro justicia divina,*] answerable to the cause.
Mr. Heath conceives the sense of the passage to be rather this: 'And may the success of that goodness, which is about to exert itself in my behalf ,be such as may be equal to the justice of my quarrel.'
But I am inclined to believe that Shakspeare wrote:

"—— and the chanee, O goodness,
"Be like our warranted quarrel!—"

This some of his transcribers wrote with a small *o*, which another imagined to mean *of*. If we adopt this reading, the sense will be: 'And O thou sovereign goodness, to whom we now appeal, may our fortune answer to our cause.' JOHNSON.

That stay his cure: their malady convinces [8]
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

[*Exit Doctor.*

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures [9];
Hanging a golden stamp [1] about their necks,

[8] — convinces —] i. e. overpowers, subdues. See p. 85, n. 4. Steevens.

[9] The mere despair of surgery, he cures;] Dr. Percy, in his notes on The Northumberland Houshold Book, says, "that our ancient kings even in those dark times of superstition, do not seem to have affected the cure of the king's evil.—This miraculous gift was left to be claimed by the Stuarts: our ancient Plantagenets were humbly content to cure the cramp." In this assertion, however, the learned editor of the above curious volume has been betrayed into a mistake, by relying too implicitly on the authority of Mr. Anstis. The power of curing the king's evil was claimed by many of the Plantagenets. Dr. Borde, who wrote in the time of Henry the VIIIth, says, "The kynges of England by the power that God hath given to them dothe make sicke men whole of a sycknes called the Kynge's Evyll." In Laneham's Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle, it is said, "— and also by her highness [Q. Elizabeth] accustomed mercy and charitee, nyne cured of the peynful and dangerous diseaz called the King's Evil, for that kings and queens of this realm without oother medsin, (save only by handling and prayer,) only doo it." Polydore Virgil asserts the same; and Will. Tooker, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, published a book on this subject, an account of which is to be seen in Dr. Douglas's treatise, entitled, The Criterion, p. 191. See Dodsley's Collection of old Plays, vol. xii. p. 428, edit. 1780. Reed.

[1] — a golden stamp, &c.] This was the coin called an *angel*. So, Shakspeare, in The Merchant of Venice:

Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction [2]. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

"A coin that bears the figure of an *angel*
"*Stamped in gold*, but that's insculp'd upon."
The value of the coin was ten shillings. STEEVENS.

[2] — and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction.] It must be owned, that Shakspeare is often guilty of strange absurdities in point of history and chronology. Yet here he has artfully avoided one. He had a mind to hint, that the cure of the *evil* was to descend to the successors in the royal line, in compliment to James the First. But the Confessor was the first who pretended to the gift: How then could it be at that time[*] generally spoken of, that the gift was hereditary? This he has solved by telling us that Edward had the gift of prophecy along with it.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton here invents an objection, in order to solve it. "The Confessor (says he) was the *first* who pretended to this gift: how then could it be at that time generally spoken of, that the gift was *hereditary?* This he [Shakspeare] has solved, by telling us that Edward had the gift of prophecy along with it." But Shakspeare does not say, that it was hereditary in Edward, or, in other words, that he had inherited this extraordinary power from his *ancestors;* but that "it was generally *spoken*, that he *leaves* the healing benediction to *succeeding* kings:" and such a rumour there might be in the time of Edward the Confessor, (supposing he had such a gift,) without his having the gift of prophecy along with it.

Shakspeare has merely transcribed what he found in Holinshed, without the conceit which Dr. Warburton has imputed to him: "As hath beene thought, he was inspired with the gift of prophesie, and also to have had the gift of healing infirmities and diseases. He used to helpe those that were vexed with the disease commonlie called the King's Evil, and *left that virtue* as it were *a portion of inheritance unto his successors*, the *kings* of this realme." *Holinshed*, vol. i. p. 195. MALONE.

Enter ROSSE.

Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not [3].
Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!
Rosse. Sir, Amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Rosse. Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air [4],
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstacy [5]; the dead man's knell

[3] My countryman; but yet I know him not.] Malcolm discovers Rosse to be his countryman, while he is yet at some distance from him, by his dress. This circumstance loses its propriety on our stage, as all the characters are uniformly represented in English habits. STEEVENS.

This has long been reformed on the stage, which, in point of costume, as in every other respect, is under the highest obligations to the taste and knowledge of Mr. Kemble. BOSWELL.

[4] — RENT the air,] To *rent* is an ancient verb, which has been long ago disused. So, in Cæsar and Pompey, 1607:

"With *rented* hair and eyes besprent with tears."

STEEVENS.

Again, in The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice, 1597:

"While with his fingers he his haire doth *rent*." MALONE.

[5] A MODERN ecstacy:] That is, no more regarded than the contorsions that fanatics throw themselves into. The author was thinking of those of his own times. WARBURTON.

I believe *modern* is only *foolish* or *trifling*. JOHNSON.

Modern is generally used by Shakspeare to signify *trite, common*; as "*modern* instances," in As You Like It, &c. &c. See vol. vi. p. 409, n. 4. STEEVENS.

Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's
lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps [6],
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true [7]!

Mal. What is the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the
speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well [8].

Macd. And all my children [9]?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their
peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did
leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; How
goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the
tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;

Ecstacy is used by Shakspeare for a temporary alienation of mind. MALONE.

[6] Expire before the flowers in their caps,] So, in All's Well That Ends Well:

" —— whose constancies
" Expire before their fashions." STEEVENS.

[7] Too nice, AND yet TOO true!] The redundancy of this hemistich induces me to believe our author only wrote—

" Too nice, yet true!" STEEVENS.

[8] Why, well.——Well too.] So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

" ——— We use
" To say, *the dead are well.*" STEEVENS.

[9] — children?] *Children* is, in this place, used as a trisyllable. So, in The Comedy of Errors:

" These are the parents to these *children.*"

See note on this passage, vol. iv. p. 265. STEEVENS.

Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help! your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses [1].

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them [2].

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief [3],
Due to some single breast?

[1] To DOFF their dire distresses.] To *doff* is to *do off*, to *put off*. See King John, Act III. Sc. I. STEEVENS.

[2] — should not LATCH them.] Thus the old copy, and rightly. To *latch* any thing, is to *lay hold of* it. So, in the prologue to Gower, De Confessione Amantis, 1554:

" Hereof for that thei wolden *lache*,
" With such duresse," &c.

Again, book i. fol. 27:

" When that he Galathe besought
" Of love, which he maie not *latche*."

Again, in the first book of Ovid's Metamorphosis, as translated by Golding:

" As though he would, at everie stride, betweene his teeth hir *latch*."

Again, in the eighth book:

" But that a bough of chesnut-tree, thick-leaved, by the way
" Did *latch* it," &c.

To *latch* (in the North country dialect) signifies the same as to *catch*. STEEVENS.

[3] — fee-grief,] A peculiar sorrow; a grief that hath a single owner. The expression is, at least to our ears, very harsh. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's Lover's Complaint:

" My woeful self that did in freedom stand,
" And was my own *fee-simple*." MALONE.

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd; your wife, and babes,
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer[4],
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows[5];

It must, I think, be allowed that, in both the foregoing instances, the Attorney has been guilty of a flat trespass on the Poet.

STEEVENS.

[4] Were, on the QUARRY of these murder'd deer,] *Quarry* is a term used both in *hunting* and *falconry*. In both sports it means the game after it is killed. So, in Massinger's Guardian:

"——— he strikes
"The trembling bird, who even in death appears
"Proud to be made his *quarry*."

Again, in an ancient MS. entitled The Boke of Huntyng that is cleped Mayster of Game: "While that the huntyng lesteth, should cartes go fro place to place to bringe the deer to the *querre*," &c. "to kepe the *querre*, and to make ley it on a rowe, al the hedes o way, and every deeres feet to other's bak, and the hertes should be leyde on a rowe, and the rascaile by hemselfe in the same wise. And thei shuld kepe that no man come in the *querre* til the king come, saif the maister of the game." It appears, in short, that the game was arranged in a hollow square, within which none but privileged persons, such as had claims to the particular animals they had killed, were permitted to enter. Hence, perhaps, the origin of the term *quarry*. STEEVENS.

[5] — ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;] The same thought occurs in the ancient ballad of Northumberland betrayed by Douglas:

Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak[6],
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too?
Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?
Rosse. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children[7].—All my pretty ones?

"*He pulled his hatt down over his browe,*
"And in his heart he was full woe," &c.

Again:

"Jamey *his hatt pull'd over his brow,*" &c. STEEVENS.

[6] — the grief, that does not speak,] So, in Vittoria Corombona, 1612:

"Those are the killing *griefs*, which *dare not speak*."
Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.

Again, in Greene's old bl. l. novel entitled The Tragicall History of Faire Bellora:

"Light *sorrowes* often *speake*,
"When great the heart in silence breake." STEEVENS.

In Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond, 1595, we have the like sentiment:

"Striving to tell his woes words would not come:
"For *light cares speak*, when mighty *griefs* are dombe."
REED.

So, in Venus and Adonis:

"—— the heart hath treble wrong,
"When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue." MALONE.

[7] He has no children.] It has been observed by an anonymous critick, that this is not said of Macbeth, who had children, but of Malcolm, who, having none, supposes a father can be so easily comforted. JOHNSON.

The meaning of this may be, either that Macduff could not, by retaliation, revenge the murder of his children, because Macbeth had none himself; or that if he had any, a father's feelings for a father would have prevented him from the deed. I know not from what passage we are to infer that Macbeth had children alive.

Did you say, all ?—O, hell-kite !—All ?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop [8] ?

Holinshed's Chronicle does not, as I remember, mention any. The same thought occurs again in King John :

" He talks to me that *never had a son*."

Again, in King Henry VI. Part III. :

" You have *no children:* butchers, if you had,
" The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse."

STEEVENS.

Surely the latter of the two interpretations offered by Mr. Steevens is the true one, supposing these words to relate to Macbeth.

The passage, however, quoted from King John, seems in favour of the supposition that these words relate to Malcolm.

That Macbeth had children at some period, appears from what Lady Macbeth says in the first Act : " I have given suck," &c.

I am still more strongly confirmed in thinking these words relate to Malcolm, and not to Macbeth, because Macbeth *had* a son then alive, named Lulah, who after his father's death was proclaimed king by some of his friends, and slain at Strathbolgie, about four months after the battle of Dunsinane. See Fordun. Scoti-Chron. l. v. c. viii.

Whether Shakspeare was apprized of this circumstance, cannot be now ascertained; but we cannot prove that he was unacquainted with it. MALONE.

My copy of the Scotichronicon (Goodall's edit. vol. i. p. 252,) affords me no reason for supposing that *Lulach* was a *son* of Macbeth. The words of Fordun are :—"Subito namque post mortem Machabedæ convenerunt quidam ex ejus parentela sceleris hujusmodi fautores, suum *consobrinum*, nomine *Lulach*, ignomine fatuum, ad Sconam ducentes, et impositum sede regali constituunt regem," &c. Nor does Wyntown, in his Cronykil, so much as hint that this mock-monarch was the immediate offspring of his predecessor :

" Eftyre all this, that ilke yhere,
" That this Makbeth was browcht on bere,
" *Lularwch* fule ras, and he
" As kyng regnyd monethis thre.
" This Malcolme gert sla hym syne
" Wyth-in the land of Straybolgyne." B. vi. 47, &c.

It still therefore remains to be proved that " Macbeth *had* a son *then* alive." Besides, we have been already assured, by himself, on the authority of the Witches, p. 142, that his scepter would pass away into another family, " *no son of his succeeding*."

STEEVENS.

Mal. Dispute it like a man [9].
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them now!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief

Upon comparing Mr. Steevens's quotation from Fordun, with the more correct edition by Hearne, I am satisfied that Mr. Malone was inaccurate in producing that historian as an authority for *Lulah*, *Lulach*, *Luthlac*, or *Lugtag*, (for by all these names is he mentioned,) being the son of Macbeth. By a slip of memory, or an incorrect memorandum, he was probably led to confound *Fordun* with *Buchanan*, whose words are these:—"Hæc dum Forfaræ geruntur, qui supererant ex factione Macbethi, *filium ejus Luthlacum* (cui ex ingenio cognomen inditum erat Fatuo) Sconam ductum regem appellant." Fordun does not express this, indeed, but he does not contradict it. *Suum consobrinum* may mean, *their* relation, i. e. of the same clan. Mr. Steevens's last argument might be turned the other way. That his son should not succeed him, would more afflict a man who *had* a son than one who was childless. Boswell.

[8] At one fell swoop?] *Swoop* is the descent of a bird of prey on his quarry. So, in The White Devil, 1612:

"That she may take away all at one *swoop*."

Again, in The Beggar's Bush, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—— no star prosperous!
"All at a *swoop*."

It is frequently, however, used by Drayton, in his Polyolbion, to express the swift descent of rivers. Steevens.

[9] Dispute it like a man.] i. e contend with your present sorrow like a man. So, in Twelfth Night, Act IV. Sc. III.:

"For though my soul *disputes* well with my sense," &c.

Again, in Romeo and Juliet:

"Let me *dispute* with thee of thy estate." Steevens.

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!——But, gentle Heavens,
Cut short all intermission [1]; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too [2]!

Mal. This tune [3] goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments [4]. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long, that never finds the day.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] Cut short all INTERMISSION;] i. e. all pause, all intervening time. So, in King Lear:

"Deliver'd letters, spite of *intermission*." STEEVENS.

[2] —— if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!] That is, 'if he escape my vengeance, let him escape that of Heaven also.'

An expression nearly similar occurs in The Chances, where Petruchio, speaking of the Duke, says:

"He scap'd me yesternight; which if he dare
"Again adventure for, heaven pardon him!
"I shall, with all my heart." M. MASON.

The meaning, I believe, is,—'If heaven be so unjust as to let him escape my vengeance, I am content that it should proceed still further in its injustice, and to impunity in this world add forgiveness hereafter.' MALONE.

[3] This TUNE—] The folio reads—This *time*. *Tune* is Rowe's emendation. STEEVENS.

The emendation is supported by a former passage in this play, where the word is used in a similar manner:

"*Macb.* Went it not so?
"*Banq.* To the self-same *tune* and words." MALONE.

[4] PUT ON their instruments.] i. e. encourage, thrust forward us

ACT V. SCENE I.

Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field [4], I

their instruments against the tyrant. So, in King Lear, Act I. Sc. IV. vol. x. p. 60:

" That you protect this course, and *put* it *on*
" By your allowance."

Again, in Chapman's version of the eleventh Iliad:

" For Jove makes Trojans *instruments*, and virtually then
" Wields arms himself." Steevens.

[5] Since his majesty WENT INTO THE FIELD,] This is one of Shakspeare's oversights. He forgot that he had shut up Macbeth in Dunsinane, and surrounded him with besiegers. That he could *not go into the field*, is observed by himself with splenetic impatience:

" ——— our castle's strength
" Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lie
" Till famine and the ague eat them up.
" Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
" *We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,*
" *And beat them backward home.*"

It is clear also, from other passages, that Macbeth's motions had long been circumscribed by the walls of his fortress.

The truth may be, that Shakspeare thought the spirit of Lady Macbeth could not be so effectually subdued, and her peace of mind so speedily unsettled by reflection on her guilt, as during the absence of her husband:

—— deserto jacuit dum frigida lecto,
Dum queritur tardos ire relicta dies.

For the present change in her disposition, therefore, our poet

have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a Taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open[6].

(though in the haste of finishing his play he forgot his plan) might mean to have provided, by allotting her such an interval of solitude as would subject her mind to perturbation, and dispose her thoughts to repentance.

It does not appear, from any circumstance within the compass of this drama, that she had once been separated from her husband, after his return from the victory over Macdonwald, and the King of Norway. Steevens.

Yet Rosse says, [p. 232.] that 'he saw the tyrant's power a-foot.' The strength of his adversaries, and the revolt of his own troops, mentioned in a subsequent scene, might compel him to retreat into his castle. Boswell.

Gent. Ay, but their sense are shut[7].

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot[8].

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two[9]; Why, then 'tis time to do't:——

[6] — her EYES ARE OPEN.] So, in The Tempest:

"This is a strange repose, to be asleep
"With *eyes* wide *open*," &c. STEEVENS.

[7] Ay, but their sense ARE shut.] Thus the old copy; and so the author certainly wrote, though it sounds very harshly to our ears. So again, in his 112th Sonnet:

"In so profound abysm I throw all care
"Of others' voices, that my adder's *sense*
"To critick and to flatterer stopped *are*."

MALONE.

In the Sonnet our author was compelled to sacrifice grammar to the convenience of rhyme. In the passage before us, he was free from such constraint.

What, therefore, should forbid us to read, as in my text?—

"Ay, but their sense *is* shut." STEEVENS.

We have the same inaccurate grammar in Julius Cæsar, where no rhyme was required—

"The posture of his blows *are* yet unknown."

MALONE.

[8] Yet here's a spot.] A passage somewhat similar occurs in Webster's Vittoria Corombona, &c. 1612:

"——— Here's a white hand!
"Can blood so soon be wash'd out?"

Webster's play was published in 1612; Shakspeare's in 1623.

STEEVENS.

[9] — One; Two;] Macbeth does not, previously to the murder, mention the hour at which Lady Macbeth is to strike upon the bell, which was to be the signal for his going into Duncan's chamber to execute his wicked purpose; but it seems that Lady

Hell is murky [1] !—Fye, my lord, fye ! a soldier, and afear'd ? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account ?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him [2] ?

Doct. Do you mark that ?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife ; Where is she now ?——What, will these hands ne'er be clean ?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that : you mar all with this starting [3].

Macbeth is now thinking of the moment when she rang the bell ; and that two o'clock was the hour when the deed was perpetrated. This agrees with the scene that immediately precedes the murder, but not with that which follows it. See p. 118, n. 3.

MALONE.

[1] —Hell is MURKY !] *Murky* is *dark*. So, in The Tempest, Act IV. Sc. I. :

" —— the *murkiest* den
" The most opportune place," &c.

Lady Macbeth is acting over, in a dream, the business of the murder of Duncan, and encouraging her husband as when awake. She, therefore, would not have even hinted the terrors of hell to one whose conscience she saw was too much alarmed already for her purpose. She certainly imagines herself here talking to Macbeth, who, (she supposes,) had just said, *Hell is murky*, (i. e. hell is a dismal place to go to in consequence of such a deed,) and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice.

" Hell is murky !—Fye, my lord, fye ! a soldier, and afear'd ? " This explanation, I think, gives a spirit to the passage, which has hitherto appeared languid, being perhaps misapprehended by those who placed a full point at the conclusion of it. STEEVENS.

[2] —who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him ?] Statius, in a passage already quoted, speaking of the sword by which an old man was slain, calls it *egentem sanguinis ensem ;* and Ovid, [Met. l. vii.] describing a wound inflicted on a superannuated ram, has the same circumstance :

——— guttura cultro
Fodit, et *exiguo* maculavit *sanguine* ferrum.

STEEVENS.

[3] — you mar all with this starting.] Alluding to the terrors of Macbeth, when the Ghost broke in on the festivity of the banquet.

STEEVENS.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate[4]. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit Lady Macbeth.*

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.—
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;

[4] To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate.] Lady Macbeth, in her sleep, is talking of Duncan's murder, and recalls to her mind the circumstance of the knocking at the gate just after it. A. C.

Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night:
My mind she has mated [5], and amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

GENT. Good night, good doctor.
[*Exeunt.*

[5] My mind she has MATED,] Astonished, confounded. JOHNSON.

The expression is taken from *chess-playing*:

" —— that so young a warrior
" Should bide the shock of such approved knights,
" As he this day hath *match'd* and *mated* too."
Soliman and Perseda.

" ——— woman,
" Worse than Medusa *mateth* all our minds."
Orlando Furioso, by R. Greene, 1599.

" Not mad, but *mated*." *Comedy of Errors.*

In the following instances, (both taken from the ancient metrical romance of The Sowdon of Babyloyne, MS.) the allusion to chess is still more evident:

" The dikes there so develye depe
" Thai held them selfe *chek mate*." P. 7.
" Richard raught him with a barr of bras
" That he caught at the gate;
" He brake his legges, he cryed alas,
" And felle alle *chek mate*." STEEVENS.

Scory, in the commendatory verses prefixed to Drayton's Heroicall Epistles, makes use of this phrase, and exactly in the same sense:

" Yet with these broken reliques, *mated mind*,
" And what a justly-grieved thought can say."
HOLT WHITE.

Our author, as well as his contemporaries, seems to have used the word as explained by Dr. Johnson. Mr. Pope supposes *mated* to mean here *conquered* or *subdued*; but that clearly is not the sense affixed to it by Shakspeare; though the etymology, supposing the expression to be taken from *chess-playing*, might favour such an interpretation. " Cum sublatis gregariis agitur regis de vita et sanguine, sic cum nulla est elabendi via, nullum subterfugium, qui *vicit*, MATE, inquit, quasi *matado*; i. e. occisus, killed, a *mater*, [Hispan.] occidere." *Minsheu's Dict. in* v. *Mate.*

The original word was to *amate*, which Bullokar, in his Expositor, 8vo. 1616, explains by the words, " to dismay, to make afraid;" so that to *mate*, as commonly used by our old writers, has no reference to chess-playing. MALONE.

SCENE II.

The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, *and Soldiers.*

MENT. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward [6], and the good Macduff,
Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man [7].

ANG. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

CATH. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

LEN. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file

[6] His UNCLE Siward,] "Duncan had two sons (says Holinshed) by his wife, who was the daughter of *Siward, Earl of Northumberland.*" See, however, a note on the Personæ Dramatis. STEEVENS.

[7] Excite the MORTIFIED man.] Mr. Theobald will needs explain this expression. "It means (says he) the man who has abandoned himself to despair, who has no spirit or resolution left." And, to support this sense of *mortified man*, he quotes *mortified spirit* in another place. But, if this was the meaning, Shakspeare had not wrote "*the* mortified man," but "*a* mortified man." In a word, by *the mortified man*, is meant a *religious;* one who has subdued his passions, is *dead* to the world, has abandoned it, and all the affairs of it: an *Ascetic.* WARBURTON.

So, in Monsieur D'Olive, 1606:

"He like a *mortified* hermit sits."

Again, in Greene's Never Too Late, 1616: "I perceived in the words of the hermit the perfect idea of a *mortified man.*"

Again, in Love's Labour's Lost, Act I. Sc. I.:

"My loving lord, Dumain is *mortified;*
"The grosser manner of this world's delights
"He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves," &c.

STEEVENS.

Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths [8], that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule [9].

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there [1]?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medecin [2] of the sickly weal;

[8] — UNROUGH youths,] An odd expression. It means smooth-faced, unbearded. STEEVENS.

See The Tempest:

"——till new-born chins
"Be *rough* and rázorable."

Again, in King John:

"This *unhair'd* sauciness, and boyish troops,
"The king doth smile at." MALONE.

[9] He cannot BUCKLE his distemper'd cause
WITHIN the belt of rule.] The same metaphor occurs in Troilus and Cressida:

"And *buckle in* a waist most fathomless." STEEVENS.

[1] When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?] That is, when all the faculties of the mind are employed in self-condemnation. JOHNSON.

[2] — the medecin —] i. e. physician. Shakspeare uses this word in the feminine gender, where Lafeu speaks of Helen in

And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.
Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds[3].
Make we our march towards Birnam.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III.

Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all[4];
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus[5]:
Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power upon thee[6].——Then fly, false thanes,

All's Well That Ends Well; and Florizel, in The Winter's Tale, calls Camillo "the *medecin* of our house." Steevens.

3 To dew the sovereign flower, &c.] This uncommon verb occurs in Look About You, 1600:

"*Dewing* your princely hand with pity's tears."

Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. iv. c. viii.:

"*Dew'd* with her drops of bounty soveraigne." Steevens.

4 Bring me no more reports, &c.] "Tell me not any more of desertions:—Let all my subjects leave me:—I am safe till," &c. Johnson.

5 All mortal consequents, pronounc'd me thus:] The old copy reads—

"All mortal *consequences have* pronounc'd me thus."

But the line must originally have ran as I have printed it:—*Currents, consequents, occurrents, ingredients*, &c. are always spelt, in the ancient copies of our author's plays, "*currence, consequence, occurrence, ingredience*," &c. Steevens.

6 — on *thee*.] Old copy—*upon*. Steevens.

And mingle with the English epicures[7]:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg with doubt[8], nor shake with fear.

[7] — English epicures:] The reproach of epicurism, on which Mr. Theobald has bestowed a note, is nothing more than a natural invective uttered by an inhabitant of a barren country, against those who have more opportunities of luxury. JOHNSON.

Of the ancient poverty of Scotland, the following mention is made by Froissart, vol. ii. cap. ii.: "They be lyke wylde and savage people—they dought ever to lese that they have, for it is a poore countrey. And when the Englyshe men maketh any roode or voyage into the countrey, if they thynke to lyve, they must cause their provysion and vitayle to followe theym at their backe, for they shall fynde nothyng in that countrey," &c.

Shakspeare, however, took the thought from Holinshed, p. 179 and 180, of his History of Scotland: "—The Scotish people before had no knowledge nor understanding of fine fare or riotous surfet; yet after they had once tasted the sweet poisoned bait thereof, &c.—those superfluities which came into the realme of Scotland with the *Englishmen*," &c. Again: "For manie of the people abhorring the riotous manners and superfluous gormandizing brought in among them by the *Englyshemen*, were willing inough to receive this Donald for their king, trusting (because he had beene brought up in the Isles, with the old customes and manners of their antient nation, without tast of *English likerous delicats*), they should by his seuere order in gouernement recouer againe the former temperance of their old progenitors." The same historian informs us, that in those ages the Scots eat but once a day, and even then very sparingly. It appears from Dr. Johnson's Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland, that the natives had neither *kail* nor brogues, till they were taught the art of planting the one, and making the other, by the soldiers of Cromwell; and yet King James VI. in his 7th parliament, thought it necessary to form an act "against superfluous banqueting." STEEVENS.

[8] Shall never SAGG with doubt,] To *sag*, or *swag*, is to sink down by its own weight, or by an overload. See Junius's Etymologicon. It is common in Staffordshire to say, "a beam in a building *sags*, or has *sagged*." TOLLET.

So, in the 16th Song of Drayton's Polyolbion:

"This said, the aged Street *sag'd* sadly on alone."

Drayton is personifying one of the old Roman ways.

Again, in The Misfortunes of Arthur, 1587:

"The more his state and tottering empire *sagges*."

STEEVENS.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon[9]!
Where got'st thou that goose look[1]?

Serv. There is ten thousand——

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy[2]. What soldiers, patch[3]?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear[4]. What soldiers, whey-face[5]?

Again, in Wits, Fits, and Fancies, 1595: "He tooke exceptions to his traveller's bag, which he wore *sagging* down his belly before." Malone.

9 —loon!] At present this word is only used in Scotland, and signifies a base fellow. So, in Marlowe's tragedy of King Edward II. 1598:

"For shame subscribe! and let the *lowne* depart."

Again, in Decker's Honest Whore, second part, 1630:

"The sturdy beggar, and the lazy *lowne*."

King Stephen, in the old song, called his taylor, *loon*. Steevens.

1 Where got'st thou that GOOSE look?] So, in Coriolanus:

"——— ye souls of *geese*,
"That bear the shape of men, how have ye run
"From slaves that apes would beat?" Malone.

2 —lily-liver'd boy.] Chapman thus translates a passage in the 20th Iliad:

"—— his sword that made a vent for his *white liver's blood*,
"*That caus'd such pitiful effects*——."

Again, Falstaff says, in The Second Part of King Henry IV.: "—left the liver *white and pale*, which is the badge of *pusillanimity and cowardice*." Steevens.

3 —patch?] An appellation of contempt, alluding to the *pied*, *patched*, or particoloured coats anciently worn by the fools belonging to noble families. Steevens.

4 —those linen cheeks of thine
Are COUNSELLORS to fear.] The meaning is, they infect others who see them, with cowardice. Warburton.

In King Henry V. his Majesty says to the Conspirators—

"Your *cheeks* are paper." Steevens.

5 — WHEY-face?] So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor,

SERV. The English force, so please you.
MACB. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now [6].
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life [7]

4to. edit. 1619: "—and has as it were a *whey*-coloured beard." STEEVENS.

[6] —or DISSEAT me now.] The old copy reads *disseat*, though modern editors have substituted *disease* in its room. The word *disseat* occurs in The Two Noble Kinsmen, by Fletcher and Shakspeare, scene the last, where Perithous is describing the fall of Arcite from his horse:

"——seeks all foul means
"Of boisterous and rough jadry, to *disseat*
"His lord that kept it bravely."

Dr. Percy would read:

"Will *chair* me ever, or *disseat* me now."

It is still, however, possible, that *disease* may be the true reading. Thus, in N. Breton's Toyes of an Idle Head, 1577:

"My ladies maydes too I must please,
"But chiefely Mistress Anne,
"For else by the masse she *will disease*
"Me vyly now and than."

Disease is the reading of the second folio. STEEVENS.

[7] I have liv'd long enough: my WAY OF LIFE, &c.] As there is no relation between the *way of life*, and *fallen into the sear*, I am inclined to think that the *W* is only an *M* inverted, and that it was originally written:

"——my *May* of life."

"I am now passed from the spring to the autumn of my days: but I am without those comforts that should succeed the sprightliness of bloom, and support me in this melancholy season."

The author has *May* in the same sense elsewhere. JOHNSON.

An *anonymous* writer [Dr. Johnson, whose Remarks on this tragedy were originally published, without his name, in 1745,] would have it:

"——my *May* of life:"

But he did not consider that Macbeth is not here speaking of his *rule* or government, or of any sudden change; but of the gradual decline of life, as appears from that line:

"And that, which should accompany *old age*."

And *way* is used for *course, progress*. WARBURTON.

To confirm the justness of "*May* of life" for "*way* of life," Mr. Colman quotes from Much Ado About Nothing:

Is fall'n into the sear [8], the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,

"*May* of youth and bloom of lustyhood."

And King Henry V.:

"My puissant liege is in the very *May*-morn of his youth."

LANGTON.

So, in Sidney's Astrophel and Stella, Stanza 21:

"If now *the May of my years* much decline."

Again, in The Spanish Curate of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"——— you met me
"With equal ardour in your *May of blood*."

Again, in The Sea Voyage, by the same authors:

"And in their *May* of youth," &c.

Again, in The Guardian of Massinger:

"I am in the *May* of my abilities,
"And you in your December."

Again, in The Renegado of the same author:

"Having my heat and *May* of youth, to plead
"In my excuse."

Again, in Claudius Tiberius Nero, 1607:

"Had I in this fair *May* of all my glory," &c.

Again, in King John and Matilda, by R. Davenport, 1655:

"Thou art yet in thy green *May*, twenty-seven summers," &c.

STEEVENS.

I have now no doubt that Shakspeare wrote *May*, and not *way*. It is observable, in this very play, that the contrary error of the press has happened from a mistake of the same letters;

"Hear not my steps which *may* they walke."

Besides, that a similarity of expression in other passages of Shakspeare, and the concinnity of the figure, both unite to support the proposed emendation.

Thus, in his Sonnets:

"Two beauteous *springs* to *yellow autumns* turn'd."

Again, in King Richard II.:

"He that hath suffered this disorder'd *spring*,
"Hath now himself met with the *fall of leaf*."

The sentiment of Macbeth I take to be this: "The tender leaves of hope, the promise of my greener days, are now in my autumn, withered and fruitless: my mellow hangings are all shook down, and I am left bare to the weather." HENLEY.

The old reading should not have been discarded, as the following passages prove that it was a mode of expression in use at that time, as *course* of life is now.

In Massinger's Very Woman, the Doctor says—

"In *way of life* I did enjoy one friend."

As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,

Again, in The New Way To Pay Old Debts, Lady Allworth says—

" If that when I was mistress of myself,
" And in my *way of youth*," &c. M. Mason.

Again, in Pericles, Prince of Tyre, 1609, Act I. Sc. I.:

" Thus ready for the *way of life* or death,
" I wait the sharpest blow." Steevens.

The meaning of this contested passage, I think, is this. I have lived long enough. In the course or progress of life, I am arrived at that period when the body begins to decay; I have reached the autumn of my days. Those comforts which ought to accompany that old age to which I am approaching, (to compensate for the infirmities naturally attending it,) I have no title to expect; but on the contrary, the curses of those I have injured, and the hollow adulation of mortified dependants. I have lived long enough. It is time for me to retire.

A passage in one of our author's Sonnets, (quoted by Mr. Steevens, in a subsequent note,) may prove the best comment on the present:

" *That time of year* in *me* thou may'st behold,
" When *yellow leaves* or none or few do hang
" Upon those boughs, which shake against the cold,
" Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."

Are not these lines almost a paraphrase on the contested part of the passage before us? He who could say that you might behold the *autumn* in *him*, would not scruple to write, that *he* was fallen into the autumn of his days (i. e. into that decay which always accompanies autumn); and how easy is the transition from this to saying that " the *course* or *progress of his life* had reached the autumnal season?" which is all that is meant by the words of the text, " My way of life," &c.

The using " the sear, the yellow leaf," simply and absolutely for *autumn*, or rather *autumnal decay*, because in autumn the leaves of trees turn yellow, and begin to fall and decay, is certainly a licentious mode of expression; but it is such a licence as may be found in almost every page of our author's works. It would also have been more natural for Macbeth to have said, that, in the course or progress of life, *he* had arrived at his autumn, than to say, that the course of his life itself had fallen into autumn or decay; but this too is much in Shakspeare's manner. With respect to the word *fallen*, which at first view seems a very singular expression, I strongly suspect that he caught it from the language of conversation, in which we at this day often say that this or that person is " fallen into a decay;" a phrase that might have been

Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.
Seyton!——

current in his time also. It is the very idea here conveyed. Macbeth is *fallen into his* autumnal *decline*.

In King Henry VIII. the word *way* seems to signify, as in the present passage, *course* or *tenour*:

"The *way* of our profession is against it."

And in King Richard II. "the fall of leaf" is used, as in the passage before us, simply and absolutely for *bodily decay*.

"He who hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
"Hath now himself met with *the fall of leaf*."

When a passage can be thus easily explained, and the mode of expression is so much in our poet's general manner, surely any attempt at emendation is not only unnecessary, but dangerous. However, as a reading which was originally proposed by Dr. Johnson, and has been adopted in the modern editions, "— my *May* of life," has many favourers, I shall add a word or two on that subject.

By his "*May* of life having fallen into the yellow leaf," that is, into autumn, we must understand that Macbeth means either, that being in reality young, he is, in consequence of his cares, arrived at a *premature* old age;—or that he means simply to assert, that in the progress of life he has passed from *May* or youth to autumn or old age; in other words, that he is now an old man, or at least near being one.

If the first interpretation be maintained, it is sufficient to say, (I use the words of my friend Mr. Flood, whose ingenious comment on this passage I published some years ago,) that "Macbeth, when he speaks this speech, is *not youthful*. He is contemporary to Banquo, who is advanced in years, and who hath a son upon the scene able to escape the pursuit of assassins and the vigilance of Macbeth." I may likewise add that Macbeth, having now sat for seventeen years on the throne of Scotland, cannot with any probability be supposed to be like our author's Henry V. "in the *May*-morn of his youth." We must therefore understand these words in the latter sense; namely, that he means only, that in the ordinary progress he has passed from the spring to the autumn of life, from youth to the confines of age. What then is obtained by this alteration? for this is precisely the meaning of the words as they stand in the old copy.

There is still another very strong objection to the proposed emendation. It is alledged that in this very play *may* is printed instead of *way*, and why may not the contrary error have happened

Enter SEYTON.

SEY. What is your gracious pleasure?

MACB. What news more?

SEY. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

MACB. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

SEY. 'Tis not needed yet.

MACB. I'll put it on.

here? For this plain reason; because *May* (the month) both in manuscript and print always is exhibited with a capital letter; and it is exceedingly improbable that a compositor at the press should use a small *w* instead of a capital *M*.

But, without going further into this subject, it is sufficient for our purpose, that the text, as it is exhibited in the ancient copy, affords an obvious, easy sense, without any emendation whatsoever. MALONE.

My *way of youth* occurs in Massinger, in two passages, one of which Mr. Mason has quoted incorrectly, and assigned the other to a wrong play:

"If that when I was mistress of myself,
"And in my *way of youth* pure and untainted."

Roman Actor.

"In *way of youth* I did enjoy one friend." *Very Woman.*

Mr. Gifford understands it to be merely a periphrasis for *youth*; as *way of life* here is merely, he thinks, *life*. BOSWELL.

[8] — the SEAR,] *Sear* is *dry*. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Monsieur Thomas, 1639:

"—— *sear* winter
"Hath seal'd the sap up."

And Milton has—"Ivy never *sear*."

Shakspeare has the same thought in his 73d Sonnet:

"That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
"When *yellow leaves*," &c. STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's Lover's Complaint, where the epithet is so used, as clearly to ascertain the meaning of "the *sear*, the yellow leaf," in the passage before us:

"—— spite of heaven's fell rage,
"Some beauty peep'd through lattice of *sear'd age*."

MALONE.

We have the same expression and sentiment in Spenser's Pastorals, January:

"Also my lustful leaf is *drie* and *seare*." BOSWELL.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round [9];
Hang those that talk of fear [1].—Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her [2] from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd [3];
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote [4],

9 — SKIRR the country round;] To *skirr*, I believe, signifies to *scour*, to *ride hastily*. The word is used by Beaumont and Fletcher, in The Martial Maid:

" Whilst I, with this and this, well mounted, *skirr'd*
" A horse troop, through and through."

Again, in King Henry V..

" And make them *skirr* away, as swift as stones
" Enforced from the old Assyrian slings."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Bonduca:

" —— the light shadows,
" That, in a thought, *scur* o'er the fields of corn,
" Halted on crutches to them." STEEVENS.

1 — TALK OF fear.] The second folio reads " *stand in* fear." HENDERSON.

2 That keep HER —] The latter word, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

3 Canst thou not minister to a mind DISEAS'D;] In The Spanish Tragedy Isabella thus complains:

" So that you say, this herb will purge the eye,
" And this the head; but *none of them will purge the heart:*
" No, there's no medicine left for my *disease*,
" Nor any physick to recure the dead." MALONE.

4 And, with some sweet OBLIVIOUS antidote,] Perhaps, as Dr. Farmer has observed, our poet here remembered Spenser's description of Nepenthe:

" Nepenthe is a drinck of sovereign grace,
" Devized by the gods for to asswage
" Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace,—
" Instead thereof sweet peace and quietage
" It doth establish in the troubled mynd."

Fairy Queen, b. iv. c. iii. st. 34. MALONE.

Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff[5],
Which weighs upon the heart?

Our author's idea might have been caught from the sixth book of the Æneid, where the effects of Lethe are described:

—— Lethæi ad fluminis undam
Securos latices, et longa *oblivia* potant.

Thus translated by Phaer, 1558:

"These liquors quenching cares, and long forgetful draughts thei drink
"That of their liues, and former labours past, they neuer thinck."

Thus also Statius, Theb. i. 341:

Grata laboratæ referens *oblivia* vitæ. STEEVENS.

[5] Cleanse the STUFF'D bosom of that perilous stuff,] *Stuff'd* is the reading of the old copy; but, for the sake of the ear, which must be shocked by the recurrence of so harsh a word, I am willing to read—*foul*, as there is authority for the change from Shakspeare himself, in As You Like It, Act II. Sc. VI.:

"Cleanse the *foul* body of the infected world."

We properly speak of *cleansing* what is *foul*, but not what is *stuffed*. STEEVENS.

The recurrence of the word *stuff*, in this passage, is very unpleasing to the ear, but there is no ground, I think, to suspect the text to be corrupt: for our author was extremely fond of such repetitions. Thus, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"Now for the *love* of *love*."
"The greatest *grace* lending *grace*."
All's Well that Ends Well.
"—— with what good speed
"Our *means* will make us *means*."
All's Well that Ends Well.
"Is *only* grievous to me, *only* dying." *King Henry VIII.*
"Upon his brow *shame* is *asham'd* to sit."
Romeo and Juliet.
"For by this knot thou shalt so *surely* tie
"Thy now *unsur'd assurance* to the crown." *King John.*
"*Believe* me, I do not *believe* thee, man." *Ibid.*
"Those he *commands*, move only in *command* —."
Macbeth.

The words *stuff* and *stuff'd*, however mean they may sound at present, have, like many other terms, been debased by time, and appear to have been formerly considered as words proper to be used in passages of the greatest dignity. As such, Shakspeare has employed them in Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, The Winter's Tale, Julius Cæsar, &c. Again, in The Tempest, in a passage where the author certainly aimed at dignity:

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:—
Come, sir, despatch:—If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water of my land [6], find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—

" And, like this unsubstantial pageant, faded,
" Leave not a rack behind.—We are such *stuff*
" As dreams are made of."

In a note on a passage in Othello, Dr. Johnson observes, that " *stuff*, in the Teutonick languages, is a word of great force. The elements (he adds) are called in Dutch *hoefd stoffen*, or *head-stuffs*." Malone.

The present question is not concerning the dignity of the word—*stuffed*, but its nauseous iteration, of which no example has been produced by Mr. Malone; for that our author has indulged himself in the repetition of harmonious words, is no proof that he would have repeated harsh ones.

I may venture also (in support of my opinion) to subjoin, that the same gentleman, in a very judicious comment on King Henry IV. Part II. has observed, " that when a word is repeated without propriety, in *the same*, or two succeeding lines, there is great reason to suspect some corruption." Steevens.

To show Mr. Steevens's inconsistency, I will transcribe what he says in Othello, vol. ix. p. 316, on the line—

" If this poor *trash* of Venice, whom I *trash*."

" It is scarce necessary to support the present jingle of the word *trash;* it is *so much in our author's manner*, although his worst." Is *trash* more harmonious than *stuff?* Boswell.

[6] — cast

The water of my land,] " To cast the water " was the phrase in use for finding out disorders by the inspection of urine. So, in Eliosto Libidinoso, a novel, by John Hinde, 1606: " Lucilla perceiving, without *casting her water*, where she was pained," &c. Again, in The Wise Woman of Hogsdon, 1638: " Mother Nottingham, for her time, was pretty well skilled in *casting waters*." Steevens.

What rhubarb, senna [6], or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Hear'st thou
of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.——
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Country near Dunsinane: A Wood in view.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Malcolm, *old* Siward *and his Son,* Macduff, Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, Rosse, *and Soldiers marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough [7],

[6] — senna,] The old copy reads—*cyme*. Steevens.
Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[7] Let every soldier hew him down a bough,] A similar incident is recorded by Olaus Magnus, in his Northern History, lib. vii. cap. xx. "De Stratagemate Regis Hachonis per Frondes:

"Nec accelerationi prospera fortuna defuit: nam primam et secundam vigilum stationem suspenso tacitoque itinere prætervectus, cum ad extremas sylvarum latebras devenisset, jussit abscissos arborum ramos singulorum suorum manibus gestari. Quod cum milites in tertiâ statione constituti adverterant, mox Sigaro nuntiant se insolitam et stupendam rei novitatem admirantibus oculis subjecisse. Visum quippe erat nemus suis sedibus evulsum ad regiam usque properare. Tum Sigarus animo ad insidiarum con-

And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant[8]
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt[9];

siderationem converso, respondit, eo sylvarum accessu sibi extrema fata portendi." Boswell.

[8] But the CONFIDENT tyrant —] We must surely read—
" —— the *confin'd* tyrant." Warburton.

He was *confident* of success; so *confident* that he would not fly, but endure their *setting down* before his castle. Johnson.

[9] For where there is ADVANTAGE TO BE GIVEN,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;] The impropriety of the expression " advantage to be given," instead of " advantage given," and the disagreeable repetition of the word *given*, in the next line, incline me to read:

" —— where there is *a 'vantage* to be *gone*,
" Both more and less have given him the revolt."

Advantage or *'vantage*, in the time of Shakspeare, signified *opportunity*. " He shut up himself and his soldiers (says Malcolm) in the castle, because when there is an opportunity to be gone, they all desert him."

More and less is the same with *greater and less*. So, in the interpolated Mandeville, a book of that age, there is a chapter of India the More and the Less. Johnson.

I would read, if any alteration were necessary:

" For where there is advantage to be *got*."

But the words, as they stand in the text, will bear Dr. Johnson's explanation, which is most certainly right.—" For wherever an opportunity of flight is *given* them," &c.

More and *less*, for *greater* and *less*, is likewise found in Chaucer:

" From Boloigne is the erle of Pavie come,
" Of which the fame yspronge to *most* and *leste*."

Again, in Drayton's Polyolbion, Song the 12th:

" Of Britain's forests all from th' *less* unto the *more*."

Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. v. c. viii.:

" —— all other weapons *lesse* or *more*,
" Which warlike uses had devis'd of yore." Steevens.

" Where there is advantage to be given," I believe, means,

And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event [1], and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe [2].

where advantageous offers are made to allure the adherents of Macbeth to forsake him. Henley.

I suspect that *given* was caught by the printer's eye glancing on the subsequent line, and strongly incline to Dr. Johnson's emendation—*gone*. Malone.

Why is the repetition of the word—*given*, less venial than the recurrence of the word *stuff'd*, in a preceding page? See Mr. Malone's objections to my remark on "Cleanse the *stuff'd* bosom of that perilous *stuff*," p. 255. Steevens.

Mr. Malone does not here object to the repetition of the word, but to its meaning. Boswell.

[1] Let our JUST censures

ATTEND the true event,] The arbitrary change made in the second folio (which some criticks have represented as an *improved* edition) is here worthy of notice:

"Let our *best* censures

"*Before* the true event, and put we on," &c. Malone.

Surely, a few errors in a few pages of a book, do not exclude all idea of *improvement* in other parts of it. I cherish this hope for my own sake, as well as for that of other commentators on Shakspeare. Steevens.

[2] What we shall say we HAVE, and what we OWE.] i. e. *property* and *allegiance*. Warburton.

When we are governed by legal kings, we shall know the limits of their claim, i. e. shall know what we have of our own, and what they have a right to take from us.

Mr. Henley explains the passage thus: "The issue of the contest will soon decide what we shall say we *have*, and what may be accounted *our own*." To *owe* here is to *possess*. Steevens.

Had these lines been put into the mouth of any of the Scottish Peers, they might possibly bear the meaning that Steevens contends for; but as they are supposed to be spoken by Siward, who was not to be governed either by Malcolm or Macbeth, they can scarcely admit of that interpretation. Siward probably only means to say, in more pompous language, that the time approached which was to decide their fate. M. Mason.

Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate[2]:
Towards which, advance the war[3].

[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE V.

Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come:* Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,

Siward, having undertaken the cause of Scotland, speaks, as a Scotsman would have spoken; and especially as he is now in the presence of Malcolm, Macduff, and others of the same country. STEEVENS.

[2] — arbitrate:] i. e. *determine.* JOHNSON.
So, in the 18th Odyssey, translated by Chapman:
" ——— straight
" Can *arbitrate* a war of deadliest weight." STEEVENS.

[3] Towards which, advance the war.] It has been understood that local rhymes were introduced in plays to afford an actor the advantage of a more pointed exit, or to close a scene with additional force. Yet, whatever might be Shakspeare's motive for continuing such a practice, it may be observed that he often seems immediately to repent of it; and, in the tragedy before us, has repeatedly counteracted it by hemistichs which destroy the effect, and consequently defeat the supposed purpose of the antecedent couplets. See the following instances, in addition to that which introduces the present note:

Leave all the rest to me..... Act I. end of Scene V.
So pr'ythee go with me..... Act III..... Scene II.
We are yet but young in deed..... Act III..... Scene IV.
But no more sights, &c..... Act IV..... Scene I.
I think, but dare not speak..... Act V..... Scene I.
Make we our march towards Birnam. Act V..... Scene II.

In Hamlet, &c. we find such hemistichs after the rhymes at the end of Acts, as well as Scenes. STEEVENS.

We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that
noise? [*A cry within, of Women.*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been [4], my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek [5]; and my fell of hair [6]

[4] The time has been, &c.] May has imitated this passage twice; once in The Heir, and again in The Old Couple. See Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, vol. viii. p. 150. vol. x. p. 473, edit. 1780. Reed.

[5] —my senses would have COOL'D
To hear a night-shriek;] The *blood* is sometimes said to be *chilled;* but I do not recollect any other instance in which this phrase is applied to the *senses.* Perhaps our author wrote—*'coil'd.* My senses would have shrunk back; died within me. So, in the second scene of the present Act:

" —— Who then shall blame
" His pester'd *senses* to *recoil* and start?" Malone.

I retain the old reading. Perhaps, no word so forcible can be placed in its room. Thus, in the fifth Æneid:

Sanguis hebet, *frigentque* effœtæ in corpore vires.

The same expression occurs also in The Merry Wives of Windsor: " My humour shall not *cool.*"

Again, in King Henry IV. Part II.:

" My lord Northumberland will soon be *cool'd.*"

Thus, also, in the tragedy now before us, p. 209:

" This deed I'll do, before this purpose *cool.*"

Again, in King John:

" —— shall *cool* the hearts
" Of all his people—."

Again, in Pope's version of the 18th Odyssey, 156:

" *Cool'd* every breast, and damp'd the rising joy."

Again, in Chapman's version of the 22d Iliad:

" —— his still desperate spirit is *cool'd.*"

But what example is there of the verb *recoiled* clipped into *'coiled? Coiled* can only afford the idea of *wound in a ring,* like a rope or a serpent. Steevens.

[6] — FELL of hair —] My hairy part, my *capillitium. Fell* is *skin.* Johnson.

So, in Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany, by George Chapman, 1654:

" —— Where the lyon's hide is thin and scant,
" I'll firmly patch it with a fox's *fell.*"

Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors[7];
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

SEY. The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACB. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word[8].—

i.e tomorrow when his own fate must be wound up; which

Again, in King Lear:

"The goujeres shall devour them, flesh and *fell*."

A dealer in hides is still called a *fell*-monger. STEEVENS.

7 —I have SUPP'D FULL with horrors;] Statius has a similar thought in the second book of his Thebais:

——attollit membra, toroque
Erigitur, *plenus monstris*, vanumque cruorem
Excutiens.

The conclusion of this passage may remind the reader of Lady Macbeth's behaviour in her sleep. STEEVENS.

8 She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word, &c.] This passage has very justly been suspected of being corrupt. It is not apparent for what *word* there would have been a *time*, and that there would or would not be a *time* for any *word*, seems not a consideration of importance sufficient to transport Macbeth into the following exclamation. I read therefore:

"She should have died hereafter,
"There would have been a time for—such a *world!*—
"To-morrow," &c.

It is a broken speech, in which only part of the thought is expressed, and may be paraphrased thus: "The queen is dead.—*Macbeth*. Her death should have been deferred to some more peaceful hour; had she lived longer, *there would at length have been a time for* the honours due to her as a queen, and that respect which I owe her for her fidelity and love. Such is the *world*—such is the condition of human life, that we always think *to-morrow* will be happier than to-day, but to-morrow and to-morrow steals over us unenjoyed and unregarded, and we still linger in the same expectation to the moment appointed for our end. All these days, which have thus passed away, have sent multitudes of fools to the grave, who were engrossed by the same dream of future felicity, and, when life was departing from them, were, like me, reckoning on to-morrow."

Such was once my conjecture, but I am now less confident. Macbeth might mean, that there would have been a more convenient *time* for such a *word*, for such *intelligence*, and so fall

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow [9],
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time [1];
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death [2]. Out, out, brief candle!

into the following reflection. We say we send *word* when we give intelligence. JOHNSON.

By—*a word*, Shakspeare certainly means more than a single one. Thus, in King Richard II.:

"The hopeless *word* of—*never to return*
"Breathe I against thee."

Again, in The Captain, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"A musquet, with this *word* upon the label—
"I have discharg'd the office of a soldier." STEEVENS.

Word may perhaps be used here in its common acceptation. There would have been a time when I could have better borne the mention of *death*, when my mind was not so depressed and enfeebled by the approach of danger and the pangs of remorse. BOSWELL.

9 To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,] This repetition, as Dr. Farmer observed to me, occurs in Barclay's Ship of Fooles, 1570:

"*Cras, cras, cras*, to-morrow we shall amende." STEEVENS.

1 To the last syllable of RECORDED TIME;] *Recorded time* seems to signify the time fixed in the decrees of heaven for the period of life. The *record* of *futurity* is indeed no accurate expression; but, as we only know transactions past or present, the language of men affords no term for the volumes of prescience in which future events may be supposed to be written. JOHNSON.

So, in All's Well That Ends Well:

"To the *utmost syllable* of your worthiness."

Recorded is probably here used for *recording* or *recordable*; one participle for the other, of which there are many instances, both in Shakspeare and other English writers. Virgil uses *penetrabile* frigus for *penetrans* frigus, and *penetrabile* telum for telum *penetrans*. STEEVENS.

By *recorded* time, Shakspeare means not only the time that *has been*, but also that which *shall be* recorded. M. MASON.

2 The way to DUSTY death.] We should read—*dusky*, as appears from the figurative term *lighted*. WARBURTON.

Dusty is a very natural epithet. The second folio has:

"The way to *study* death—."

which Mr. Upton prefers; but it is only an error, by an accidental transposition of the types, JOHNSON.

"The dust of death" is an expression used in the 22d Psalm. "*Dusty* death" alludes to the expression of "dust to dust" in

7 Victuro agimus omnes, nec vivimus unquam.
Mantil 5. Ep. 59 Ph. R. (Lat 9. 109.)

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.——

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I shall report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave!

[*Striking him*[3].

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,

the burial service; and to the sentence pronounced against Adam: "*Dust* thou art, and to *dust* thou shalt return." In Troilus and Cressida also the same epithet occurs:

"—— are grated
"To *dusty* nothing—."

Shakspeare, however, in the first Act of this play, speaks of the thane of Cawdor, as of one "—who had been *studied* in his *death*." STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson justly observes that *dusty* is a very natural epithet. Our author again alludes to the *dust* of death in The Winter's Tale:

"Some hangman must put on my shrowd, and lay me
"Where no priest shovels-in *dust*." MALONE.

In Sydney's Arcadia, 1598, p. 445, we have the following stanza of a Song on Death:

"Our owly eyes, which dimm'd with passions be,
"And scarce discerne the dawn of coming day;
"Let them be clearde, and now begin to see
"Our life is but a step in *dustie way*." REED.

[3] [*Striking him.*] This direction is not in the old copy. BOSWELL.

Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee [4]: if thy speech be sooth,

4 Till famine CLING thee:] *Clung*, in the Northern counties, signifies any thing that is shrivelled or shrunk up. By famine, the intestines are, as it were, stuck together. In The Roman Actor, by Massinger, the same word, though differently spelt, appears to be used:

" ——— my entrails
" Are *clamm'd* with keeping a continual fast."

Again, in Pierce's Supererogation, or A New Praise of the Old Asse, &c. 1593: " Who should have thought, or could have imagined, to have found the wit of Pierce so starved and *clunged?*"
Again, in George Whetstone's Castle of Delight, 1576:

" My wither'd corps with deadly cold is *clung*."

Again, in Heywood's Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas, 1637:

" His entrails with long fast and hunger *clung*—."

Again, in Golding's version of Ovid's Metamorphosis, b. vii.:

" —— old Æacus also, *cloong*
" With age—."

Thus also, in Philemon Holland's translation of the 8th book of Pliny's Natural History, ch. xxxvi.: " The first thing that they doe [i. e. the famished bears] is to devoure a certaine herb named Aron: and that they doe to open their guts, which otherwise were *clunged* and growne together."

To *cling* likewise signifies, to *gripe*, to *compress*, to *embrace*. So, in The Revenger's Tragedy, 1607:

" —— slide from the mother,
" And *cling* the daughter."

Again, in Antonio's Revenge, 1607:

" And found even *cling'd* in sensuality."

Again, in Northward Hoe, 1607:

" I will never see a white flea, before I will *cling* you."

Ben Jonson uses the word *clem* in the Poetaster, Act I. Sc. II.: " I cannot eat stones and turfs; say, what will he *clem* me and my followers? ask him an he will *clem* me." To be *clemed* is a Staffordshire expression, which means, to be *starved:* and there is likewise a Cheshire proverb: " You been like Smithwick, either *clemed*, or bursten." Again, in Antonio and Mellida:

" Now lions' half-*clem'd* entrails roar for food."

Lancashire Dialect
'Clemm'd, famished
starved'.

In the following instances, the exact meaning of this word is not very clear:

" Andrea slain! then weapon *cling* my breast."
First Part of *Jeronimo*, 1605.

" Although my conscience hath my courage *cleng'd*,
" And knows what valour was employ'd in vain."
Lord Sterline's Darius, 1603.

I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth [4]: *Fear not, till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunsinane;—and now a wood

Again, in The Sadler's Play, among the Chester Whitsun Plays, MS. Harl. 1013, p. 154, where the burial of our Saviour is spoken of:

"That now is *clongen* under clay."

I have given these varieties of the word, for the sake of any future lexicographer, or commentator on ancient authors.

Mr. Whalley, however, observes, that "till famine *cling* thee," means—till it *dry thee up*, or *exhaust all thy moisture*. *Clung wood* is wood of which the sap is entirely dried or spent. *Clung* and *clem*, says he, are terms of very different meaning.

The same idea is well expressed by Pope, in his version of the 19th Iliad, 166:

"Shrunk with dry famine, *and with toils declin'd*——."

STEEVENS.

[4] I PULL in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth:] Though this is the reading of all the editions, yet, as it is a phrase without either example, elegance, or propriety, it is surely better to read:

"I *pall* in resolution—."

'I languish in my constancy, my confidence begins to forsake me.' It is scarcely necessary to observe how easily *pall* might be changed into *pull* by a negligent writer, or mistaken for it by an unskilful printer. With this emendation Dr. Warburton and Mr. Heath concur. JOHNSON.

There is surely no need of change; for Shakspeare, who made Trinculo, in The Tempest, say—

"I will *let loose* my opinion,"

might have written—

"I *pull in* my resolution."

He had permitted his courage (like a fiery horse) to carry him to the brink of a precipice, but, seeing his danger, resolves to *check* that confidence to which he had *given the rein before*.

STEEVENS.

This reading is supported by a passage in Fletcher's Sea Voyage, where Aminta says:

"——— and all my spirits,
"As if they had heard my passing bell go for me,
"*Pull in their powers*, and give me up to destiny."

M. MASON.

Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun [5],
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum bell:—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness [6] on our back.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Same. A Plain before the Castle.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *&c. and their Army, with Boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are:—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us * what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—

* First folio, *upon's.*

[5] I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun, &c.]
Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido
Mortem orat, tædet cæli convexa tueri." THEOBALD.

[6] —harness—] An old word for armour. So, in The Cobler's Prophecy, 1594:
" His *harness* is converted to soft silke." HENDERSON.
So, in the continuation of Hardyng's Chronicle, 1543: "—well perceyving that the intendours of such a purpose would rather have had their *harnesse on their backs*, than to have bound them up in barrelles." MALONE.

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*

SCENE VII.

The Same. Another Part of the Plain.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course[7].—What's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

[7] —I must fight the COURSE.] A phrase taken from bear-baiting. So, in The Antipodes, by Brome, 1638:

"Also you shall see two ten-dog *courses* at the great bear."

STEEVENS.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young* SIWARD *is slain.*

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born [8]. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is:—Tyrant, show thy face:
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited [9]: Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not [1]. [*Exit. Alarum.*

[8] This short scene is injudiciously omitted on the stage. The poet designed Macbeth should *appear* invincible, till he encountered the object destined for his destruction. STEEVENS.

[9] Seems BRUITED:] From *bruit*, Fr. To *bruit* is to report with clamour; to noise. So, in King Henry IV. Part II.:

" —— his death
" Being *bruited* once," &c.

Again, in Timon of Athens:

" ——— I am not
" One that rejoices in the common wreck,
" As common *bruit* doth put it."

Again, in Acolastus, a comedy, 1540: "Lais was one of the most *bruited* common women that clerkes do write of."
STEEVENS.

[1] —There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not.] I suspect, from deficience of metre, that the latter part of this passage originally stood thus:

" Seems bruited *there*. Let me *but* find him, fortune!
" And more," &c. STEEVENS.

Enter MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.

[*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword[3]? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword[4]; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*

Macb. Thou losest labour:

[3] Why should I play the ROMAN FOOL, and die
On mine own sword?] Alluding, perhaps, to the suicide of Cato Uticensis, which our author must have read of in the old translation of Plutarch, as the same circumstance is mentioned again in Julius Cæsar:

"—— I did blame *Cato* for the death
"Which he did give himself." STEEVENS.

[4] I have no words,
My voice is in my sword;] Thus Casca, in Julius Cæsar:
"Speak hands for me." STEEVENS.

As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed [5]:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life [6], which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,

[5] As easy may'st thou the INTRENCHANT AIR
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:] That is, air which cannot be cut. JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Mason wishes to interpret the word *intrenchant* differently, and says that it may signify *surrounding;* but of a participle with such a meaning, I believe there is no example.—Shakspeare's indiscriminate use of active and passive participles has been frequently noticed. In Timon he has *trenchant* in an active sense, and in the line before us *intrenchant* is employed as passive.

Milton, in his Paradise Lost, b. vi. seems to have imitated this passage:

" Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
" Receive, no more than can the fluid air." STEEVENS.

So, in Hamlet:

" For it is as the *air invulnerable*." MALONE.

[6] I bear a CHARMED life,] In the days of chivalry, the champions' arms being ceremoniously blessed, each took an oath that he used no *charmed* weapons. Macbeth, according to the law of arms, or perhaps only in allusion to this custom, tells Macduff of the security he had in the prediction of the spirit.

To this likewise Posthumus alludes in Cymbeline, Act V.:

" —— I, in my own woe *charm'd*,
" Could not find death." UPTON.

So, in The Dumb Knight, 1633, by L. Machin:

" Here you shall swear by hope, by heaven, by Jove,
" And by the right you challenge in true fame,
" That here you stand, not arm'd with any guile,
" Of philters, *charms*, of night-spells, characters,
" Or other black infernal vantages," &c.

Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. i. c. iv.:

" —— *he bears a charmed* shield,
" And eke enchaunted arms that none can pierce."
STEEVENS.

For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense[7];
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole[8]; and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I'll not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough*[9].

[*Exeunt, fighting.*

[7] — PALTER with us in a double sense;] That *shuffle* with ambiguous expressions. JOHNSON.

So, in Marius and Sylla, 1594:

"Now fortune, frown and *palter*, if thou please."

Again, in Julius Cæsar:

"—— Romans, that have spoke the word,
"And will not *palter*." STEEVENS.

[8] We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted UPON A POLE;] That is, on cloth suspended on a pole. MALONE.

[9] —— *Hold, enough.*] See Mr. Tollet's note on the words —"To cry, *hold, hold!*" p. 66, n. 5. Again, in Stowe's Chronicle, one of the combatants was an esquire, and knighted after the battle, which the king terminated by crying *Hoo*, i. e. *hold*. Thus also, in the ancient MS. Romance of The Sowdon of Babyloyne, p. 33:

"His bare guttis men myght see,
"The blode faste downe ranne:
"*Hoo*, Olyuere I yelde me to the,
"And here I become thy man." STEEVENS.

"To cry *hold*, is the word of yielding," says Carew's Survey of Cornwall, p. 74, i. e. when one of the combatants cries so.
TOLLET.

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, *and Soldiers.*

MAL. I would, the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

SIW. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

MAL. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

ROSSE. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

SIW. Then he is dead?

ROSSE. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

SIW. Had he his hurts before?

ROSSE. Ay, on the front.

SIW. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd [1].

[1] Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.] This incident is thus related from Henry of Huntingdon, by Camden, in his Remains, from which our author probably copied it.

When Siward, the martial earl of Northumberland, understood that his son, whom he had sent in service against the Scotchmen, was slain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore part or hinder part of his body. When it was answered, in the fore part, he replied, "I am right glad; neither wish I any other death to me or mine." JOHNSON.

Our author might have found the same incident recorded by Holinshed, in his Chronicle, vol. i. p. 192. MALONE.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God [2] be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's Head on a Pole [3].

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl [4],

[2] So, God, &c.] The old copy redundantly reads—*And* so, God, &c. Steevens.

[3] —*on a Pole.*] These words I have added to the stage-direction, from the Chronicle: "Then cutting his head from his shoulders, he set it upon a pole, and brought it unto Malcolm." This explains the word *stands* in Macduff's speech.

Many of the stage-directions appear to have been inserted by the players; and they are often very injudicious. In this scene, (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) according to their direction, Macbeth is slain on the stage, and Macduff immediately afterwards enters with Macbeth's head. Malone.

Our ancient players were not even skilful enough to prevent absurdity in those circumstances which fell immediately under their own management. No bad specimen of their want of common sense, on such occasions, may be found in Heywood's Golden Age, 1611: "Enter Sybilla *lying in childbed*, with her child *lying* by her," &c. Steevens.

[4] — thy kingdom's pearl,] This metaphorical expression was excluded by Mr. Rowe, after whom our modern editors were content to read—*peers*.

The following passage from Ben Jonson's Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Althorpe, may, however, countenance the old reading, which I have inserted in the text:

"Queen, prince, duke, and earls,
"Countesses, ye courtly *pearls*," &c.

Again, in Shirley's Gentlemen of Venice:

"—— he is the very *pearl*
"Of courtesy—." Steevens.

That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. Hail, king of Scotland[5]!

[*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time[6],
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd[7]. What's more to do,

"Thy kingdom's pearl" means 'thy kingdom's wealth,' or rather ornament. So, J. Sylvester, England's Parnassus, 1600:

"Honour of cities, *pearle of kingdoms all.*"

Again, in Sir Philip Sydney's Ourania, by N. Breton, 1606:

"——— an earl,
"And worthily then termed Albion's *pearl.*"

John Florio, in a Sonnet prefixed to his Italian Dictionary, 1598, calls Lord Southampton—"bright *pearle* of peers."

MALONE.

[5] King of Scotland, HAIL!] Old copy—"*Hail*, king of Scotland!" For the sake of metre, and in conformity to a practice of our author, I have transplanted the word—*hail*, from the beginning to the end of this hemistich. Thus, in the third scene of the play, p. 41:

"So, all *hail*, Macbeth, and Banquo!
"Banquo, and Macbeth, all *hail*." STEEVENS.

[6] We shall not SPEND a large EXPENCE of time,] To *spend* an *expence*, is a phrase with which no reader will be satisfied. We certainly owe it to the mistake of a transcriber, or the negligence of a printer. Perhaps *extent* was the poet's word. Be it recollected, however, that at the end of the first scene of the third Act of The Comedy of Errors, Antipholus of Ephesus says—"This jest shall *cost* me some *expence*." STEEVENS.

[7] — the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd.] "Malcolm immediately after his coronation called a parlement at Forfair, in the which he rewarded them with lands and livings that had assisted him against Macbeth.—Manie of them that were before *thanes*, were at this time made *earles*, as Fife, Menteth, Atholl, Levenox, Murrey, Cathness, Rosse, and Angus." *Holinshed's History of Scotland*, p. 176.

MALONE.

Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen:
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* [8].

[8] This play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fictions, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action; but it has no nice discriminations of character; the events are too great to admit the influence of particular dispositions, and the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents.

The danger of ambition is well described; and I know not whether it may not be said, in defence of some parts which now seem improbable, that, in Shakspeare's time, it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions.

The passions are directed to their true end. Lady Macbeth is merely detested; and though the courage of Macbeth preserves some esteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall. JOHNSON.

How frequent the practice of enquiring into the events of futurity, similar to those of Macbeth, was in Shakspeare's time, may be seen in the following instances: "The Marshall of Raiz wife hath bin heard to say, that Queen Katherine beeing desirous to know what should become of her children, and who should succeed them, the party which undertooke to assure her, let her see a glasse, representing a hall, in the which either of them made so many turns as he should raigne yeares; and that King Henry the Third, making his, the Duke of Guise crost him like a flash of lightning; after which, the Prince of Navarre presented himselfe, and made 22 turnes, and then vanished." *P. Mathieu's Heroyk Life and Deplorable Death of Henry the Fourth, translated by Ed. Grimeston*, 4to. 1612, p. 42.—Again: "It is reported that a Duke of Bourgondy had like to have died for feare at the sight of the nine worthies which a magician shewed him." *Ibid.* p. 116. REED.

Mr. Whitaker, in his judicious and spirited Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots, 8vo. p. 486, edit. 1790, has the following reference to the prophecies of one John Lenton: "All this serves to show

the propriety of Shakspeare's scenes of the weird sisters, &c. as adapted to his own age. In the remote period of Macbeth, it might be well presumed, the popular faith mounted up into all the wildest extravagance described by him. In his own age it rose, as in Lady Shrewsbury here, and in Lady Derby, (Camden, Trans. 529, Orig. ii. 129,) into a belief in the verbal predictions of some reputed prophet then alive, or into a reliance upon the written predictions of some dead one. And Shakspeare might well endeavour to expose such a faith, when we see here, that though it could not lay hold of Queen Mary, yet it fastened firmly upon such a woman of the world as Lady Shrewsbury."

It may be worth while to remark, that Milton, who left behind him a list of no less than CII. dramatic subjects, had fixed on the story of this play among the rest. His intention was to have begun with the arrival of Malcolm at Macduff's castle. "The matter of Duncan (says he) may be expressed by the appearing of his ghost." It should seem, from this last memorandum, that Milton disliked the licence his predecessor had taken in comprehending a history of such length within the short compass of a play, and would have new-written the whole, on the plan of the ancient drama. He could not surely have indulged so vain a hope, as that of excelling Shakspeare in the tragedy of Macbeth.

The late Mr. Whateley's Remarks on some of the Characters of Shakspeare, have shown, with the utmost clearness of distinction and felicity of arrangement, that what in Richard III. is fortitude, in Macbeth is no more than resolution. But this judicious critick having imputed the cause of Macbeth's inferiority in courage to his natural disposition, induces me to dissent, in one particular, from an Essay, which otherwise is too comprehensive to need a supplement, and too rational to admit of confutation.

Throughout such parts of this drama as afford opportunities for a display of personal bravery, Macbeth sometimes *screws his courage to the sticking place*, but never rises into constitutional heroism. Instead of meditating some decisive stroke on the enemy, his restless and self-accusing mind discharges itself in splenetic effusions and personal invectives on the attendants about his person. His genuine intrepidity had forsaken him when he ceased to be a virtuous character. He would now deceive himself into confidence, and depends on forced alacrity, and artificial valour, to extricate him from his present difficulties. Despondency too deep to be rooted out, and fury too irregular to be successful, have, by turns, possession of his mind. Though he has been assured of what he certainly credited, that *none of woman born shall hurt him*, he has twice given us reason to suppose that he would have *fled*, but that he *cannot*, being *tied to the stake*, and compelled to *fight the course*. Suicide also has once entered into his thoughts; though this idea, in a paroxysm of noisy rage, is suppressed. Yet here it must be acknowledged that his apprehen-

sions had betrayed him into a strange inconsistency of belief. As he persisted in supposing he could be destroyed by *none of woman born*, by what means did he think to destroy himself? for he was produced in the common way of nature, and fell not within the description of the only object that could end the being of Macbeth. In short, his efforts are no longer those of courage, but of despair, excited by self-conviction, infuriated by the menaces of an injured father, and confirmed by a presentiment of inevitable defeat. Thus situated,—"Dum nec luce frui, nec mortem arcere licebit,"—he very naturally prefers a manly and violent, to a shameful and lingering termination of life.

One of Shakspeare's favourite morals is—that criminality reduces the brave and pusillanimous to a level. "Every puny whipster gets my sword, (exclaims Othello,) for why should honour outlive modesty?" "Where I could not be honest, (says Albany,) I was never valiant;" Iachimo imputes his "want of manhood" to the "heaviness and guilt within his bosom;" Hamlet asserts that "conscience does make cowards of us all;" and Imogen tells Pisanio "he may be valiant in a better cause, but now he seems a coward." The late Dr. Johnson, than whom no man was better acquainted with general nature, in his Irene, has also observed of a once faithful Bassa—

"How guilt, when harbour'd in the conscious breast,
"Intimidates the brave, degrades the great!
"See Cali, dread of kings, and pride of armies,
"By treason levell'd with the dregs of men!
"Ere guilty fear depress'd the hoary chief,
"An angry murmur, a rebellious frown,
"Had stretch'd the fiery boaster in his grave."

Who then can suppose that Shakspeare would have exhibited his Macbeth with encreasing guilt, but undiminished bravery? or wonder that our hero—

"Whose pester'd senses do recoil and start,
"When all that is within him does condemn
"Itself for being there,"

should have lost the magnanimity he displayed in a righteous cause, against Macdonwald and the thane of Cawdor? Of this circumstance, indeed, the murderer of Duncan was soon aware, as appears from his asking himself the dreadful question—

"How is't with me, when every noise *appals* me?"

Between the courage of Richard and Macbeth, however, no comparison in favour of the latter can be supported. Richard was so thoroughly designed for a daring, impious, and obdurate character, that even his birth was attended by prodigies, and his person armed with ability to do the earliest mischief of which infancy is capable. Macbeth, on the contrary, till deceived by the illusions of witchcraft, and depraved by the suggestions of his wife, was a religious, temperate, and blameless character. The vices of

the one were originally woven into his heart; those of the other were only applied to the surface of his disposition. They can scarce be said to have penetrated quite into its substance, for while there was shame, there might have been reformation.

The precautions of Richard concerning the armour he was to wear in the next day's battle, his preparations for the onset, and his orders after it is begun, are equally characteristick of a calm and intrepid soldier, who possesses the *wisdom* that appeared so formidable to Macbeth, and *guided Banquo's valour to act in safety*. But Macbeth appears in confusion from the moment his castle is invested, issues no distinct or material directions, prematurely calls for his armour, as irresolutely throws it off again, and is more intent on self-crimination, than the repulse of the besiegers, or the disposition of the troops who are to defend his fortress. But it is useless to dwell on particulars so much more exactly enumerated by Mr. Whateley.

The truth is, that the mind of Richard, unimpregnated by original morality, and uninfluenced by the laws of Heaven, is harassed by no subsequent remorse. *Repente fuit turpissimus*. Even the depression he feels from preternatural objects, is speedily taken off. In spite of ominous visions he sallies forth, and seeks his competitor *in the throat of death*. Macbeth, though he had long abandoned the practice of goodness, had not so far forgot its accustomed influence, but that a virtuous adversary whom he had injured, is as painful to his sight as the spectre in a former scene, and equally blasts the resolution he was willing to think he had still possessed. His conscience (as Hamlet says of the poison) *overcrows his spirit*, and all his *enterprizes are sicklied over by the pale cast of thought*. The curse that attends on him is, *virtutem videre, et intabescere relictâ*. Had Richard once been a feeling and conscientious character, when his end drew nigh, he might also have betrayed evidences of timidity—"there sadly summing what he late had lost;" and if Macbeth originally had been a hardened villain, no terrors might have obtruded themselves in his close of life. *Qualis ab incepto processerat*. In short, Macbeth is timid in spite of all his boasting, as long as he thinks timidity can afford resources; nor does he exhibit a specimen of determined intrepidity, till the completion of the prophecy, and the challenge of Macduff, have taught him that life is no longer tenable. Five counterfeit Richmonds are slain by Richard, who, before his fall, has *enacted wonders* beyond the common ability of man. The prowess of Macbeth is confined to the single conquest of Siward, a novice in the art of war. Neither are the truly brave ever disgraced by unnecessary deeds of cruelty. The victims of Richard, therefore, are merely such as obstructed his progress to the crown, or betrayed the confidence he had reposed in their assurances of fidelity. Macbeth, with a savage wantonness that would have dishonoured a Scythian female, cuts off a whole de-

fenceless family, though the father of it was the only reasonable object of his fear.—Can it be a question then, which of these two personages would manifest the most determined valour in the field? Shall we hesitate to bestow the palm of courage on the steady unrepenting Yorkist, in whose bosom ideas of hereditary greatness, and confidence resulting from success, had fed the flame of glory, and who dies in combat for a crown which had been the early object of his ambition? and shall we allot the same wreath to the wavering self-convicted Thane, who, educated without hope of royalty, had been suggested into greatness, and yet, at last, would forego it all to secure himself by flight, but that flight is become an impossibility?

To conclude; a picture of conscience encroaching on fortitude, of magnanimity once animated by virtue, and afterwards extinguished by guilt, was what Shakspeare meant to display in the character and conduct of Macbeth. STEEVENS.

Macbeth was certainly one of Shakspeare's latest productions, and it might possibly have been suggested to him by a little performance on the same subject at Oxford, before King James, 1605. I will transcribe my notice of it from Wake's Rex Platonicus: "Fabulæ ansam dedit antiqua de regiâ prosapiâ historiola apud Scoto-Britannos celebrata, quæ narrat tres olim Sibyllas occurrisse duobus Scotiæ proceribus, Macbetho et Banchoni, et illum prædixisse regem futurum, sed regem nullum geniturum; hunc regem non futurum, sed reges geniturum multos. Vaticinii veritatem rerum eventus comprobavit. Banchonis enim è stirpe potentissimus Jacobus oriundus." P. 29.

Since I made the observation here quoted, I have been repeatedly told, that I *unwittingly* make Shakspeare learned, at least in Latin, as this must have been the language of the performance before King James. One might, perhaps, have plausibly said, that he probably picked up the story at *second-hand;* but mere accident has thrown a pamphlet in my way, intitled The Oxford Triumph, by one Anthony Nixon, 1605, which explains the whole matter: "This performance," says Antony, "was first in Latine to the king, then in English to the queene and young prince:" and, as he goes on to tell us, "the conceipt thereof the kinge did very much applaude." It is likely that the friendly letter, which we are informed King James once wrote to Shakspeare, was on this occasion. FARMER.

Dr. Johnson used often to mention an acquaintance of his, who was for ever boasting what great things he would do, could he but meet with Ascham's Toxophilus *, at a time when Ascham's

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* — Ascham's Toxophilus,] Mr. Malone is somewhat mistaken in his account of Dr. Johnson's pleasantry, which originated from an observation made by Mr. Theobald in 1733, and repeated

pieces had not been collected, and were very rarely to be found. At length Toxophilus was procured, but—nothing was done. The interlude performed at Oxford in 1605, by the students of Saint John's college, was, for a while, so far my Toxophilus, as to excite my curiosity very strongly on the subject. Whether Shakspeare, in the composition of this noble tragedy, was at all indebted to any preceding performance, through the medium of translation, or in any other way, appeared to me well worth ascertaining. The British Museum was examined in vain. Mr. Warton very obligingly made a strict search at St. John's college, but no traces of this literary performance could there be found. At length chance threw into my hands the very verses that were spoken in 1605, by three young gentlemen of that college; and, being thus at last obtained, "that no man" (to use the words of Dr. Johnson) "may ever want them more," I will here transcribe them.

There is some difficulty in reconciling the different accounts of this entertainment. The author of Rex Platonicus says, "Tres adolescentes concinno Sibyllarum habitu induti, è collegio [Divi Johannis] prodeuntes, et carmina lepida alternatim canentes, regi se tres esse Sibyllas profitentur, quæ Banchoni olim sobolis imperia prædixerant, &c. Deinde tribus principibus suaves felicitatum triplicitates triplicatis carminum vicibus succinentes,—principes ingeniosa fictiuncula delectatos dimittunt."

But in a manuscript account of the king's visit to Oxford in 1605, in the Museum, (MSS. Baker, 7044,) this interlude is thus described: "This being done, he [the king] rode on untill he came unto St. John's college, where coming against the gate, three young youths, in habit and attire like *Nymphes*, confronted him, representing England, Scotland, and Ireland; and talking dialogue-wise each to other of their state, at last concluded, yielding up themselves to his gracious government." With this A. Nixon's account, in The Oxford Triumph, quarto, 1605, in some measure agrees, though it differs in a very material point;

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by him in 1740. See his note on Much Ado About Nothing, in his 8vo. edition of Shakspeare, vol. i. p. 410; and his duodecimo, vol. ii. p. 12: "—and had I the convenience of consulting Ascham's Toxophilus, I might probably grow better acquainted with his history:" i. e. that of Adam Bell, the celebrated archer.

Mr. Theobald was certainly no diligent inquirer after ancient books, or was much out of luck, if, in the course of ten years, he could not procure the treatise he wanted, which was always sufficiently common. I have abundant reason to remember the foregoing circumstance, having often stood the push of my late coadjutor's merriment, on the same score; for he never heard me lament the scarcity of any old pamphlet, from which I expected to derive information, but he instantly roared out—"Sir, remember Tib and his Toxophilus." STEEVENS.

for, if his relation is to be credited, these young men did not alternately recite verses, but pronounced three distinct orations: "This finished, his Majestie passed along till hee came before Saint John's college, when three little boyes, coming foorth of a castle made all of ivie, drest like three *nymphes*, (the conceipt whereof the king did very much applaude,) delivered three *orations*, first in Latine to the king, then in English to the queene and young prince; which being ended, his majestie proceeded towards the east gate of the citie, where the townesmen againe delivered to him another speech in English."

From these discordant accounts one might be led to suppose, that there were six actors on this occasion, three of whom personated the Sybills, or rather the Weird Sisters, and addressed the royal visitors in Latin, and that the other three represented England, Scotland, and Ireland, and spoke only in English. I believe, however, that there were but three young men employed; and after reciting the following Latin lines, (which prove that the weird sisters and the representatives of England, Scotland, and Ireland, were the same persons,) they might, perhaps, have pronounced some English verses of a similar import, for the entertainment of the queen and the princes.

To the Latin play of Vertumnus, written by Dr. Matthew Gwynne, which was acted before the king by some of the students of St. John's college on a subsequent day, we are indebted for the long-sought-for interlude, performed at St. John's gate; for Dr. Gwynne, who was the author of this interlude also, has annexed it to his Vertumnus, printed in 4to. in 1607:

"Ad regis introitum, e Joannensi Collegio extra portam urbis borealem sito, tres quasi Sibyllæ, sic (ut e sylva) salutarunt.

"1. Fatidicas olim fama est cecinisse sorores
"Imperium sine fine tuæ, rex inclyte, stirpis.
"Banquonem agnovit generosa Loquabria Thanum;
"Nec tibi, Banquo, tuis sed sceptra nepotibus illæ
"Immortalibus immortalia vaticinatæ:
"In saltum, ut lateas, dum Banquo recedis ab aula.
"Tres eadem pariter canimus tibi fata tuisque,
"Dum spectande tuis, e saltu accedis ad urbem;
"Teque salutamus: Salve, cui Scotia servit;
"2. Anglia cui, salve. 3. Cui servit Hibernia, salve.
"1. Gallia cui titulos, terras dant cætera, salve.
"2. Quem divisa prius colit una Britannia, salve.
"3. Summe Monarcha Britannice, Hibernice, Gallice, salve.
"1. Anna, parens regum, soror, uxor, filia, salve.
"2. Salve, Henrice hæres, princeps pulcherrime, salve.
"3. Dux Carole, et perbelle Polonice regule, salve.
"1. Nec metas fatis, nec tempora ponimus istis;
"Quin orbis regno, famæ sint terminus astra:
"Canutum referas regno quadruplice clarum;

" Major avis, æquande tuis diademate solis.
" Nec serimus cædes, nec bella, nec anxia corda;
" Nec furor in nobis; sed agente calescimus illo
" Numine, quo Thomas Whitus per somnia motus,
" Londinenses eques, musis hæc tecta dicavit.
" Musis? imo Deo, tutelarique Joanni.
" Ille Deo charum et curam, prope prætereuntem
" Ire salutatum, Christi precursor, ad ædem
" Christi pergentem, jussit. Dictâ ergo salute
" Perge, tuo aspectu sit læta Academia, perge." MALONE.

As that singular curiosity, The Witch, printed by Mr. Reed, and distributed only among his friends, cannot fall in the way of every curious and inquisitive reader of Shakspeare, I am induced to subjoin such portions of it (though some of them are already glanced at) as might have suggested the idea on which our author founded his unrivalled scene of enchantment, in the fourth Act of the present tragedy.

Let it not be supposed, however, that such coincidences ought any way to diminish the fame of Shakspeare, whose additions and adoptions have, in every instance, manifested the richness of his own fancy, and the power of his own judgment.

The lyrick part, indeed, of the second of these extracts, has already appeared in my note, under the article *Macbeth*, in Mr. Malone's Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays, vol. ii. and is repeated here only for the sake of juxtaposition, and because its adjuncts (to borrow a phrase from Lady Macbeth) would have been " bare without it." The whole is given with its antiquated spelling, corrected from the original MS.

STEEVENS.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Enter Heccat; and other Witches (with Properties, and Habitts fitting.)

Hec. Titty, and Tiffin, Suckin
And Pidgen, Liard, and Robin!
White spiritts, black spiritts, gray spiritts, redd speritts;
Devill-Toad, Devill-Ram, Devill-Catt, and Devill-Dam.
Why Hoppo and Stadlin, Hellwin and Prickle!
Stad. Here, sweating at the vessel.
Hec. Boyle it well.
Hop. It gallops now.
Hec. Are the flames blew enough?
Or I shall use a little seeten more?

Stad. The nipps of Fayries upon maides white hipps,
Are not more perfect azure.
Hec. Tend it carefully.
Send Stadlin to me with a brazen dish,
That I may fall to work upon theis serpents,
And squieze 'em ready for the second howre.
Why, when?
Stad. Heere's Stadlin, and the dish.
Hec. There take this un-baptized brat:
Boile it well: preserve the fat:
You know 'tis pretious to transfer
Our 'noynted flesh into the aire,
In moone-light nights, ore steeple-topps,
Mountains, and pine-trees, that like pricks, or stopps,
Seeme to our height: high towres, and roofes of princes,
Like wrinckles in the earth: whole provinces
Appeare to our sight then, ev'n leeke
A russet-moale upon some ladies cheeke.
When hundred leagues in aire we feast and sing,
Daunce, kisse, and coll, use every thing:
What yong-man can we wish to pleasure us
But we enjoy him in an Incubus?
Thou know'st it Stadlin?
Stad. Usually that's don.
Hect. Last night thou got'st the Maior of Whelplies son,
I knew him by his black cloake lyn'd with yallow;
I thinck thou hast spoild the youth: hee's but seaventeene.
I'll have him the next mounting: away, in.
Goe feed the vessell for the second howre.
Stad. Where be the magicall herbes?
Hec. They're downe his throate.
His mouth cramb'd full; his eares, and nosthrills stufft.
I thrust in Eleoselinum, lately
Aconitum, frondes populeus, and soote,
You may see that, he looks so black i' th' mouth;
Then Sium, Acharum, Vulgaro too
Dentaphillon, the blood of a flitter-mowse,
Solanum somnificum et oleum.
Stad. Then ther's all Heccat?
Hec. Is the hart of wax
Stuck full of magique needles?
Stad. 'Tis don Heccat.
Hec. And is the Farmer's picture, and his wives,
Lay'd downe to th' fire yet?
Stad. They are a roasting both too.
Hec. Good;
Then their marrowes are a melting subtelly,

And three monethes sicknes sucks up life in 'em.
They denide me often flowre, barme, and milke,
Goose-greaze and tar, when I nere hurt their churnings,
Their brew-locks nor their batches, nor fore-spoake
Any of their breedings. Now I'll be-meete with 'em.
Seaven of their yong piggs I have be-witch'd already
Of the last litter, nine ducklyngs, thirteene goselings and a hog
Fell lame last Sonday after even-song too.
And mark how their sheepe prosper; or what soupe
Each milch-kine gives to th' paile: I'll send these snakes
Shall milke 'em all before hand: the dew'd-skirted dayrie wenches
Shall stroak dry duggs for this, and goe home curssing:
I'll mar their syllabubs, and swathie feastings
Under cowes bellies, with the parish-youthes:

Enter Firestone.

Wher's Firestone? our son Firestone.

Fire. Here am I mother.

Hec. Take in this brazen dish full of deere ware,
Thou shalt have all when I die, and that wil be
Ev'n just at twelve a clock at night come three yeere.

Fire. And may you not have one a-clock in to th' dozen (Mother?)

Hec. Noh.

Fire. Your spirits are then more unconscionable then bakers: You'll have liv'd then (Mother) six-score yeare to the hundred; and me-thincks after six-score yeares the devill might give you a cast; for he's a fruiterer too, and has byn from the beginning: the first apple that ere was eaten, came through his fingers: The Costermongers then I hold to be the auncientest trade, though some would have the Tailor prick'd downe before him.

Hec. Goe and take heed you shed not by the way:
The howre must have her portion, 'tis deere sirrop.
Each charmed drop is able to confound
A famely consisting of nineteene,
Or one and twentie feeders.

Fire. Mary, heere's stuff indeed! Deere surrup call you it? a little thing would make me give you a dram on't in a possett, and cutt you three yeares shorter.

Hec. Thou'rt now about some villany.

Fire. Not I (forsooth) Truly the devil's in her I thinck. How one villanie smells out an other straight: Ther's no knavery but is nosde like a dog, and can smell out a doggs meaning. (Mother) I pray give me leave to ramble a-broad to-night with the night-mare, for I have a great mind to over-lay a fat parson's daughter.

Hec. And who shall lye with me then?

Fire. The great cat for one night (Mother). 'Tis but a night: make shift with him for once.

Hec. You're a kind son:
But 'tis the nature of you all, I see that:
You had rather hunt after strange women still,
Then lye with your owne mother: Gett thee gon:
Sweatt thy six ounces out about the vessell,
And thou shalt play at mid-night: the night-mare
Shall call thee when it walkes.

Fire. Thancks most sweet Mother. [*Exit.*

Enter Sebastian.

Hec. Urchins, Elves, Haggs, Satires, Pans, Fawnes, silence. Kitt with the candlestick; Tritons, Centaures, Dwarfes, Imps, the Spoone, the Mare, the Man i' th' oake; the Hell-waine, the Fire-drake, the Puckle. A. Ab. Hur. Hus.

Seb. Heaven knowes with what unwillingnes and hate
I enter this dambd place: but such extreemes
Of wrongs in love, fight 'gainst religion's knowledge,
That were I ledd by this disease to deaths
As numberles as creatures that must die,
I could not shun the way: I know what 'tis
To pitty mad-men now; they're wretched things
That ever were created, if they be
Of woman's making, and her faithles vowes:
I fear they're now a kissing: what's a clock?
'Tis now but supper-time: But night will come,
And all new-married copples make short suppers.
What ere thou art, I have no spare time to feare thee;
My horrors are so strong and great already,
That thou seem'st nothing: Up and laze not:
Hadst thou my busynes, thou couldst nere sit soe;
'Twould firck thee into ayre a thousand mile,
Beyond thy oynetments: I would, I were read
So much in thy black powre, as mine owne greifes!
I'me in great need of help: wil't give me any?

Hec. Thy boldnes takes me bravely: we are all sworne
To sweatt for such a spirit: See; I regard thee,
I rise, and bid thee welcome. What's thy wish now?

Seb. Oh my heart swells with't. I must take breath first.

Hec. Is't to confound some enemie on the seas?
It may be don to night. Stadlin's within;
She raises all your sodaine ruinous stormes
That shipwrack barks, aud teares up growing oakes,
'Flyes over houses, and takes Anno Domini
Out of a rich man's chimney (a sweet place for't)
He would be hang'd ere he would set his owne yeares there,

They must be chamber'd in a five-pound picture,
A greene silk curtaine dawne before the eies on't,
(His rotten diseasd yeares)! Or dost thou envy
The fat prosperitie of any neighbour?
I'll call forth Hoppo, and her incantation
Can straight destroy the yong of all his cattell:
Blast vine-yards, orchards, meadowes; or in one night
Transport his doong, hay, corne, by reekes, whole stacks,
Into thine owne ground.
Seb. This would come most richely now
To many a cuntry grazier: But my envy
Lies not so lowe as cattell, corne, or vines:
'Twill trouble your best powres to give me ease.
Hec. Is yt to starve up generation?
To strike a barrennes in man or woman?
Seb. Hah!
Hec. Hah! did you feele me there? I knew your griefe.
Seb. Can there be such things don?
Hec. Are theis the skins
Of serpents? theis of snakes?
Seb. I see they are.
Hec. So sure into what house theis are convay'd
Knitt with theis charmes, and retentive knotts,
Neither the man begetts, nor woman breeds;
No, nor performes the least desire of wedlock,
Being then a mutuall dutie: I could give thee
Chiroconita, Adincantida,
Archimadon, Marmaritin, Calicia,
Which I could sort to villanous barren ends,
But this leades the same way: More I could instance:
As the same needles thrust into their pillowes
That soawes and socks up dead men in their sheets:
A privy grizzel of a man that hangs
After sun-sett: Good, excellent: yet all's there (Sir).
Seb. You could not doe a man that speciall kindnes
To part them utterly, now? Could you doe that?
Hec. No: time must do't: we cannot disioyne wedlock:
'Tis of heaven's fastning: well may we raise jarrs,
Jealouzies, striffes, and hart-burning disagreements,
Like a thick skurff ore life, as did our master
Upon that patient miracle: but the work itself
Our powre cannot dis-joynt.
Seb. I depart happy
In what I have then, being constrain'd to this:
And graunt you (greater powres) that dispose men,
That I may never need this hag agen. [*Exit.*
Hec. I know he loves me not, nor there's no hope on't;
'Tis for the love of mischief I doe this,

And that we are sworne to the first oath we take.

Fire. Oh mother, mother.

Hec. What's the newes with thee now?

Fire. There's the bravest yong gentleman within, and the fineliest drunck: I thought he would have falne into the vessel: he stumbled at a pipkin of childes greaze; reelde against Stadlin, overthrew her, and in the tumbling cast, struck up old Puckles heels with her clothes over her eares.

Hec. Hoy-day!

Fire. I was fayne to throw the cat upon her, to save her honestie; and all litle enough: I cryde out still, I pray be coverd. See where he comes now (Mother).

Enter Almachildes.

Alm. Call you theis witches?
They be tumblers me-thinckes, very flat tumblers.

Hec. 'Tis Almachildes: fresh blood stirrs in me—
The man that I have lusted to enjoy:
I have had him thrice in Incubus already.

Al. Is your name gooddy Hag?

Hec. 'Tis any thing.
Call me the horridst and unhallowed things
That life and nature tremble at; for thee
I'll be the same. Thou com'st for a love-charme now?

Al. Why thou'rt a witch, I thinck.

Hec. Thou shalt have choice of twentie, wett, or drie.

Al. Nay let's have drie ones.

Hec. Yf thou wilt use't by way of cup and potion,
I'll give thee a Remora shall be-witch her straight.

Al. A Remora? what's that?

Hec. A litle suck-stone,
Some call it a stalamprey, a small fish.

Al. And must 'be butter'd?

Hec. The bones of a greene frog too: wondrous pretious,
The flesh consum'd by pize-mires.

Al. Pize-mires! give me a chamber-pot.

Fire. You shall see him goe nigh to be so unmannerly, hee'll make water before my mother anon.

Al. And now you talke of frogs, I have somewhat here:
I come not emptie pocketted from a bancket.
(I learn'd that of my haberdashers wife.)
Looke, gooddy witch, there's a toad in marchpane for you.

Hec. Oh sir, y'have fitted me.

Al. And here's a spawne or two.
Of the same paddock-brood too, for your son.

Fire. I thanck your worship, sir: how comes your handkercher so sweetely thus beray'd? sure tis wet sucket, sir.

Al. 'Tis nothing but the sirrup the toad spit,
Take all I pree-thee.
Hec. This was kindly don, sir,
And you shall sup with me to-night for this.
Al. How? sup with thee? dost thinck I'll eate fryde ratts,
And pickled spiders?
Hec. No: I can command, Sir,
The best meat i' th' whole province for my frends,
And reverently servd in too.
Al. How?
Hec. In good fashion.
Al. Let me but see that, and I'll sup with you.

She conjures; and enter a Catt (playing on a fidle) and Spiritts (with meate).

The Catt and Fidle's an excellent ordinarie:
You had a devill once in a fox-skin.
Hec. Oh, I have him still: come walke with me, Sir. [*Exit.*
Fire. How apt and ready is a drunckard now to reele to the devill! Well I'll even in, and see how he eates, and I'll be hang'd if I be not the fatter of the twaine with laughing at him. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE III.

Enter Heccat, Witches, and Fire-Stone.

Hec. The moone's a gallant; see how brisk she rides.
Stad. Heer's a rich evening, Heccat.
Hec. I, is't not wenches,
To take a jorney of five thousand mile?
Hop. Ours will be more to-night.
Hec. Oh, 'twill be pretious: heard you the owle yet?
Stad. Breifely in the copps,
As we came through now.
Hec. 'Tis high time for us then.
Stad. There was a bat hoong at my lips three times
As we came through the woods, and drank her fill.
Old Puckle saw her.
Hec. You are fortunate still:
The very schreich-owle lights upon your shoulder,
And wooes you, like a pidgeon. Are you furnish'd?
Have you your oyntments?
Stad. All.

Hec. Prepare to flight then:
I'll over-take you swiftly.
Stad. Hye thee Heccat:
We shal be up betimes.
Hec. I'll reach you quickly.
Fire. They are all going a birding to-night. They talk of fowles i' th' aire, that fly by day: I am sure they'll be a company of fowle slutts there to night. Yf we have not mortallitie affer'd, I'll be hang'd, for they are able to putryfie, to infect a whole region. She spies me now.
Hec. What Fire-Stone, our sweet son?
Fire. A little sweeter then some of you; or a doong hill were too good for me.
Hec. How much hast here?
Fire. Nineteene, and all brave plump ones; besides six lizards, and three serpentine eggs.
Hec. Deere and sweet boy: what herbes hast thou?
Fire. I have some Mar-martin, and Man-dragon.
Hec. Marmaritin, and Mandragora, thou wouldst say.
Fire. Heer's Pannax too: I thanck thee, my pan akes I am sure with kneeling downe to cut 'em.
Hec. And Selago,
Hedge hisop too: how neere he goes my cuttings?
Were they all cropt by moone-light?
Fire. Every blade of 'em, or I am moone-calf (Mother).
Hec. Hye thee home with 'em.
Looke well to the house to night: I am for aloft.
Fire. Aloft (quoth you?) I would you would breake your neck once, that I might have all quickly. Hark, hark, mother; they are above the steeple alredy, flying over your head with a noyse of musitians.
Hec. They are they indeed. Help me, help me; I'm too late els.

SONG. Come away, come away; } *in the aire.*
Heccat, Heccat, come away. }
Hec. I come, I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may.
Wher's Stadlin?
Heere } *in the aire.*
Wher's Puckle?
Heere: }
And Hoppo too, and Hellwaine too: } *in the aire.*
We lack but you; we lack but you; }
Come away, make up the count. }
Hec. I will but noynt, and then I mount.

[*A spirit like a Cat descends.*

Ther's one comes downe to fetch his dues;
A kisse, a coll, a sip of blood:
And why thou staist so long } *above.*
I muse, I muse,
Since the air's so sweet and good.

Hec. Oh, art thou come,
What newes, what newes?
All goes still to our delight,
Either come, or els
Refuse, refuse.

Hec. Now I am furnish'd for the flight.

Fire. Hark, hark, the Catt sings a brave treble in her owne language.

Hec. going up.] Now I goe, now I flie,
Malkin my sweete spirit and I.
Oh what a daintie pleasure tis
To ride in the aire
When the moone shines faire,
And sing and daunce, and toy and kiss:
Over woods, high rocks, and mountaines,
Over seas, our mistris fountaines,
Over steepe towres and turretts
We fly by night, 'mongst troopes of spiritts.
No ring of bells to our eares sounds,
No howles of wolves, no yelpes of hounds;
No, not the noyse of water's-breache,
Or cannon's throat, our height can reache.

No Ring of bells, &c. } *above.*

Fire. Well mother, I thanck your kindnes: You must be gambolling i' th' aire, and leave me to walk here like a foole and a mortall. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE II.

Enter Duchesse, Heccat, Firestone.

Hec. What death is't you desire for Almachildes?

Duch. A sodaine and a subtle.

Hec. Then I have fitted you.
Here lye the guifts of both; sodaine and subtle:
His picture made in wax, and gently molten
By a blew fire, kindled with dead mens' eyes,
Will waste him by degrees.

Duch. In what time, pree-thee?

Hec. Perhaps in a moone's progresse.
Duch. What? a moneth?
Out upon pictures! if they be so tedious,
Give me things with some life.
Hec. Then seeke no farther.
Duch. This must be don with speed, dispatch'd this night,
If it may possible.
Hec. I have it for you:
Here's that will do't: stay but perfection's time,
And that's not five howres hence.
Duch. Canst thou do this?
Hec. Can I?
Duch. I meane, so closely.
Hec. So closely doe you meane too?
Duch. So artfully, so cunningly.
Hec. Worse and worse; doubts and incredulities,
They make me mad. Let scrupulous creatures know
Cum volui, ripis ipsis mirantibus, amnes
In fontes rediere suos; concussaq. sisto,
Stantia concutio cantu freta; nubila pello,
Nubilaq. induco: ventos abigoq. vocoq.
Vipereas rumpo verbis et carmine fauces;
Et silvas moveo, jubeoq. tremiscere montes,
Et mugire solum, manesq. exire sepulchris.
Te quoque Luna traho.
Can you doubt me then, daughter,
That can make mountains tremble, miles of woods walk;
Whole earth's foundation bellow, and the spiritts
Of the entomb'd to burst out from their marbles;
Nay, draw yond moone to my envolv'd designes?
Fire. I know as well as can be when my mother's mad and our great catt angrie; for one spitts French then, and thother spitts Latten.
Duch. I did not doubt you, Mother.
Hec. No? what did you,
My powre's so firme, it is not to be question'd.
Duch. Forgive what's past: and now I know th' offensivenes
That vexes art, I'll shun th' occasion ever.
Hec. Leave all to me and my five sisters, daughter.
It shall be convaid in at howlett-time.
Take you no care. My spiritts know thir moments:
Raven, or screitch-owle never fly by th' dore
But they call in (I thanck 'em) and they loose not by't.
I give 'em barley soak'd in infants' blood:
They shall have semina cum sanguine,
Their gorge cramd full if they come once to our house:
We are no niggard.

Fire. They fare but too well when they come heather: they eate up as much tother night as would have made me a good conscionable pudding.

Hec. Give me some lizard's-braine: quickly Firestone.
Wher's grannam Stadlin, and all the rest o' th' sisters?

Fire. All at hand forsooth.

Hec. Give me Marmaritin; some Beare-breech: when?

Fire. Heer's Beare-breech, and lizards-braine forsooth.

Hec. In to the vessell;
And fetch three ounces of the red-hair'd girle
I kill'd last midnight.

Fire. Whereabouts, sweet Mother?

Hec. Hip; hip or flanck. Where is the Acopus?

Fire. You shall have Acopus, forsooth.

Hec. Stir, stir about; whilst I begin the charme.

A charme Song, about a Vessell.

Black spiritts, and white: Red spiritts, and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.
Titty, Tiffin, keepe it stiff in;
Fire-drake, Puckey, make it luckey;
Liard, Robin, you must bob in.
Round, around, around, about, about;
All ill come running in, all good keepe out!

1. *Witch.* Heer's the blood of a bat.

Hec. Put in that; oh put in that.

2. Heer's libbard's-bane.

Hec. Put in againe.

1. The juice of toad; the oile of adder.

2. Those will make the yonker madder.

Hec. Put in; ther's all, and rid the stench.

Fire. Nay heer's three ounces of the red-hair'd wench.

All. Round, around, around, &c.

Hec. So, soe, enough: into the vessell with it.
There, 't hath the true perfection: I am so light
At any mischief: ther's no villany
But is a tune methinkes.

Fire. A tune! 'tis to the tune of dampnation then, I warrant you; and that song hath a villanous burthen.

Hec. Come my sweet sisters; let the aire strike our tune,
Whilst we show reverence to yond peeping moone.

[*Here they daunce the Witches dance, and Exeunt.*

*** The following Songs are found in Sir William D'Avenant's alteration of this play, printed in 1674. The first and second of them were, I believe, written by him, being introduced at the end of the second Act, in a scene of which he undoubtedly was the author. Of the other song, which is sung in the third Act, the first words (*Come away*) are in the original copy of Macbeth, and the whole is found at length in Middleton's play, entitled The Witch, which has been lately printed from a manuscript in the collection of Major Pearson. Whether this song was written by Shakspeare, and omitted, like many others, in the printed copy, cannot now be ascertained. MALONE.

ACT II.

First Song by the Witches.

1 *Witch.* Speak, sister, speak; is the deed done?
2 *Witch.* Long ago, long ago:
Above twelve glasses since have run.
3 *Witch.* Ill deeds are seldom slow;
Nor single; following crimes on former wait:
The worst of creatures fastest propagate.
Many more murders must this one ensue,
As if in death were propagation too.
2 *Witch.* He will—
1 *Witch.* He shall—
3 *Witch.* He must spill much more blood;
And become worse, to make his title good.
1 *Witch.* Now let's dance.
2 *Witch.* Agreed.
3 *Witch.* Agreed.
4 *Witch.* Agreed.
Chor. We should rejoice when good kings bleed.
When cattle die, about we go;
What then, when monarchs perish, should we do?

Second Song.

Let's have a dance upon the heath;
We gain more life by Duncan's death.
Sometimes like brinded cats we shew,
Having no musick but our mew:
Sometimes we dance in some old mill,
Upon the hopper, stones, and wheel,
To some old saw, or bardish rhyme
Where still the mill-clack does keep time.

Sometimes about an hollow tree,
Around, around, around dance we:
Thither the chirping cricket comes,
And beetle, singing drowsy hums:
Sometimes we dance o'er fens and furze,
To howls of wolves, and barks of curs:
And when with none of those we meet,
We dance to the echoes of our feet.
At the night-raven's dismal voice,
Whilst others tremble, we rejoice;
And nimbly, nimbly dance we still,
To the echoes from an hollow hill. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE V.

Hecate and the Three Witches.

Musick and Song.

[*Within.*] *Hecate, Hecate, Hecate!* O come away!
Hec. Hark, I am call'd, my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.
[*Within.*] Come away, *Hecate, Hecate!* O come away!
Hec. I come, I come, with all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may.
Where's Stadling?
2. Here. [*within.*]
Hec. Where's Puckle?
3. Here; [*within.*]
And Hopper too, and Helway too *.

* And Hopper too, and Helway too.] In The Witch, these personages are called *Hoppo* and *Hellwayne*. Malone.

"—Helway.—" The name of this witch, perhaps, originates from the leader of a train of frolicksome apparitions, supposed to exist in Normandy, ann. 1091. He is called by Ordericus Vitalis (l. viii. p. 695,) *Herlechin*. In the continuation of The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, (verse 8,) he is changed to—*Hurlewayne*. In the French Romance of Richard sans peur, he becomes—*Hellequin*. Hence, I suppose, according to the chances of spelling, pronunciation, &c. are derived the *Helwin* and *Helwayne* of Middleton, and, eventually, the *Helway* of Sir William D'Avenant. —See Mr. Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, vol. v. pp. 270, 271, in voc. Meinie.

We want but you, we want but you:
Come away, make up the count.
Hec. I will but 'noint, and then I mount:
I will but 'noint, &c.
[*Within.*] Here comes down one to fetch his dues,
[*A Machine with Malkin in it descends* *.
A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood;
And why thou stay'st so long, I muse,
Since the air's so sweet and good.
Hec. O, art thou come? What news?
[*Within.*] All goes fair for our delight:
Either come, or else refuse.
Hec. Now I'm furnish'd for the flight;
[*Hecate places herself in the Machine.*
Now I go, and now I fly,
Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I.
O, what a dainty pleasure's this,
To sail i' the air,
While the moon shines fair;
To sing, to toy, to dance, and kiss!
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains;
Over hills, and misty fountains †;
Over steeples, towers, and turrets,
We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.

It may also be observed, (trivial as the remark appears,) that here we have not only *Herlechinus*, but the *familia Herlechini*, which, with sufficient singularity, still subsists on the Italian stage and our own. It is needless to mention, that the bills at our country fairs continue to promise entertainment from the exertions of "Mr. Punch and his merry *family*."

As the work of Ord. Vital, who died in 1143, is known to exhibit the name of *Harlequin*, it will not readily be allowed that his theatrical namesake was obliged, for the same title, to an *invention* of Francis I. in ridicule of his enemy, Charles le Quint, who was born in 1500, and left the world in 1558. See Johnson's Dictionary, in voc. HARLEQUIN. STEEVENS.

* This stage direction I have added. In The Witch there is the following marginal note: "A spirit like a cat descends." In Sir W. D'Avenant's alteration of Macbeth, printed in 1674, this song, as well as all the rest of the piece, is printed very incorrectly. I have endeavoured to distribnte the different parts of the song before us, as, I imagine, the author intended. MALONE.

† "Over hills," &c. In The Witch, instead of this line, we find:

"Over seas, our mistress' fountains." MALONE.

No ring of bells to our ears sounds,
No howls of wolves, nor yelps of hounds;
No, not the noise of water's breach,
Nor cannons' throat our height can reach. [*Hecate ascends.*
1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again.
2 *Witch.* But whilst she moves through the foggy air,
Let's to the cave, and our dire charms prepare. [*Exeunt.*

Notes omitted (on account of length) in their proper places.

[See p. 85.]

" ——— his two *chamberlains*
" Will I with wine and wassel so convince, &c.
" ——— Will it not be receiv'd,
" When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
" Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
" That they have don't?" In the original Scottish History, by Boethius, and in Holinshed's Chronicle, we are merely told that Macbeth slew Duncan at Inverness. No particulars whatsoever are mentioned. The circumstance of making Duncan's chamberlains drunk, and laying the guilt of his murder upon them, as well as some other circumstances, our author has taken from the history of Duffe, king of Scotland, who was murdered by Donwald, Captain of the castle of Fores, about eighty years before Duncan ascended the throne. The fact is thus told by Holinshed, in p. 150 of his Scottish History, [208, edit. 1577.] (the history of the reign of Duncan commences in p. 168: [239, edit. 1577.])

" Donwald, not forgetting the reproach which his linage had susteined by the execution of those his kinsmen, whom the king for a spectacle to the people had caused to be hanged, could not but shew manifest tokens of great griefe at home amongst his familie: which his wife perceiving, ceased not to travell with him till she understood what the cause was of his displeasure. Which at length when she had learned by his owne relation, she, as one that bare no lesse malice in hir heart, for the like cause on his behalfe, than hir husband did for his friends, counselled him (sith the king used oftentimes to lodge in his house without anie gard about him other than the garrison of the castle, [of Fores,] which was wholie at his commandement) to make him awaie, *and showed him the meanes whereby he might soonest accomplish it.*

" Donwald, thus being the more kindled in wrath by the words of his wife, determined to follow hir advice in the execution of so heinous an act. Whereupon devising with himselfe for a while,

which way hee might best accomplish his cursed intent, at length gat opportunitie, and sped his purpose as followeth. It chanced that the king upon *the daie before he purposed to depart foorth of the castell*, was long in his oratorie at his praiers, and there continued till it was late in the night. At the last, comming foorth, he called such afore him as had faithfullie served him *in pursute and apprehension of the rebels*, and giving them heartie thanks *he bestowed sundrie honourable gifts amongst them, of the which number Donwald was one, as he that had been ever accounted a most faithful servant to the king.*

"At length, having talked with them a long time he got him into his privie chamber, *onlie with two of his chamberlains*, who having brought him to bed, came foorth againe, and then fell to banketting with Donwald and his wife, who had prepared diverse delicate dishes, and sundrie sorts of *drinks* for their reare supper or collation, whereat *they sate up so long, till they had charged their stomachs with such full gorges*, that their heads were no sooner got to the pillow, but asleepe they were so fast, that a man might have removed the chamber over them, sooner than to have awaked them out of their drunken sleepe.

"Then Donwald, though he abhorred the act greatlie in heart, yet through instigation of his wife, he called foure of his servants unto him, (whom he had made privie to his wicked intent before, and framed to his purpose with large gifts,) and now declaring unto them, after what sort they should worke the feat, they gladlie obeyed his instructions, and speedilie going about the murther, they enter the chamber in which the king laie, a little before cocks crow, where they secretlie cut his throte as he lay sleeping, without any buskling at all: and immediately by a posterne gate they carried foorth the dead bodie into the fields, and throwing it upon a horse there provided for that purpose, they convey it unto a place about two miles distant from the castell.—

"Donwald, about the time that the murther was in dooing, got him amongst them that kept the watch, and so continued to companie with them all the residue of the night. But in the morning when the noise was raised in the kings chamber, how the king was slaine, his bodie conveied awaie, and the bed all bewraied with bloud, *he with the watch ran thither, as though he had known nothing of the matter;* and breaking into the chamber, and finding cakes of bloud in the bed, and on the floore about the sides of it, *he forthwith slew the chamberlains*, as guiltie of that heinous murther, and then like a madman running to and fro, he ransacked everie corner within the castell, as thoogh it had beene to have seene if he might have found either the bodie, or any of the murtherers hid in anie privie place: but at length comming to the posterne gate, and finding it open, he burdened the *chamberleins, whom he had slaine, with all the fault*, they having the keyes of the

gates committed to their keeping all the night, and therefore it could not be otherwise (said he) but that they were of counsell in the committing of that most detestable murther.

"Finallie, such was his over-earnest diligence in the severe inquisition and trial of the offenders heerein, that some of the lords began to mislike the matter, and to smell foorth shrewd tokens that he should not be altogether cleare himselfe. But for so much as they were in that countrie where he had the whole rule, what by reason of his friends and authoritie together, they doubted to utter what they thought, till time and place should better serve thereunto, and hereupon got them awaie everie man to his home."

MALONE.

See p. 114, n. 2.] After the horrour and agitation of this scene, the reader may, perhaps, not be displeased to pause for a few minutes. The consummate art which Shakspeare has displayed in the preparation for the murder of Duncan, and during the commission of the dreadful act, cannot but strike every intelligent reader. An ingenious writer, however, whose comparative view of Macbeth and Richard III. has just reached my hands, has developed some of the more minute traits of the character of Macbeth, particularly in the present and subsequent scene, with such acuteness of observation, that I am tempted to transcribe such of his remarks as relate to the subject now before us, though I do not *entirely* agree with him. After having proved, by a deduction of many particulars, that the towering ambition of Richard is of a very different colour from that of Macbeth, whose weaker desires seem only to aim at pre-eminence of place, not of dominion, he adds: "Upon the same principle a distinction still stronger is made in the article of courage, though both are possessed of it even to an eminent degree; but in Richard it is intrepidity, and in Macbeth no more than resolution: in him it proceeds from exertion, not from nature; in enterprize he betrays a degree of fear, though he is able, when occasion requires, to stifle and subdue it. When he and his wife are concerting the murder, his doubt, 'if we should fail?' is a difficulty raised by an apprehension, and as soon as that is removed by the contrivance of Lady Macbeth, to make the officers drunk and lay the crime upon them, he runs with violence into the other extreme of confidence, and cries out, with a rapture unusual to him,

'—— Bring forth men children only, &c.
'—— Will it not be receiv'd
'When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
'Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
'That they have done it?'

which question he puts to her who had the moment before suggested the thought of—

'His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
'Of our geat quell.'

And his asking it again, proceeds from that extravagance with which a delivery from apprehension and doubt is always accompanied. Then, summoning all his fortitude, he says, 'I am settled,' &c. and proceeds to the bloody business without any further recoil. But a certain degree of restlessness and anxiety still continues, such as is constantly felt by a man not naturally very bold, worked up to a momentous atchievement. His imagination dwells entirely on the circumstances of horrour which surround him; the vision of the dagger; the darkness and the stillness of the night, and the terrors and the prayers of the chamberlains. Lady Macbeth, who is cool and undismayed, attends to the business only; considers of the place where she had laid the daggers ready; the impossibility of his missing them; and is afraid of nothing but a disappointment. She is earnest and eager; he is uneasy and impatient; and therefore wishes it over:

'I go, and it is done;' &c.

"But a resolution thus forced cannot hold longer than the immediate occasion for it: the moment after that is accomplished for which it was necessary, his thoughts take the contrary turn, and he cries out, in agony and despair,—

'Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou could'st.'

"That courage which had supported him while he was *settled and bent up*, forsakes him so immediately after he has performed the *terrible feat*, for which it had been exerted, that he forgets the favourite circumstance of laying it on the officers of the bedchamber; and, when reminded of it, he refuses to return and complete his work, acknowledging—

'I am afraid to think what I have done;
'Look on't again I dare not.'

"His disordered senses deceive him; and his debilitated spirits fail him; he owns that 'every noise appals him:' he listens when nothing stirs; he mistakes the sounds he does hear; he is so confused as not to know whence the knocking proceeds. She, who is more calm, knows that it is from the south entry; she gives clear and direct answers to all the incoherent questions he asks her; but he returns none to that which she puts to him; and though after some time, and when necessity again urges him to recollect himself, he recovers so far as to conceal his distress, yet he still is not able to divert his thoughts from it: all his answers to the trivial questions of Lenox and Macduff are evidently given by a man thinking of something else; and by taking a tincture from the subject of his attention, they become equivocal:

'*Macd.* Is the king stirring, worthy thane?
'*Macb.* Not yet.
'*Len.* Goes the king hence to-day?
'*Macb.* He did appoint so.
'*Len.* The night has been unruly; where we lay
'Our chimneys were blown down; &c.
'*Macb.* 'Twas a rough night.'

"*Not yet* implies that he will by and by, and is a kind of guard against any suspicion of his knowing that the king would never stir more. *He did appoint so*, is the very counterpart of that which he had said to Lady Macbeth, when on his first meeting her she asked him—

'*Lady M.* When goes he hence?
'*Macb.* To-morrow, as he purposes.'

In both which answers he alludes to his disappointing the King's intention. And when forced to make some reply to the long description given by Lenox, he puts off the subject which the other was so much inclined to dwell on, by a slight acquiescence in what had been said of the roughness of the night; but not like a man who had been attentive to the account, or was willing to keep up the conversation." *Remarks on some of the Characters of Shakspeare*, [by Mr. Whateley,] 8vo. 1785.

To these ingenious observations I entirely subscribe, except that I think the wavering irresolution and agitation of Macbeth after the murder ought not to be ascribed *solely* to a remission of courage, since much of it may be imputed to the remorse which would arise in a man who was of a good natural disposition, and is described as originally "full of the milk of human kindness; —not without ambition, but without the illness should attend it."

MALONE.

A most decisive refutation of Mr. Whateley's Essay, as far as the courage of Macbeth is concerned, which will serve equally well as an answer to Mr. Steevens's note in a former page, was published by Mr. Kemble in the year 1786. A new edition of this Essay, enlarged and improved, appeared in 1817. The knowledge which it displays of our great poet's meaning and spirit, would be sufficient to account for that distinguished performer's superiority over all his contemporaries in the exhibition of Shakspeare's characters. It is with good acting as with good writing: "Sapere est et principium et fons." BOSWELL.

See Remarks on Mr. Whateley's Dissertation, p. 277, et seq. They first appeared in the European Magazine, for April, 1787.

I cannot, however, dismiss this subject without taking some notice of an observation that rather diminishes than encreases the reputation of the foregoing tragedy.

It has been more than once observed by Mr. Boswell, and other collectors of Dr. Johnson's fugitive remarks, that he always described Macbeth as a drama that might be exhibited by pup-

pets; and that it was rather injured than improved by scenical accompaniments, *et quicquid telorum habent armamentaria theatri.*

I must confess, I know not on what circumstances in this tragedy such a decision could have been founded; nor shall I feel myself disposed to admit the propriety of it, till the inimitable performances of Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard have faded from my remembrance. Be it observed, however, that my great coadjutor had not advanced this position among his original or subsequent comments on Macbeth. It rather seems to have been an effusion provoked from him in the warmth of controversy, and not of such a nature as he himself would have trusted to the press. In Boswell's Tour to the Hebrides, 3d edit. p. 386, the Doctor makes the following frank confession: "Nobody, at times, *talks* more laxly than I do." Yet they are mistaken who think he was sufficiently adventurous to print whatever his mind suggested. I know The Life of Milton to have been composed under the strongest restraint of public opinion.

The reports of our metropolitan, as well as provincial theatres, will testify, that no dramatic piece is more lucrative in representation than Macbeth. It is equally a favourite with the highest and lowest ranks of society; those who delight in rational amusement, and those who seek their gratification in pageantry and show. Whence, then, such constant success and popularity as attends it, if stage exhibition, in this unfortunate instance, not only refuses to co-operate with the genius of Shakspeare, but obstinately proceeds to counteract the best and boldest of his designs?

Has the insufficiency of machinists hitherto disgraced the imagery of the poet? or is it in itself too sublime for scenical contrivances to keep pace with? or must we at last be compelled to own that our author's cave of incantation, &c. &c. are a mere abortive parade, that raises expectation only to disappoint it, and keeps, like his own Witches,

"—— the word of promise to our ear,
"And breaks it to our hope?"

Let me subjoin, that I much question if Dr. Johnson ever saw the characters of Macbeth and his wife represented by those who have most excelled in them; or, if he did, that in this, or any other tragedy, the blended excellence of a Garrick and a Pritchard had sufficient power to fix his attention on the business of the stage. He most certainly had no partialities in its favour, and as small a turn for appropriate embellishments. Add to this, that his defective hearing, as well as eye-sight, must especially have disqualified him from being an adequate judge on the present occasion. When Mrs. Abington solicited his attendance at her benefit, he plainly told her, he "could not hear."—"Baretti," said he, (looking toward the bar at which the prisoner stood,) "cannot see my face, nor can I see his." Much less distinguishable to the

Doctor would have been the features of actors, because, in a playhouse, their situation must have been yet remoter from his own. Without the ability of seeing, therefore, he had no means of deciding on the merit of dramatick spectacles: and who will venture to assert that a legitimate impersonation of the guilty Thane does not more immediately depend on expression of countenance, than on the most vigorous exertions of gesticulation or voice?

Dr. Johnson's sentiments, on almost all subjects, may justly claim my undissembled homage; but I cannot acquiesce in the condemnation of such stage-exhibitions as his known prejudices, want of attention, eye-sight, and hearing, forbade him to enjoy. His decree, therefore, in the present instance, is, I hope, not irreversible:

Quid valet, ad surdas si cantet Phemius aures?
Quid cœcum Thamyran picta tabella juvat. STEEVENS.

I am pretty well acquainted with the works to which Mr. Steevens has referred in the beginning of his note; but I cannot recollect, in any one of them, what that gentleman has professed to have found in them all. Had Johnson uttered such a remark, it would not have conveyed any slight opinion of Macbeth, but, rather, would have been an instance of his prejudice against actors, for which Mr. Steevens has well accounted. That this sublime drama stands in no need of scenic decoration will be readily allowed; but those who have had the good fortune to hear the scenes of witchcraft read by the greatest actress of this, or perhaps of any other age, will acknowledge that even "Shakspeare's magick" may derive additional solemnity from (what I could almost term) the unearthly recitation of Mrs. Siddons. BOSWELL.

WINTOWNIS CRONYKIL.

BOOK VI. CHAP. XVIII.

Qwhen Makbeth-Fynlay rase
And regnand in-til Scotland was.

IN þis tyme, as yhe herd me tell
Of Trewsone þat in Ingland fell,
In Scotland nere þe lyk cás
Be Makbeth-Fynlayk practykyd was,

Quhen he mwrthrysyde his awyne Eme,
Be hope, þat he had in a dreme,
Ðat he sawe, quhen he wes yhyng
In Hows duelland wyth þe Kyng,
Ðat fayrly trettyd hym and welle
In all, þat langyd hym ilkè dele:
For he wes hys Systyr Sone,
Hys yharnyng all he gert be done.
A' nycht he thowcht in hys dremyng,
Ðat syttand he wes besyde þe Kyng
At a Sete in hwntyng; swá
In-til his Leisch had Grewhundys twá.
He thowcht, quhile he wes swá syttand,
He sawe thre Wamen by gangand;
And þái Wemen þan thowcht he
Thre Werd Systrys mást lyk to be.
Ðe fyrst he hard say gangand by,
'Lo, yhondyr þe Thayne of Crwmbawchty.'
Ðe toþir Woman sayd agayne,
'Of Morave yhondyre I se þe Thayne.'
Ðe thryd þan sayd, 'I se þe Kyng.'
All þis he herd in hys dremyng.
Sone eftyre þat in hys yhowthad
Of thyr Thayndomys he Thayne wes made.
Syne neyst he thowcht to be Kyng,
Frá Dunkanys dayis had táne endyng.
Ðe fantasy þus of hys Dreme
Movyd hym mást to sla hys Eme;
As he dyd all furth in-dede,
As before yhe herd me rede,
And Dame Grwok, hys Emys Wyf,
Tuk, and led wyth hyr hys lyf,
And held hyr báthe hys Wyf, and Qweyne,
As befor þan scho had beyne
Til hys Eme Qwene, lyvand
Quhen he wes Kyng wyth Crowne rygnand:
F 150 a For lytyl in honowre þan had he
Ðe greys of Affynytè.
All þus quhen his Eme wes dede,
He succedyt in his stede:

L. 26.] This is the original of the story of the Weird Sisters, whom Shakspeare has rendered so familiar to every reader: in its original state it is within the bounds of probability.

D. Macpherson.

And sevyntene wyntyr full rygnand
As Kyng he wes þan in-til Scotland.
All hys tyme was gret Plentè
Abowndand, báth on Land and Se.
He wes in Justice rycht lawchful,
And til hys Legis all awful.
Quhen Leo þe tend wes Páþe of Rome,
As Pylgryne to þe Curt he come:
And in hys Almus he sew Sylver
Til all pure folk, þat had myster.
And all tyme oysyd he to wyrk
Profytably for Haly Kyrke.
Bot, as we fynd be sum Storys,
Gottyne he wes on ferly wys.
Hys Modyr to Woddis mád oft repayre
For þe delyte of halesum ayre.
Swá, scho past a-pon á day
Til a Wod, hyr for to play:
Scho met of cás wyth a fayr man
(Nevyr náne sá fayre, as scho thowcht þan,
Before þan had scho sene wytht sycht)
Of Bewtè plesand, and of Hycht
Proportyownd wele, in all mesoure
Of Lym and Lyth a fayre fygowre.
In swylk a qweyntans swá þai fell,
Đat, schortly þare-of for to tell,
Đar in þar Gamyn and þar Play
Đat Persown be that Woman lay,
And on hyr þat tyme to Sowne gat
Đis Makbeth, þat eftyr þat
Grew til þir Státis, and þis hycht,
To þis gret powere, and þis mycht,
As befor yhe have herd sayd.
Frá þis persowne wyth hyr had playd,
And had þe Jowrnè wyth hyr done,
Đat he had gottyne on hyr a Sone,
(And he þe Dewïl wes, þat hym gat)
And bad hyr noucht fleyd to be of þat;
Bot sayd, þat hyr Sone suld be
A man of gret state, and bowntè;
And ná man suld be borne of wyf
Of powere to reẅe hym hys lyf.
And of þat Dede in taknyng
He gave his Lemman þare a Ryng;
And bad hyr, þat scho suld kepe þat wele,
And hald for hys luve þat Jwele.
Eftyr þat oft oysyd he
Til cum til hyr in preẅaté;

And tauld hyr mony thyngis to fall;
F 150 b Set trowd þai suld noucht haẅe bene all.
At hyr tyme scho wes lychtare,
And þat Sowne, þat he gat, scho bare.
Makbeth-Fynlake wes cald hys name,
Ðat grewe, as yhe herd, til gret fame.
Ðis was Makbethys Ofspryng,
Ðat hym eftyr mád oure Kyng,
As of þat sum Story sayis;
Set of hys Get fell oþir wayis,
And to be gottyn kyndly,
As oþir men ar generaly.

L. 104.] The tale of the supernatural descent of Macbeth, copied, perhaps, from that of Merlin, by Geoffrey of Monmouth, puts him on a footing with the heroes and demigods of ancient fable. It was not, however, intended, by the inventors of it, to do honour to his memory, but to ingratiate themselves with the reigning family; for they concluded, from wicked men being allegorically called *Sons of Belial* in the Scripture, that to call a man the son of the devil was to call him every thing that was bad. How many ugly stories were, in a more enlightened age, reported of Richard III. of England, in order to flatter the family which rose on his fall? Both these princes have had the additional misfortune to be gibbetted in Shakspeare's drama, as objects of detestation to all succeeding ages, as long as theatres shall be attended, and, perhaps, long after Shakspeare's own language shall have become unintelligible to the bulk of English readers. Wyntown, however, gravely cautions us against believing this foolish story, by telling us immediately that his "Get" was "kyndly" as other men's.

The brief account of Macbeth's life raises his character above all the preceding princes, at least in as far as their actions are known to us. The

"——— gret plente
"Abowndand, bath on land and se,"

and the riches of the country during his reign, which, together with the firm establishment of his government, enabled him to make a journey to Rome, and there to exercise a liberality of charity to the poor, remarkable even in that general resort of wealthy pilgrims, exhibit undeniable proofs of a beneficent government, and a prudent attention to agriculture, and to the fishery, that inexhaustible fund of wealth, wherewith bountiful nature has surrounded Scotland. Macbeth's journey to Rome is not a fable, as supposed by the learned and worthy author of The Annals of Scotland, [vol. i. p. 3, note,] but rests on the evidence of Marianus Scotus, a respectable contemporary historian, whose words, almost lite-

And quhen fyrst he to rys began,
Hys Emys Sownnys twa lauchful þan
For dowt owt of þe Kynryk fled.
Malcolme, noucht gottyn of lauchful bed,
Đe thryd, past off þe Land alsuá
As banysyd wyth hys Breþyr twá,
Til Saynt Edward in Ingland,
Đat þat tyme þare wes Kyng ryngnand.
He þayme ressaẅyd thankfully,
And trettyd þame rycht curtasly.
And in Scotland þan as Kyng
Đis Makbeth mád gret steryng;
And set hym þan in hys powere
A gret Hows for to mak of Were
A-pon þe hycht of Dwnsynane:
Tymbyr þare-til to drawe, and stáne,
Of fyfe, and of Angws, he
Gert mony oxin gadryd be.
Sá, on á day in þare traẅaile
A yhok of oxyn Makbeth saw fayle:
Đat speryt Makbeth, quha þat awcht
Đe yhoke, þat faylyd in þat drawcht.
Đai awnsweryd til Makbeth agayne,
And sayd, Makduff of Fyfe þe Thayne
Đat ilk yhoke of oxyn awcht,
Đat he saw fayle in-to þe drawcht.
Đan spak Makbeth dyspytusly,
And to þe Thayne sayd angryly,

---

rally translated by Wyntown, are—" A. D. ml. Rex Scotie Machetad Rome argentum seminando pauperibus distribuit." [See VI. xviii. 48, 63, 303, 408.]

The only blot upon his memory is the murder of his predecessor, (if it was indeed a murder,) who, to make the crime the blacker, is called his uncle, though that point is extremely doubtful. Among the numerous kings who made their way to the throne by the same means, is Greg, who is held up as a mirror to princes. To this is added the crime of incest in taking his uncle's widow to wife; but, admitting her former husband to have been his uncle, we must remember, that the rules concerning marriage in Scotland appear to have been partly formed upon the Jewish model, before the ecclesiastical polity was re-formed, or romanized, by the influence of Queen Margaret. [Vita Margaretæ ap. Bollandi Acta Sanctorum 10mo. Junii, p. 331.]

Thus much was due from justice to a character calumniated in the beaten track of history. D. Macpherson.

Lyk all wrythyn in hys skyn,
His awyn Nek he suld put in
Ðe yhoke, and ger hym drawchtis drawe,
Noucht dowtand all hys Kynnys awe.
Frá þe Thayne Makbeth herd speke,
Ðat he wald put in yhok hys Neke,
Of all hys thowcht he mád ná Sang;
Bot prewaly owt of þe thrang
Wyth slycht he gat; and þe Spensere
A Láfe him gawe til hys Supere.
And als swne as he mycht se
Hys tyme and opportunytè,
Owt of þe Curt he past, and ran,
F 151 a And þat Láyf bare wyth hym þan
To þe Wattyre of Eryne. Ðat Brede
He gawe þe Batwartis hym to lede,
And on þe sowth half hym to sete,
But delay, or ony lete.
Ðat passage cald wes eftyre þan
Lang tyme Portnebaryan;
Ðe Hawyn of Brede þat suld be
Callyd in-tyl propyrtè.
Owre þe Wattyre þan wes he sete,
Bwt dawngere, or bwt ony lete.
At Dwnsynane Makbeth þat nycht,
As sone as hys Supere wes dycht,
And hys Marchalle hym to þe Halle
Fechyd, þan amang þaim all
Awaye þe Thayne of Fyfe wes myst;
And ná man, quhare he wes, þan wyst.
Yhit a Knycht, at þat Supere
Ðat til Makbeth wes syttand nere,

L. 152.] In the infancy of navigation, when its efforts extended no further than crossing a river, ferrying places were the only harbours, and were called *port* in the Gaelic languages, and apparently in the most ancient Greek. Hence we have so many places on the banks of rivers and lochs in Scotland, called *ports*, and hence the Greek called their ferry-boats *porthmia* and *porthmides*. [Dictionaries, and Calcagnini Opera, p. 307.] No ferry on the Earn is known by this name; perhaps it was originally the *braide* [*broad*] *ferry*, which being confounded with *bread*, has been gaelized *port-ne-bara*, the harbour of bread. [v. Davies Dict. Brit. v. *Bara*.] The transcriber of the Cotton MS. has here interpolated a line with a French explanation of the name. [v. V. R.] D. Macpherson.

Sayd til hym, it wes hys part
For til wyt sowne, quhepirwart
Đe Thayne of Fyfe þat tyme past:
For he a wys man wes of cast,
And in hys Deyd wes rycht wyly.
Til Makbeth he sayd, for-þi
For ná cost þat he suld spare,
Sowne to wyt quhare Makduffe ware.
Đis heyly movyd Makbeth in-dede
Agayne Makduffe þan to procede.
Yhit Makduff nevyrþeles
Đat set besowth þe Wattyre wes
Of Erne, þan past on in Fyfe
Til Kennawchy, quhare þan hys Wyfe
Dwelt in a Hows mád of defens:
And bad hyr, wyth gret diligens
Kepe þat Hows, and gyve þe Kyng
Điddyr come, and mád bydyng
Đare ony Felny for to do,
He gave hyr byddyng þan, þat scho
Suld hald Makbeth in fayre Trettè,
A Bate quhill scho suld sayland se
Frá north to þe sowth passand;
And frá scho sawe þat Bate sayland,
Đan tell Makbeth, þe Thayne wes þare
Of Fyfe, and til Dwnsynane fare
To byde Makbeth; for þe Thayne
Of Fyfe thowcht, or he come agayne
Til Kennawchy, þan for til bryng
Háme wyth hym a lawchful Kyng.
Til Kennawchy Makbeth come sone,
And Felny gret þare wald have done:
F 151 b Bot þis Lady wyth fayre Trettè
Hys purpos lettyde done to be.
And sone, frá scho þe Sayle wp saw,
Đan til Makbeth wyth lytil awe
Scho sayd, 'Makbeth, luke wp, and se
'Wndyr yhon Sayle forsuth is he,
'Đe Thayne of Fyfe, þat þow has sowcht.
'Trowe þowe welle, and dowt rycht nowcht,

L. 179.] This "hows of defens" was perhaps Maiden Castle, the ruins of which are on the south side of the present Kennoway. There are some remains of Roman antiquity in this neighbourhood, and it is very probable that Macduff's castle stood on the site of a Roman *Castellum*. D. Macpherson.

‘ Gyve evyr þow sall hym se agayne,
‘ He sall þe set in-tyl gret payne;
‘ Syne þow wald hawë put hys Neke
‘ In-til þi yhoke. Now will I speke
‘ Wyth þe ná mare: fare on þi waye,
‘ Owþire welle, or ill, as happyne may.’
Đat passage syne wes comownly
In Scotland cald þe Erlys-ferry.
Of þat Ferry for to knaw
Báth þe Statute and þe Lawe,
A Bate suld be on ilkè syde
For to wayt, and tak þe Tyde,
Til mak þame frawcht, þat wald be
Frá land to land be-yhond þe Se.
Frá þat þe sowth Bate ware sene
Đe landis wndyre sayle betwene
Frá þe sowth as þan passand
Toward þe north þe trad haldand,
Đe north Bate suld be redy made
Towart þe sowth to hald þe trade:
And þare suld náne pay mare
Đan foure pennys for þare fare,
Quha-evyr for his frawcht wald be
For caus frawchtyd owre þat Se.
Đis Makduff þan als fast
In Ingland a-pon Cowndyt past.
Đare Dunkanys Sownnys thre he fand,
Đat ware as banysyd off Scotland,
Quhen Makbeth-Fynlake þare Fadyr slwe,
And all þe Kynryk til hym drwe.

L. 228.] Four pennies, in Wyntown's time, weighed about one eightieth part of a pound of silver: how much they were in Macbeth's time, I suppose, cannot be ascertained; but, in the reign of David Ist, they weighed one sixtieth of a pound. If we could trust to Regiam Majestatem, four pennies, in David's time, were the value of one third of a boll of wheat, or two *lagenæ* of wine, or four *lagenæ* of ale, or half a sheep. [Tables of Money and Prices in Ruddiman's Introduction to And. Diplo. For the quantity of the *lagenæ* compare VIII. xvii. 35, with Fordun, p. 990: Sc. Chr. v. ii. p. 223, wherein *lagena* is equivalent to *galown* in Wyntown.] It is reasonable to suppose, that the whole of the boat was hired for this sum.

The landing place on the south side was most probably at North Berwick, which belonged to the family of Fife, who founded the nunnery there. D. Macpherson.

Saynt Edward Kyng of Ingland þan,
Đat wes of lyf a haly man,
Đat trettyd þir Barnys honestly,
Ressayvyd Makduff rych curtasly,
Quhen he come til hys presens,
And mád hym honowre and reverens,
As afferyd. Til þe Kyng
He tauld þe caus of hys cummyng.
Đe Kyng þan herd hym movyrly,
And answeryd hym all gudlykly,
And sayd, hys wyll and hys delyte
F 152 a Wes to se for þe profyte
Of þá Barnys; and hys wille
Wes þare honowre to fullfille.
He cownsalyd þis Makduffe for-þi
To trete þá Barnys curtasly.
And quhilk of þame wald wyth hym gá,
He suld in all þame sykkyre má,
As þai wald þame redy mak
For þare Fadyre dede to take
Revengeans, or wald þare herytage,
Đat to þame felle by rycht lynage,
He wald þame helpe in all þare rycht
With gret suppowale, fors, and mycht.
Schortly to say, þe lawchful twá
Breþire forsuke wyth hym to gá
For dowt, he put þaim in þat peryle,
Đat þare Fadyre sufferyd qwhyle.
Malcolme þe thyrd, to say schortly,
Makduff cownsalyd rycht thraly,
Set he wes noucht of lauchfull bed,
As in þis Buke yhe have herd rede:
Makduff hym trettyd nevyr-þe-les
To be of stark hart and stowtnes,
And manlykly to tak on hand
To bere þe Crowne þan of Scotland:
And bade hym þare-of haẅe ná drede:
For kyng he suld be made in-dede:
And þat Traytoure ne suld sla,
Đat banysyd hym and hys Bredyr twa.

L. 274.] The story of these two brothers of Malcolm, (see also c. xvi. of this book) and their refusal of the kingdom, which he, a bastard, obtained, seems to be a mere fiction. Yet, why it should have been invented, I can see no reason: surely not with intent to disgrace Malcolm, whose posterity never lost the crown, and were such eminent friends to the church. The transcriber of the

Đam Malcolme sayd, he had a ferly,
Đat he hym fandyde sá thraly
Of Scotland to tak þe Crowne,
Qwhill he kend hys condytyowne.
Forsuth, he sayde, þare wes náne þan
Swá lycherows a lyvand man,
As he wes; and for þat thyng
He dowtyde to be made a Kyng.
A Kyngis lyf, he sayd, suld be
Ay led in-til gret honestè:
For-þi he cowth iẅyl be a Kyng,
He sayd, þat oysyd swylk lyvyng.
Makduff þan sayd til hym agayne,
Đat þat excusatyowne wes in ẅayne:
For gyve he oysyd þat in-dede,
Of Women he suld have ná nede;
For of hys awyne Land suld he
Fayre Wemen have in gret plentè.

Harleian MS. not liking this story, so derogatory to the royal family, omitted it in his transcript, and afterwards, changing his mind, added it at the end of his book. All the Scottish writers, who followed Wyntown, have carefully suppressed it.

Of Malcolm's brothers only Donald, who reigned after him, is known to the Scottish historians: but another Melmare is mentioned in Orkneyinga Saga, [p. 176,] whose son Maddad, Earl of Athol, is called son of a King Donald by the genealogists, because they knew of no other brother of Malcolm. Perhaps Melmare is the same whom Kennedy calls Oberard, and says, that on the usurpation of Macbeth he fled to Norway, (more likely to his cousin the Earl of Orknay, which was a Norwegian country,) and was progenitor of an Italian family, called Cantelmi. [Dissertation on the Family of Stuart, p. 193, where he refers to records examined reg. Car. II.] In Scala Chronica [ap. Lel. v. i. p. 529] there is a confused story of two brothers of Malcolm. These various notices seem sufficient to establish the existence of two brothers of Malcolm; but that either of them was preferable to him for age or legitimacy is extremely improbable. It is, however, proper to observe, that, in those days, bastardy was scarcely an impediment in the succession to the crown in the neighbouring kingdoms of Norway and Ireland; that Alexander, the son of this Malcolm, took a bastard for his queen; and that, in England, a victorious king, the cotemporary of Malcolm, assumed *bastard* as a title in his charters.

John Cumin, the competitor for the crown, who derived his right from Donald, the brother of Malcolm, knew nothing of this story, which, if true, would at least have furnished him an excellent argument. D. Macpherson.

Gyve he had Conscyens of þat plycht,
Mend to God, þat has þe mycht.
Đan Malcolme sayd, 'Đare is mare,
F 152 b 'Đat lettis me wyth þe to fare:
'Đat is, þat I am suá brynnand
'In Coẅatys, þat all Scotland
'Owre lytil is to my persowne:
'I set nowcht þare-by a bwttowne.'
Makduff sayd, 'Cum on wyth me:
'In Ryches þow sall abowndand be.
'Trow wele þe Kynryk of Scotland
'Is in Ryches abowndand.'
Yhit mare Malcolme sayd agayne
'Til Makduff of Fyfe þe Thayne,
'Đe thryd ẅyce yhit máis me Lete
'My purpos on thys thyng to sete:
'I am sá fals, þat ná man may
'Trow á worde, þat evyre I say.'
'Ha, ha! Frend, I leve þe þare,'
Makduff sayd, 'I will ná mare.
'I will ná langare karpe wyth þe,
'Ná of þis matere have Trettè;
'Syne þow can noþire hald, ná say
'Đat stedfast Trowth wald, or gud Fay.
'He is ná man, of swylk a Kynd
'Cummyn, bot of þe Deẅylis Strynd,
'Đat can noþyr do nà say
'Đan langis to Trowth, and gud Fay.
'God of þe Deẅyl sayd in á quhile,
'As I haẅe herd red þe Ẅangyle,
'He is, he sayd, a Leare fals:
'Swylk is of hym þe Fadyre als.
'Here now my Leve I tak at þè,
'And gyvys wp hályly all Trettè.
'I cownt noucht þe toþir twá
'Ẅycys þe ẅalu of a Strá:
'Bot hys thryft he has sald all owte,
'Quham falshad haldis wndyrlowte.'
Til Makduff of Fyf þe Thayne
Đis Malcolme awnsweryde þan agayne,
'I will, I will,' he sayd, 'wyth þe
'Pass, and prove how all will be.
'I sall be lele and stedfast ay,
'And hald till ilkè man gud fay.
'And ná les in þe I trowe.
'For-þi my purpos hále is nowe
'For my Fadrys Dede to tá
'Revengeans, and þat Traytoure sla,

‘ Đat has my Fadyre befor slayne;
‘ Or I sall dey in-to þe payne.’
To þe Kyng þan als fast
To tak hys Leve þan Malcolme past,
Makduff wyth hym hand in hand.
Đis Kyng Edward of Ingland
F 133 a Gaẅe hym hys Leẅe, and hys gud wyll,
And gret suppowale heycht þame tille,
And helpe to wyn hys Herytage.
On þis þai tuke þane þaire ẅayage.
And þis Kyng þan of Ingland
Bad þe Lord of Northwmbyrland,
Schyr Sward, to rys wyth all hys mycht
In Malcolmys helpe to wyn hys rycht.
Đan wyth þame of Northumbyrland
Đis Malcolme enteryd in Scotland,
And past oure Forth, doun strawcht to Tay,
Wp þat Wattyre þe hey way
To þe Brynnane to-gyddyr hále.
Đare þai bád, and tvk cownsale.
Syne þai herd, þat Makbeth aye
In fantown Fretis had gret Fay,
And trowth had in swylk Fantasy,
Be þat he trowyd stedfastly,
Nevyre dyscumfyt for to be,
Qwhill wyth hys Eyne he suld se
Đe Wode browcht of Brynnane
To þe hill of Dwnsynane.
Of þat Wode [þare] ilka man
In-til hys hand a busk tuk þan:

L. 357.] The word “ doun,” taken in here from the Cotton MS. instead of “ syne ” in the Royal, affords us a tolerable plan of the route of Malcolm and his Northumbrian allies; which, as far as Perth, seems to be the same that Agricola, and all the other invaders of Scotland after him, have pursued. After passing the Forth, probably at the first ford above Stirling, they marched down the coast of Fife, no doubt taking Kennauchy, the seat of Macduff, in their way, where they would be joined by the forces of Fife: thence they proceeded, gathering strength as they went, attended and supported (like Agricola) by the shipping, which the Northumbrians of that age had in abundance, [“ valida classé,” says Sim. Dun. col. 187, describing this expedition,] and turned west along the north coast of Fife, the shipping being then stationed in the river and firth of Tay. Macbeth appears to have retreated before them to the north part of the kingdom, where, probably, his interest was strongest. D. Macpherson.

Of all hys Ost wes ná man fré,
Đan in his hand a busk bare he:
And til Dwnsynane alsa fast
Agayne þis Makbeth þai past,
For þai thowcht wytht swylk a wyle
Đis Makbeth for til begyle.
Swá for to cum in prewatè
On hym, or he suld wytryd be.
Đe flyttand Wod þai callyd ay
Đat lang tyme eftyre-hend þat day.
Of þis quhen he had sene þat sycht,
He wes rycht wá, and tuk þe flycht:
And owre þe Mownth þai chást hym þan
Til þe Wode of Lunfanan.
Đis Makduff wes þare mást felle,
And on þat chás þan mást crwele.
Bot a Knycht, þat in þat chás
Til þis Makbeth þan nerest was,
Makbeth turnyd hym agayne,
And sayd, 'Lurdane, þow prykys in wayne,
'For þow may noucht be he, I trowe,
'Đat to dede sall sla me nowe.
'Đat man is nowcht borne of Wyf
'Of powere to rewe me my lyfe.'
Đe Knycht sayd, 'I wes nevyr borne;
F 153 b 'Bot of my Modyre Wáme wes schorne.
'Now sall þi Tresowne here tak end;
'For to þi Fadyre I sall þé send.'
Đus Makbeth slwe þai þan
In-to þe Wode of Lunfanan:
And his Hewyd þai strak off þare;
And þat wyth þame frá þine þai bare
Til Kynkardyn, quhare þe Kyng
Tylle þare gayne-come made bydyng.
Of þat slawchter ar þire wers
In Latyne wryttyne to rehers;
Rex Macabeda decem Scotie septemque fit annis,
In cujus regno fertile tempus erat:
Hunc in Lunfanan truncavit morte crudeli
Duncani natus, nomine Malcolimus.

L. 398.] This appears to be historic truth. But Boyse thought it did not make so good a story, as that Macbeth should be slain by Macduff, whom he therefore works up to a proper temper of revenge, by previously sending Macbeth to murder his wife and children. All this has a very fine effect in romance, or upon the stage. D. Macpherson.

From the non-appearance of Banquo in this ancient and authentick Chronicle, it is evident that his character, and consequently that of Fleance, were the fictions of Hector Boece, who seems to have been more ambitious of furnishing picturesque incidents for the use of playwrights, than of exhibiting sober facts on which historians could rely. The phantoms of a dream *, in the present instance, he has embodied, and

" ——— gives to airy nothing
" A local habitation and a name."

Nor is he solicitous only to reinforce creation. In thinning the ranks of it he is equally expert; for as often as lavish slaughters are necessary to his purpose, he has unscrupulously supplied them from his own imagination. " I laud him," however, " I praise him," (as Falstaff says,) for the tragedy of Macbeth, perhaps, might not have been so successfully raised out of the less dramatick materials of his predecessor Wyntown. The want of such an essential agent as Banquo, indeed, could scarce have operated more disadvantageously in respect to Shakspeare, than it certainly has in regard to the royal object of his flattery; for, henceforward, what prop can be found for the pretended ancestry of James the First? or what plea for Isaac Wake's most courtly deduction from the supposed prophecy of the Weird Sisters? " Vaticinii veritatem rerum eventus comprobavit; Banquonis enim e stirpe potentissimus Jacobus oriundus." See Rex Platonicus, &c. 1605. STEEVENS.

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* Lord Hailes, on the contrary, in a note on his Annals of Scotland, vol. i. p. 3, charges Buchanan with having softened the *appearance* of the Witches into a *dream* of the same tendency; whereas he has only brought this story back to the probability of its original, as related by Wyntown. STEEVENS.

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

D L.

1749 - Oct 20 - / 1751 Sept 7. N.

Prohoness

to Sept 7. Inclusive

D L.

1755 Sept 5

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THERE is great reason to believe, that the serious part of this Comedy is founded on some old translation of the seventh history in the fourth volume of Belleforest's Histoires Tragiques. Belleforest took the story, as usual, from Bandello. The comic scenes appear to have been entirely the production of Shakspeare. It is not impossible, however, that the circumstances of the Duke sending his Page to plead his cause with the Lady, and of the Lady's falling in love with the Page, &c. might be borrowed from the Fifth Eglog of Barnaby Googe, published with his other original Poems in 1563 :

" A worthy *Knyght* dyd love her longe,
" And for her sake dyd feale
" The panges of love, that happen styl
" By frowning fortune's wheale.
" He had a *Page*, Valerius named,
" Whom so muche he dyd truste,
" That all the secrets of his hart
" To hym declare he muste.
" And made hym all the onely meanes
" To sue for his redresse,
" And to entreate for grace to her
" That caused his distresse
" *She whan as first she saw his page*
" *Was straight with hym in love,*
" *That nothynge could Valerius face*
" *From Claudia's mynde remove.*
" By hym was Faustus often harde,
" By hym his sutes toke place,
" By hym he often dyd aspyre
" To se his Ladyes face.
" This passed well, tyll at the length
" Valerius sore did sewe,
" With many teares besechynge her
" His mayster's gryefe to rewe.
" And tolde her that yf she wolde not
" Release his mayster's payne,
" *He never wolde attempte her more*
" *Nor se her ones agayne,*" &c.

Thus also concludes the first scene of the third act of the play before us :

" And so adieu, good madam; never more
" Will I my master's tears to you deplore," &c.

I offer no apology for the length of the foregoing extract, the book from which it is taken, being so uncommon, that only one copy, except that in my own possession, has hitherto occurred. Even Dr. Farmer, the late Rev. T. Warton, Mr. Reed, and Mr. Malone, were unacquainted with this Collection of Gooeg's Poetry.

STEEVENS.

Thus far Mr. Steevens. By the kindness of my friend, Mr. Heber, the present possessor of the very rare book which has been quoted, I am enabled to add the remainder of Barnaby Googe's poem, from which it will appear that if there be any resemblance at all between the story of his Egloge and the fable of Twelfth-Night, it is very remote indeed:

" She then with mased countnaunce
" and teares y^{t} gushing fell,
" Astonyed answerde thus, loe nowe
" alas I se to well.
" Howe longe I haue deceyued ben,
" by the *Valerius* heare,
" I never yet beleued before,
" nor tyll this tyme dyd feare,
" That thou dydste for thy mayster sue
" but onely for my sake.
" And for my syght, I euer thought
" thou dydste thy trauayle take
" But nowe I se the contrarye,
" thou nothynge carste for me,
" Synce fyrst thou knewste, the fyerye flames
" that I haue felte by the,
" O Lorde how yll, thou doste requyte
" that I for the haue done,
" I curse the time, that frendshyp fyrst,
" to showe, I haue begon
" O Lorde I the beseche let me,
" in tyme reuenged be:
" And let hym knowe that he hath synd
" in this misusynge me.
" I can not thynke, but Fortune once,
" shall the rewarde for all,
" And vengeaunce due for thy deserts
" in tyme shall on the fall.
" And tell thy maister *Faustus* nowe,
" yf he wolde haue me lyve:
" that neuer more he sewe to me,
" this aunswere last I gyve:

" And thou o Traytour vyle,
" and enmye to my lyfe,
" Absent thy selfe from out my syght,
" procure no greater stryfe,
" Synce y‘ these teares, had neuer force
" to moue thy stoneye harte,
" Let neuer these my weryed eyes,
" se the no more. Departe.
" This sayde, in haste she hieth in,
" and there doth vengeaunce call,
" And strake her self, with cruel knyfe,
" and bluddy doune doth fall.
" This dolfull chañce, whā *Faustus* heard
" lamentynge lowde he cryes,
" And teares his heare and doth accuse,
" the unjust and cruell skies,
" And in this ragynge moode awaye,
" he stealeth oute alone,
" And gone he is: no mā knowes where
" eche man doth for hym mone.
" *Valerius* whan he doth perceyve
" his mayster to be gone:
" He weepes & wailes, in piteous plight
" and forth he ronnes anone,
" No man knowes where, he is becom,
" some saye the woodes he tooke,
" Intendynge there to ende his lyfe,
" on no man more to looke:
" The Courte lamentes, the Princesse eke
" herselfe doth weepe for woe,
" Loe *Faustus* fled, and Claudia deade,
" *Valerius* vanyshed soe.
" Finis Egloge *quinte*."

Mr. Malone was of opinion that the plot of this play was rather taken from The Historie of Apolonius and Silla, which is the second tale in a collection, by Barnabe Riche, entitled Rich his Farewell to Militarie Profession, which first appeared in 1583. In compliance with his intention, it is here inserted. I ought, in justice, to add, that I am not sure that this was Mr. Malone's own discovery, for I find it pointed out in a very modest and respectful letter addressed to him, in the year 1806, by Mr. Octavius Gilchrist of Stamford.

" During the time that the famous citty of Constantinople, remained in the handes of the Christians, amongst many other noble men, that kept their abiding in that florishing citty, there was one whose name was Apolonius, a worthy duke, who being but a very

yong man, and euen then newe come to his possessions which were very great, leuied a mighty bande of men, at his owne proper charges, with whom hee serued against the Turke, during the space of one whole yeere, in which time although it were very short, this young duke so behaued himselfe, as well by prowesse and valiance shewed with his owne hands, as otherwise, by his wisdome and liberality, vsed towards his souldiors, that all the world was filled with the fame of this noble duke. When he had thus spent one yeeres seruice, he caused his trompet to sound a retrait, and gathering his company together, and imbarking themselues he set saile, holding his course towards Constantinople: but beeing vpon the sea, by the extremity of a tempest which sodainely fell, his fleete was seuered some one way, and some an other, but hee him selfe recouered the Isle of Cypres, where he was worthily receiued by Pontus duke and gouernour of the same isle, with whom hee lodged, while his shippes were new repairing.

"This Pontus that was lord and gouernour of this famous isle, was an auncient duke, and had two children, a sonne and a daughter, his son was named Siluio, of whom hereafter we shal haue further occasion to speake, but at this instant he was in the parts of Africa, seruing in the warres.

"The daughter her name was Silla, whose beauty was so pereles, that she had the soueraignty amongst all other dames, as well for her beauty as for the noblenesse of her birth. This Silla hauing heard of the worthinesse of Apolonius, this yong duke, who besides his beauty and good graces, had a certaine natural allurement, that being now in his company in her fathers court, she was so strangely attached with the loue of Apolonius, that there was nothing might content her but his presence and sweet sight, and although she saw no maner of hope, to attaine to that she most desired: knowing Apolonius to be but a guest, and ready to take the benefit of the next wind, and to depart into a straunge countrye, whereby shee was bereaued of all possibility euer to see him againe, and therefore striued with her selfe to leaue her fondnesse, but al in vaine it would not bee, but like the fowle which is once limed, the more shee striueth, the faster she tyeth her selfe. So Silla was now constrained perforce her will to yield to loue, wherefore from time to time, shee vsed so great familiarity with him, as her honour might well permitte, and fed him with such amorous baites, as the modestye of a maide, could reasonably afforde, which when shee perceiued, did take but small effect, feeling her selfe out raged with the extremity of her passion, by the onely countenance that she bestowed vpon Apolonius, it might haue bene well perceiued, that the very eyes pleaded vnto him for pitie and remorse. But Apolonius comming but lately from out the field, from the chasing of his enemies, and his fury not yet throughly desolued, nor purged from his stomacke, gaue no regard to those

amorous entisements, which by reason of his youth, he had not bin acquainted withall. But his minde ran more to heare his pilots, bring newes of a merry wind, to serue his turne to Constantinople, which in the ende came very prosperously: and giuing Duke Pontus hearty thankes for his great entertainement, taking his leaue of himselfe, and the lady Silla his daughter, departed with his company, and with a happy gale ariued at his desired porte; Gentlewoman according to my promise, I will here for breuities sake, omit to make repetition of the long and dolorous discourse recorded by Silla, for this sodaine departure of Apolonius, knowing you to be as tenderly hearted as Silla her selfe, whereby you may the better coniecture the furie of her feuer.

"But Silla the further that she saw her selfe bereaued of al hope, euer any more to see her beloued Apolonius, so much the more contagious were her passions, and made the greater speed to execute that she had premeditated in her minde, which was this: Amongest many seruants that did attend vpon her, there was one whose name was Pedro, who had a long time waited vpon her in her chamber, whereby shee was well assured of his fidelity and trust: to that Pedro, therefore shee bewraied first the feruencie of her loue borne to Apolonius, coniuring him in the name of the Gods [Goddess] of Loue her selfe, and binding him by the duety that a seruant ought to haue, that tendereth his mistresse safety and good liking, and desiring him with teares trickling downe her cheekes, that hee would giue his consent to aide and assiste her, in that she had determined, which was for that she was fully resolued to goe to Constantinople, where she might againe take the view of her beloued Apolonius, that hee according to the trust she had reposed in him, would not refuse to giue his consent, secretly to conuey her from out her fathers court according as she would giue him direction, and also to make himselfe partaker of her iourney, and to waite vpon her, till she had seen the ende of her determination.

"Pedro perceiuing with what vehemencie his lady and mistresse had made request vnto him, albeit hee sawe many perilles and doubts, depending in her pretence, notwithstanding, gaue his consent to bee at her disposition, promising her to further her with his best aduice, and to bee ready to obey whatsoeuer shee would please to commaund him. The match beeyng thus agreed vpon, and all things prepared in a readinesse for their departure: it happened there was a galley of Constantinople, ready to depart, which Pedro vnderstanding came to the captaine, desiring him to haue passage for himselfe, and for a poore maide that was his sister, which were bounde to Constantinople vpon certaine vrgent affaires, to which request, the captaine graunted, willing him to prepare aboarde with all speed, because the winde serued him presently to depart.

" Pedro now commyng to his misters [mistress], and tellyng her how he had handeled the matter with the captaine, she likyng verie well of the deuise, disguisyng her selfe into verie simple atyre, stoole away from out her fathers court, and came with Pedro, whom now she called brother aboarde the gallye, where al things being in readinesse and the wind seruing verie wel, they launched forth with their oores, and set saile, when they were at the sea, the captaine of the galley taking the vew of Silla, perceiuing her singular beautie, he was better pleased in beholdyng of her face, then in takyng the height either of the sunne or starre, and thinking her by the homlinesse of her apparell, to be but some simple maiden, calling her into his cabin, he beganne to break with her after the sea fashion, desiring her to vse his owne cabin for her better ease: and during the time that she remained at the sea, she should not want a bed, and then whispering softly in her eare, he saied, that for want of a bedfellow, he himselfe would supply that rome. Silla not being acquainted with any such talke, blushed for shame, but made him no answer at all, my captaine feeling such bickering within himselfe, the like whereof he had neuer indured vpon the sea: was like to be taken prisoner aboard his owne ship, and forced to yeeld himselfe captiue without any cannon shot, wherefore to salue all sores, and thinking it the readiest way to speed, he began to breake with Silla in the way of marriage, telling her how happy a voyage she had made, to fal into the lyking of such a one as himselfe was, who was able to keepe and maintaine her like a gentlewoman, and for her sake would likewise take her brother into his fellowship, whom hee would by some meanes prefer in such sort, that both of them should haue good cause to thinke themselues thrise happy, shee to light of such a husband, and he to light of such a brother. But Silla nothing pleased with these preferments, desired him to cease his talke, for that she did thinke her selfe indeede to be too vnworthy such a one as hee was, neither was she minded yet to marry, and therefore desired him to fixe his fancie vpon some that were better worthy then her selfe was, and that could better like of his courtesie then she could do, the captaine seeing himselfe thus refused, being in a great chafe, he said as followeth

"Then seeing you make so little accompt of my courtesie, proffered to one that is so far vnworthy of it, from henceforth I will vse the office of my authority, you shall know that I am the captaine of this shippe, and haue power to commaund and dispose of things at my pleasure; and seeing you haue so scornfully reiected me to be your loyall husband, I will now take you by force, and yse you at my will, and so long as it shall please me, will keepe you for mine owne store, there shall be no man able to defend you, nor yet to perswade me from that I haue determined. Silla with these words being stroke into a great feare,

did thinke it now too late, to rew her rashe attempt, determined rather to dye with her owne hands, then to suffer her selfe to be abused in such sort, therefore she most humbly desired the captaine so much as he could to saue her credit, and seeing that she must needes be at his will and disposition, that for that present he would depart, and suffer her till night, when in the darke he might take his pleasure, without any maner of suspition to the residue of his companie. The captaine thinking now the goale to be more than halfe wonne, was contented so farre to satisfie her request, and departed out leauing her alone in his cabin.

"Silla, being alone by her selfe, drue out her knife readie to strike her selfe to the heart, and falling upon her knees, desired God to receiue her soule, as an acceptable sacrifice for her follies, which she had so wilfully committed, crauing pardon for her sinnes, and so forth continuing a long and pittifull reconciliation to God, in the middest whereof was such, that there was no man but did thinke the seas would presently haue swallowed them, the bilowes so sodainly arose with the rage of the winde, that they were all glad to fall to heauing out of water, for otherwise their feeble gallie had neuer beene able to haue brooked the seas, this storme continued all that day and the next night, and they being driuen to put romer [sic. orig.] before the winde to keepe the gallie a head the billow, were driuen vpon the maine shore, where the gallie brake all to peeces, there was euery man prouiding to saue his owne life, some gat vpon hatches, boordes, and casks, and were driuen with the waues too and fro, but the greatest number were drowned, amongst the which Pedro was one, but Silla her selfe being in the cabyn as you have heard, tooke holde of a chest that was the captaines, the which by the onely prouidence of God brought her safe to the shore, the which when she had recouered, not knowing what was become of Pedro her man, shee deemed that both he and all the rest had beene drowned, for that she saw no body vpon the shore but her selfe, wherefore, when she had a while made great lamentations, complaining her mishappes, she beganne in the end to comfort her selfe with the hope, that she had to see her Apolonius, and found such meanes that she brake open the chest that brought her to land, wherein shee found good store of coine, and sondrie sutes of apparell that were the captaines, and now to preuent a number of iniuries, that might bee proffered to a woman that was left in her case, shee determined to leaue her owne apparell, and to sorte her selfe into some of those sutes, that being taken for a man, shee might passe through the countrie in the better safety, and as shee changed her apparell shee thought it likewise conuenient to change her name, wherefore not readily happening of any other, shee called her selfe Siluio, by the name of her owne brother, whom you have heard spoken of before.

"In this maner she trauailed to Constantinople, where she

inquired out the pallace of the Duke Apolonius, and thinking her selfe now to bee both fit and able to play the seruingman, she presented her selfe to the duke, crauing his seruice, the duke very willing to giue succour vnto strangers, perceiuing him to be a proper smogue yong man, gaue him entertainment: Silla thought her selfe nowe more than satisfied for all the casualties that had happened vnto her in her iourney, that shee might at her pleasure take but the view of the Duke Apolonius, and aboue the rest of his seruantes was verie diligent and attendaunt vpon him, the which the duke perceiuing, beganne likewise to growe into good liking with the diligence of his man, and therefore made him one of his chamber, who but Siluio then was most neare about him, in helping of him to make him readie in a morning in the setting of his ruffes, in the keeping of his chamber, Siluio pleased his maister so wel, that aboue all the rest of his seruantes about him, he had the greatest credit, and the duke put him most in trust.

"At this verie instaunt, there was remainyng in the Cittie a noble Dame a widdowe, whose husband was but lately deceased, one of the noblest men that were in the partes of Grecia, who left his lady and wife large possessions and great liuings. This ladyes name was called Iulina, who besides the aboundance of her wealth, and the greatnesse of her reuenues, had likewise the soveraigntie of all the dames of Constantinople for her beautie. To this lady Iulina, Apolonius became an earnest suter, and according to the manner of loovers, besides faire wordes, sorrowfull sighes, and piteous countenāces, there must be sending of louing letters, chaines, braceletes, brouches, ringes, tablets, gemmes, iuels and presents I know not what: so my duke, who in the time that he remained in the Ile of Cypres, had no skill at all in the arte of loue, although it were more then half profferred vnto him, was now become a scholler in loues schoole, and had alreadie learned his first lesson, that is, to speake pittifully, to looke ruthfully, to promise largely, to serue diligently, and to please carefully: now he was learning his second lesson, that is to reward liberally, to giue bountifully, to present willingly, and to write louingly. Thus Apolonius was so busied in his new study, that I warrant you there was no man that could chalenge him for plaiyng the truant, he followed his profession with so good a will: and who must bee the messenger to carrie the tokens and loue letters, to the lady Iulina, but Siluio his man, in him the duke reposed his only cōfidence, to goe betwene him and his lady.

"Now gentlewomen, doe you thinke there could haue beene a greater torment deuised, wherewith to afflict the heart of Silla, then herself to be made the instrument to worke her owne mishap, and to plaie the atturney in a cavse, that made so much against herself. But Silla altogether desirous to please her

maister, cared nothing at all to offend her selfe, followed his businesse with so good a will as if it had been in her own preferment.

" Iulina nowe hauing many times, taken the gaze of this yong youth Siluio, perceiuyng him to bee of such excellent perfect grace, was so intangeled with the often sight of this sweete temptation, that she fell into as great a liking with the man, as the maister was with her selfe: and on a time Siluio beyng sent from his maister, with a message to the lady Iulina, as he beganne very earnestly to solicite in his maisters behalfe, Iulina interrupting him in his tale, saied: Siluio it is enough that you haue saied for your maister, from henceforth either speake for your selfe, or say nothing at all. Silla abashed to heare these words, begā in her mind to accuse the blindnes of loue, that Iulina neglecting the good of so noble a duke, wold preferre her loue vnto such a one, as nature it selfe had denied to recōpence her liking.

" And now for a time, leauing matters depending as you haue heard, it fell out that the right Siluio indeede (whom you haue heard spoken of before, the brother of Silla,) was come to his fathers courte into ye Ile of Cypres, where vnderstāding, that his sister was departed, in maner as you haue heard coniectured, that the very occasion did proceede of some liking had betweene Pedro her man (that was missing with her) and her selfe, but Siluio who loued his sister, as dearly as his owne life, and the rather for that she was his naturall sister, both by father and mother, so the one of them was so like the other, in countenance and fauour, that there was no man able to descerne the one from the other by their faces, sauing by their aparell, the one being a man, the other a woman.

" Siluio therefore vowed to his father, not onely to seeke out his sister Silla, but also to reuenge the villanie, which he conceiued in Pedro, for the carrying away of his sister, and thus departing, hauing trauailed through many citties and townes, without hearing any maner of newes, of those he went to seeke for, at the last he arriued at Constantinople, where as he was walking in an euening for his owne recreation, on a pleasant greene parade, without the valles of the citie, he fortuned to meet with the lady Iulina, who likewise had been abroad to take the aire, and as she sodainly cast her eyes vpon Siluio, thinking him to be her olde acquaintance, by reason they were so like one another. as you haue heard before, said vnto him, I pray you let me haue a little talke with you, seeing I haue so luckely met you in this place.

" Siluio wondering to heare himselfe so rightly named, being but a stranger, not of aboue two dayes continuance in the citie, very courteously came towards her, desirous to heare what she would say.

" Iulina commanding her traine something to stand back, sayd as followeth. Seeing my good will and friendly loue, hath beene the onely cause to make me so prodigall to offer, that I see is so

lightly reiected, it maketh me to thinke, that men be of this condition, rather to desire those things, which they cannot come by, then to esteeme or value of that, which both largely and liberallie is offered vnto them, but if the liberalitie of my proffer, hath made to seeme lesse the value of the thing that I meant to present, it is but in your owne conceipt, considering how many noble men there hath beene here before, and be yet at this present, which hath both serued, sued, and most humbly intreated, to attaine to that, which to you of my selfe, I haue freely offered, and I perceiue is despised, or at the least very lightly regarded.

" Siluio wondering at these wordes, but more amazed that shee could so rightly call him by his name, could not tell what to make of her speeches, assuring himselfe that shee was deceiued, and did mistake him, did thinke notwithstanding, it had bene a point of great simplicity, if he should forsake that, which fortune had so fauourably proffered vnto him, perceiuing by her traine, that she was some lady of great honour, and viewing the perfection of her beauty, and the excellency of her grace and countenance, did thinke it vnpossible that she should be despised, and therefore aunswered thus.

" Madame, if before this time, I haue seemed to forget my selfe, in neglecting your courtesie, which so liberally you haue meant vnto me : please it you to pardon what is past, and from this day forewardes, Siluio remaineth ready prest to make such reasonable amendes as his ability may any waies permit, or as it shall please you to commaund.

" Iulina the gladdest woman that might bee, to heare these ioyful newes, said : Then my Siluio see you faile not to morrow at night to sup with me at my owne house, where I will discourse farther with you, what amends you shall make me, to which request Siluio gave his glad consent, and thus they departed very well pleased. And as Iulina did thinke the time very long, till she had reapt the fruite of her desire : so Siluio he wisht for haruest before corne could growe, thinking the time as long, till hee saw how matters would fall out, but not knowing what lady she might bee, he presently (before Iulina was out of sight) demaunded of one that was walking up, what shee was, and how she was called, who satisfied Siluio in euery point, and also in what part of the towne her house did stand, whereby he might enquire it out.

" Siluio thus departing to his lodging, passed the night with verie vnquiet sleepes, and the next morning his mind ran so much of his supper, that he neuer cared, neither for his breakfast, nor dinner, and the day to his seeming passed away so slowely, that hee had thought the stately steedes had bin tired, that drawe the chariot of the sunne, or else some other Josua had commaunded them againe to stande, and wished that Phaeton had beene there with a whippe.

" Iulina on the other side, she had thought the clocke-setter had plaied the knaue, the day came no faster forewards, but sixe

a clocke being once strucken, recouered comfort to both parties; and Siluio hastening himselfe to the pallace of Iulina, where by her he was friendly welcomed, and a sumptuous supper being made readie, furnished with sundrie sorts of delicate dishes, they sate them downe, passing the supper time with amorous lookes, louing countenances, and secret glaunces conueighed from the one to the other, which did better satisfie them, then the feeding of their daintie dishes.

"Supper time being thus spent, Iulina did thinke it very unfitly, if she should turne Siluio to go seeke his lodging in an euening, desired him therefore, that he would take a bed in her house for that night, and bringing vp into a faire chamber, that was very richly furnished, she found such meanes, that when all the rest of her household seruants were a bed and quiet, she came her selfe to beare Siluio companie, where concluding vpon conditions, that were in question betweene them, they passed the night with such ioy and contentation, as might in that convenient time he wished for, but onely that Iulina, feeding too much of some one dish aboue the rest, receiued a surfet, whereof she could not be cured in fortie weekes after, a naturall inclination in all women which are subiect to longing, and want the reason to vse a moderation in their diet: but the morning approaching, Iulina tooke her leaue, and conueighed her selfe into her owne chamber, and when it was faire day light, Siluio making himself readie, departed likewise about his affaires in the towne, debating with himselfe how things had happened, being well assured that Iulina had mistaken him, and therefore for feare of further euils, determined to come no more there, but tooke his iourney towards other places in the parts of Grecia, to see if he could learne any tidings of his sister Silla.

"The Duke Apolonius hauing made a long sute and neuer a whit the neerer of his purpose, came to Iulina to craue her direct answer, either to accept of him, and of such conditions as he proffered vnto her, or els to give him his last farewell.

"Iulina, as you haue heard, had taken an earnest pennie of an other, whom he [she] had thought had beene Siluio the dukes man, was at a controuersie in her selfe, what she might doe: one while she thought, seeing her occasion served so fit, to craue the duke's good will, for the marrying of his man, then againe, she could not tell what displeasure the duke would conceiue, in that she should seeme to preferre his man before him selfe, did thinke it therefore best to conceale the matter, till she might speake with Siluio, to vse his opinion how these matters should be handled, and herevpon resoluing hir selfe, desiring the duke to pardon her speeches, said as followeth.

"Sir Duke, for that from this time forwardes I am no longer of my selfe, hauing giuen my full power and authority ouer to an other, whose wife I now remaine by faithfull vowe and promise:

and albeit, I knowe the world will wounder, when they shall vnderstand the fondnesse of my choise, yet I trust you your selfe will nothing dislike with me, sith I haue meant no other thing, then the satisfiyng of mine owne contentation and liking.

" The duke hearing these wordes, aunswered: Madam, I must then content my selfe, although against my wil, hauing the lawe in your owne hands, to like of whom list, and to make choise where it pleaseth you.

" Iulina giuing the duke great thankes, that would content himselfe with such pacience, desired him likewise, to giue his free consent good wil, to the partie whom she had chosen to be her husband.

" Nay surely madam (quoth the duke) I will neuer give my consent, that any other man shall enioy you then my selfe, I haue made too great accompt of you, then so lightly to passe you away with my good will: but seeing it lieth not in me to let you, hauing (as you say) made your owne choise, so from hence forwards I leaue you to your owne liking, alwaies willing you well, and thus will take my leaue.

" The duke departed towards his owne house very sorrowfull, that Iulina had thus serued him, but in the meane space that the duke had remained in the house of Iulina, some of his seruantes fell into talke and conference, with the seruantes of Iulina, where debating betweene them, of the likelihood of the marriage, betweene the duke and the ladie, one of the seruantes of Iulina said: that he neuer sawe his lady and mistresse, vse so good countenance to the duke himself, as shee had done to Siluio his man, and beganne to report with what familiarity and courtesie, she had receiued him, feasted him, and lodged him, and that in his opinion, Siluio was like to speede before the duke or any other that were suters.

" This tale was quickly brought to the duke himself, who making better inquiry in the matter, found it to bee true that was reported, and better considering of the words, which Iulina had vsed towards himselfe, was very well assured that it could be no other then his owne man, that had thrust his nose so far out of ioynt, wherefore without any other respect, caused him to bee thrust into a dungeon, where he was kept prisoner, in a very pitifull plight.

" Poore Siluio, hauing got intelligence by some of his fellowes, what was the cause that the duke his maister did beare such displeasure vnto him, deuised all the meanes he could, as well by meditation [mediation] by his fellowes, as otherwise by petitions, and supplications to the duke, that he would suspend his iudgment, till perfect proofe were had in the matter, and then if any manner of thing did fall out against him, wherby the duke had cause to take any griefe, he would confesse himselfe worthy not onely of imprisonment, but also of most vile and shamefull death:

with these petitions he daiely plied the duke, but all in vaine, for the duke thought hee had made so good proofe, that he was throughlie confirmed in his opinion against his man.

"But the ladie Iulina, wondering what made Siluio, that he was so slacke in his visitation, and why he absented himselfe so long from her presence, began to thinke that all was not well, but in the end, perceiuing no decoction of her former surfet, receiued as you haue heard, and finding in her selfe, an vnwounted swelling in her bellie, assuring her selfe to bee with child, fearing to become quite bankrout of her honour, did thinke it more then time to seeke out a father, and made such secret search, and diligent enquirie, that shee learned the truth how Siluio, was kepte in prison, by the duke his maister, and minding to find a present remedie, as well for the loue she bare to Siluio, as for the maintainaunce of her credit and estimation, shee speedily hasted to the pallace of the duke, to whom she saied as followeth.

"Sir Duke, it may be that you will thinke my comming to your house in this sorte, doeth something passe the limites of modestie, the which I protest before God, proceedeth of this desire, that the worlde should know, how iustly I seeke meanes to maintaine my honour, but to the end I seeme not tedious with prolixitie of woords, not to vse other then direct circumstaunces, knowe sir, that the loue I beare to my onely beloued Siluio, whom I doe esteeme more then all the jewelles in the world, whose personage I regard more then my owne life, is the onely cause of my attempted iourney, beseeching you, that all the whole displeasure, which I understand you haue conceiued against him, may be imputed vnto my charge, and that it would please you louingly to deale with him, whom of my selfe I haue chosen rather for the satisfaction of mine honest liking, then for the vaine preheminencies or honourable dignities looked after by ambitious mindes.

"The duke hauing heard this discourse, caused Siluio presently to be sent for, and to be brought before him, to whom he saied: Had it not been sufficient for thee, when I had reposed my selfe in thy fidelitie, and the trustinesse of thy seruice, that thou shouldest so traiterously deale with me, but since that time hast not spared, still to abuse me with so many forgeries, and periured protestations, not onely hateful vnto me, whose simplicitie thou thinkest to be such that by the plotte of thy pleasant tongue, thou wouldest make me beleeue a manifest vntroth, but most abominable be thy doings in the presence and sight of God, that hast not spared to blaspheme his holy name, by calling him to be a witnesse to maintaine thy leasinges, and so detestably wouldest thou forsweare thy self, in a matter that is so openly knowne.

"Poore Siluio whose innocencie was such, that he might lawfully sweare, seeing Iulina to be there in place, aunswered thus.

"Most noble duke, well vnderstanding your conceiued greefe, most humbly I beseech you paciently to heare my excuse, not

minding thereby to aggrauate or heape vp your wrath and displeasure, protesting before God, that there is nothing in the world, which I regarde so much, or doe esteeme so deare, as your good grace and fauour, but desirous that your grace should know my innocencie, and to cleare my selfe of such impositions, wherewith I knowe I am wrongfully accused, which as I vnderstand should be in the practising of the lady Iulina, who standeth here in place, whose acquitaunce for my better discharge, now I most humbly craue, protesting before the almightie God, that neither in thought, word, nor deede, I have not otherwise used my selfe, then according to the bonde and duetie of a seruant, that is both willing and desirous, to further his maisters sutes, which if I haue otherwise sayed then that is true, you madame Iulina, who can verie wel decide the depthes of al this doubt, I most humbly beseech you to certifie a troth, if I haue in any thing missaied, or haue otherwise spoken then is right and iust.

" Iulina hauing heard this discourse which Siluio had made, perceiuyng that he stood in great awe of the dukes displeasure, aunswered thus: Thinke not my Siluio, that my comming hither is to accuse you of any misdemeanour towardes your maister, so I doe not denay, but in all such imbassages wherein towardes me you haue been imployed, you haue vsed the office of a faithfull and trustie messenger, neither am I ashamed to confesse, that the first daie that mine eyes did behold, the singular behauiour, the notable curtesie, and other innumerable giftes wherwith my Siluio is endued, but that beyond al measure my heart was so inflamed, that impossible it was for me, to quench the feruent loue, or extinguish the least part of my conceiued torment, before I had bewraied the same vnto him, and of my owne motion, craued his promised faith and loialty of marriage, and now is the time to manifest the same vnto the world, which hath been done before God, and betweene our selues: knowing that it is not needefull, to keepe secret that, which is neither euill done, nor hurtful to any persone, therefore (as I saied before) Siluio is my husband by plighted faith, whō I hope to obtaine without offence, or displeasure of any one, trusting that there is no man, that will so farre forget himselfe, as to restraine that, which God hath left at libertie for euery wight, or that will seeke by crueltie, to force ladyes to marrie otherwise, then accordyng to their owne likyng. Feare not then my Siluio to keepe your faith and promise, which you haue made vnto me, and as for the rest: I doubt not thinges will so fall out, as you shall have no maner of cause to complaine.

" Siluio amazed to heare these wordes, for that Iulina by her speech, seemed to confirme that, which he most of all desired to bee quite of, saied: Who would haue thought that a ladie of so great honour and reputation, would her selfe be the embassadour, of a thing so prouidentiall, and vncomely for her estate, what plighted promises be these which bee spoken of: altogether igno-

raunt vnto me, which if be otherwise than I haue saied, you sacred gods consume me straight with flashing flames of fire. But what wordes might I vse to giue credit to the truth, and innocencie of my cause? Ah madame Iulina I desire no other testimonie, then your owne honestye and vertue thinking that you wil not so much blemish the brightnesse of your honour, knowing that a woman is or should be, the image of curtesie, continencie, and shamfastnesse, from the which so soone as she stoopeth, and leaueth the office of her duetie and modesty, besides the degraduation of her honour, she thrusteth her selfe into the pit of perpetual infamy, and as I can not think you would so farre forget your selfe, by the refusall of a noble duke, to dimme the light of your renowne and glorie, which hitherto you haue maintained, amongst the best and noblest ladies, by such a one as I knowe my selfe to be, too farre vnworthie your degree and callyng, so most humbly I beseech you to confesse a troth, whereto tendeth those vowes and promises you speake of, which speeches be so obscure vnto me, as I know not for my life howe I might vnderstand them.

"Iulina something nipped with these speeches, saied, and what is the matter that now you make so little accoumpt of your Iulina, that beeing my husband indeed, haue the face to denie me, to whom thou art contracted by so many solemne othes: what art thou ashamed to haue me to thy wife? how much oughtest thou rather to be ashamed to breake thy promised faith, and to haue despised the holie and dreadfull name of God, but that time constraineth me to lay open that, which shame rather willeth I should dissemble and keepe secret, behold me here then Siluio whom thou hast gotten with childe, who if thou bee of such honestie, as I trust for all this I shall finde, then the thing is done without preiudice, or any hurt to my conscience, consideryng that by the professed faith, thou didest accoumpt mee for thy wife, and I receiued thee for my spouse and loyall husband, swearing by the almightie God, that no other then you haue made the conquest and triumph of my chastitie, whereof I craue no other witneses then your selfe, and mine own conscience.

"I praie you gentlewomen, was not this a foule oversight of Iulina, that would so precisely sweare so great an oth, that she was gotten with child by one, that was altogether vnfurnisht with implementes for such a tourne. For Gods loue take heede, and let this be an example to you, when you be with child, how you sweare who is the father, before you haue had good proofe and knowledge of the partie, for men be so subtill, and full of sleight, that God knoweth a woman may quickly be deceiued.

"But nowe to returne to our Siluio, who hearing an othe sworne so diuinely that it [he] had gotten a woman with child, was like to beleeue that it had bin true in very deede, but remembring his owne impediment, thought it impossible that he should committee such an acte, and therfore halfe in a chafe, he saied. What lawe

is able to restraine the foolish indescretion of a woman, that yeeldeth herselfe to her owne desires, what shame is able to bridle or withdrawe her from her mind and madnesse, or with what snaffell is it possible to holde her back, from the execution of her filthinesse, but what abhomination is this, that a lady of such a house should so forget the greatnesse of her estate, the alliaunce whereof she is descended, the nobility of her deceased husband, and maketh no conscience to shame and slaunder her selfe, with such a one as I am, beeing so farre vnfit and vnseemely for her degree, but how horrible is it to heare the name of God so defaced, that we make no more account, but for the maintainance of our mischiefs, we feare no whit at all to forsweare his holy name, as though he were not in all his dealings most righteous, true and iust, and will not onely lay open our leasings to the worlde, but will likewise punish the same with sharpe and bitter scourges.

" Iulina, not able to indure him to proceede any farther in his sermon, was alreadie surprised with a vehement griefe, began bitterly to crie out, vttering these speeches following.

" Alas, is it possible that the soueraigne iustice of God, can abide a mischiefe so great and cursed, why may I not now suffer death, rather then the infamy which I see to wander before mine eies. Oh happy and more then right-happy had I bin, if inconstant fortune had not deuised this treason, wherein I am surprised and caught, am I thus become to be intangled with snares, and in the handes of him, who inioying the spoiles of my honour, will openly depriue mee of my fame, by making mee a common fable to all posterity in time to come, ah traitour and discourteous wretch, is this the recompence of the honest and firme amity which I haue borne thee, wherein haue deserued this discourtesie, by louing thee more then thou art able to deserue, is it I, arrant theefe is it I, vpon whom thou thinkest to worke thy mischiefes, doest thou thinke me no better worth, but that thou maiest prodigally wast my honour at thy pleasure, didest thou dare to aduenture vpon me, hauing thy conscience wounded with so deadly a treason : ah vnhappy and aboue all other most vnhappy, that haue so charely preserued mine honour, and now am made a prey to satisfie a yong mans lust, that hath coueted nothing but the spoile of my chastity and good name.

" Herewithall the teares so gushed downe her cheekes, that she was not able to open her mouth to vse any further speech.

" The duke who stoode by all this while, and heard this whole discourse, was wonderfully moued with compassiō towards Iulina, knowing that from her infancie she had euer so honourably vsed her selfe, that there was no man able to detect her of any misdemeanour, otherwise then beseemed a lady of her estate, wherefore being fully resolued that Siluio his man had committed this villanie against her, in a great furie drawing his rapier, he said vnto Siluio.

" How canst thou (arrant theefe) shew thy selfe so cruell and carelesse to such as doe thee honour, hast thou so little regard of such a noble lady, as humbleth her selfe to such a villaine as thou art, who without any respect either of her renowne or noble estate, canst be content to seeke the wracke and utter ruine of her honour, but frame thy selfe to make such satisfaction as she requireth, although I know vnworthy wretch, that thou art not able to make her the least part of amends, or I sweare by God, that thou shalt not escape the death which I will minister to thee with mine owne hands, and therefore aduise thee well what thou dooest.

" Siluio hauing heard this sharpe sentence, fell downe on his knees before the duke crauing for mercie, desiring that he might be suffered to speake with the lady Iulina apart, promising to satisfie her according to her owne contentation.

" Well (quoth the duke) I take thy worde, and there withall I aduise thee that thou performe thy promise, or otherwise I protest before God, I will make thee such an example to the world, that all traitours shall tremble for feare, how they doe seeke the dishonouring of ladies.

" But now Iulina had conceiued so great griefe against Siluio, that there was much adoe, to perswade her to talke with him, but remembring her owne case, desirous to heare what excuse he could make, in the end she agreed, and being brought into a place seuerallie by themselves, Siluio began with a pitious voyce to say as followeth.

" I know not madam, of whom I might make complaint, whether of you or of my selfe, or rather of fortune, which hath conducted and brought vs both into so great aduersitie, I see that you receiue great wrong, and I am condemned against all right, you in perill to abide the bruite of spightfull tongues, and I in danger to loose the thing that I most desire; and although I could alledge many reasons to prooue my sayings true, yet I referre my selfe to the experience and bountie of your minde. And here with all loosing his garments downe to his stomacke, and shewed Iulina his breastes and prety teates, surmounting farre the whitenesse of snow it selfe, saying: Loe madam, beholde here the party whom you haue chalenged to be the father of your childe, see I am a woman the daughter of a noble duke, who onely for the loue of him, whom you so lightly have spoken of, haue forsaken my father, abandoned my countrey, and in manner as you see am become a seruing man, satisfying my selfe, but with the onely sight of my Apolonius, and now madam, if my passion were not vehement, and my tormentes without comparison, I would wish that my fained griefes might be laughed to scorne, and my dissembled paines to bee rewarded with floutes. But my loue beeing pure, my trauaile continuall, and my griefes endlesse, I trust madam you wil not only excuse me of crime, but also pitty my distresse, the

which I protest I would stil haue kept secret, if my fortune would so haue permitted.

" Iulina, did now thinke her selfe to be in a worse case then euer she was before, for now she knew not whom to challenge to be the father of her child, wherefore, when she had told the duke the verye certaintye of the discourse, which Siluio had made vnto her, shee departed to her owne house, with such griefe and sorrowe, that she purposed neuer to come out of her owne dores againe alive, to be a wonder and mocking stocke to the world.

" But the duke more amazed, to heare this straunge discourse of Siluio came vnto him, whom when he had viewed with bitter consideration, perceiued in deede that it was Silla, the daughter of Duke Pontus, and imbracing her in arme, he said

" Oh the branche of al vertue and the flowre of curtesie it selfe, pardon me I beseech you of all such discourtesies, as I have ignorantly committed towards you: desiring you that without farther memorie of auncient griefes, you will accept of me, who is more ioyfull and better contented with your presence, then if the whole world were at my commaundement. Where hath there euer bin founde such liberality in a louer, which hauing beene trained vp and nourished amongest the delicacies and banquets of the court, accompanied with traines of many faire and noble ladies liuing in pleasure, and in the middest of delights, would so prodigally aduenture your selfe, neither fearing mishaps, nor misliking to take such pains, as I knowe you haue not bin accustomed vnto. O liberality neuer heard of before! O fact that can neuer be sufficiently rewarded! O true loue most pure and vnfained: heere with all sending for the most artificiall workemen, he prouided for her sondry suites of sumpteous apparell, and the mariage day appointed, which was celebrated with great triumph through the whole citty of Constantinople, euery one praising the noblenesse of the duke, but so many as did behold the excellent beauty of Silla, gaue her the praise aboue all the rest of the ladies in the troupe.

" The matter seemed so wonderfull and straunge throughout al the parts of Grecia, in so much that it came to the hearing of Siluio, who as you haue heard, remained in those parts to enquire of his sister, he being the gladdest man in the world, hasted to Constantinople, where comming to his sister he was ioyfully receiued, and most louingly welcomed, and intertained of the duke, his brother in law. After he had remained there two or three daies, the duke reuealed vnto Siluio, the whole discourse how it happened, betweene his sister and the lady Iulina, and how his sister was chalenged, for getting a woman with child: Siluio blushing with these wordes, was striken with great remorse to make Iulina amends; vnderstanding her to bee a noble lady, and was left defamed to the world through his default, hee therefore bewraied the whole circumstance to the duke, whereof the duke beeing very ioyfull, immediately repaired with Siluio to the house of Iulina,

who they found in her chamber, in great lamentation and mourning. To whom the duke saide, take courage madam for behold here a gentleman, that wil not sticke, both to father your child and to take you for his wife, no inferiour person, but the sonne and heyre of a noble duke, worthy of your estate and dignity.

" Iulina seeing Siluio in place, did know very well that he was the father of her childe, and was so rauished with ioy, that she knew not whether she were awake, or in some dreame. Siluio imbracing her in his armes, crauing forgiuenesse of all that was past: concluded with her the marriage day, which was presently accomplished with great ioy and contentation to all parties: and thus Siluio hauing attained a noble wife, and Silla his sister her desired husband, they passed the residue of their daies with such delight, as those that haue accomplished the perfections of their felicities." BOSWELL.

August 6, 1607, a comedy called What You Will, (which is the second title of this play,) was entered at Stationers' Hall by Tho. Thorpe. I believe, however, it was Marston's play with that name. Ben Jonson, who takes every opportunity to find fault with Shakspeare, seems to ridicule the conduct of Twelfth-Night, in his Every Man out of his Humour, at the end of Act III. Sc. VI. where he makes Mitis say, " That the argument of his comedy might have been of some other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a countess, and that countess to be in love with the duke's son, and the son in love with the lady's waiting maid: *some such cross wooing, with a clown to their serving man,* better than be thus near and familiarly allied to the time." STEEVENS.

I suppose this comedy to have been written in 1607. Ben Jonson unquestionably could not have ridiculed this play in Every Man out of his Humour, which was written many years before it.

See an Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays, vol. ii. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, a young Gentleman, Brother to Viola.
ANTONIO, a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, } Gentlemen attending on the Duke.
CURIO, }
Sir TOBY BELCH, uncle of Olivia.
Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.
MALVOLIO, Steward to Olivia.
FABIAN, } Servants to Olivia.
Clown, }

OLIVIA, a rich Countess.
VIOLA, in love with the Duke.
MARIA, Olivia's Woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE, a City in Illyria; and the Sea-coast near it.

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *Lords; Musicians attending.*

DUKE. If musick be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting[1],
The appetite may sicken, and so die.———
That strain again;—it had a dying fall[2]:

[1] Give me EXCESS of it; that, SURFEITING, &c.] So, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:

" And now *excess* of it will make me *surfeit*." STEEVENS.

[2] That strain again;—it had a dying fall:

O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
STEALING, and giving odour.] Milton, in his Paradise Lost, b. iv. has very successfully introduced the same image:

" —— now gentle gales,
" Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
" Native perfumes, and whisper whence they *stole*
" Those balmy spoils." STEEVENS.

" That *strain* again;—it had *a dying fall*." Hence Pope, in his Ode on Saint Cecilia's Day:

" The *strains decay*,
" And melt away,
" In *a dying, dying fall*."

Again, Thomson, in his Spring, v. 722, speaking of the nightingale:

" —— Still at every *dying fall*
" Takes up the lamentable *strain*." HOLT WHITE.

O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet South[3],
That breathes upon a bank of violets[4],
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er[5],
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical[6].

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,

[3] —the sweet South,] The old copy reads—sweet *sound*, which Mr. Rowe changed into *wind*, and Mr. Pope into *south*. The thought might have been borrowed from Sidney's Arcadia, lib. i.: "—more *sweet* than a *gentle South*-west wind, which comes creeping over *flowery* fields," &c. This work was published in 1590. Steevens.

I see no reason for disturbing the text of the old copy, which reads—*sound*. The wind, from whatever quarter, would produce a sound in breathing on the violets, or else the simile is false. Besides, *sound* is a better relative to the antecedent, *strain*. Douce.

[4] That breathes upon a bank of violets,] Here Shakspeare makes the wind steal odour from the violet. In his 99th Sonnet, the violet is made the thief:

"The forward violet thus did I chide:
"Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
"If not from my love's breath?" Malone.

[5] Of what validity and pitch soe'er,] *Validity* is here used for *value*. Malone.

So, in King Lear:

"No less in space, *validity*, and pleasure." Steevens.

[6] That it alone is high-fantastical.] *High-fantastical*, means 'fantastical to the height.'

So, in All's Well That Ends Well, vol. x. p. 474:

"My *high-repented* blames,
"Dear sovereign, pardon me." Steevens.

Methought, she purg'd the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me[7].—How now? what news from her?

7 That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.] This image evidently alludes to the story of Acteon, by which Shakspeare seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty. Acteon, who saw Diana naked, and was torn to pieces by his hounds, represents a man, who, indulging his eyes, or his imagination, with the view of a woman that he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than that of Sir Francis Bacon, who, in his Wisdom of the Ancients, supposes this story to warn us against enquiring into the secrets of princes, by showing, that those who know that which for reasons of state is to be concealed, will be detected and destroyed by their own servants. JOHNSON.

"That instant was I turn'd into a *hart*;
"And my *desires*, like fell and cruel *hounds*,
"E'er since pursue me." Our author had here undoubtedly Daniel's fifth Sonnet in his thoughts:

"Whilst youth and error led my wand'ring mind,
"And sette my thoughts in heedles waies to range,
"All unawares, a goddesse chaste I finde,
"(Diana like) to worke my suddaine change.
"For her no sooner had mine eye bewraid,
"But with disdaine to see mee in that place,
"With fairest hand the sweet unkindest maid
"Casts water-cold disdaine upon my face:
"Which *turn'd* my sport into a *hart's* despaire,
"Which still is chac'd, while I have any breath,
"By mine own thoughts, sette on me by my faire;
"*My thoughts, like hounds, pursue me to my death.*
"Those that I foster'd of mine owne accord,
"Are made by her to murder thus theyr lord."

Delia and Rosamond, augmented, 16mo. 1594.

The same observation has been made by an anonymous writer in the Gentleman's Magazine; but I had noticed this parallelism in my manuscript notes long before.

Daniel, however, was not the original proprietor of this thought. He appears to have borrowed it from Whitney's Emblems, 1586, p. 15, where it thus appears:

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years heat [8],

"Actæon, heare, [here] unhappie man, behoulde,
"When in the well hee sawe Diana brighte,
"With greedie lookes hee waxed over boulde,
"That to a stagge hee was transformed righte;
"Whereat amas'de, hee thought to runne awaie,
"But straighte his howndes did rente hym for their praie.
"By which is ment, that those whoe do pursue
"Theire fancies fonde, and thinges unlawfull crave,
"Like brutishe beastes appeare unto the viewe,
"And shall at length Actæon's guerdon have:
"And as his *howndes*, so theire *affections base*
"Shall *them devoure*, and all theire deedes deface."

And Whitney himself should seem to have been indebted in this instance to a passage of the Dedication to the Earl of Sussex, prefixed by William Adlington to his translation of The Golden Ages of Apuleius, 4to. 1566:

"And not only that profit ariseth to children by such fained fables, but also the vertues of men are covertly thereby commended and their vices discommended and abhorred. For by the fable of Actæon, where it is feined that when he saw Diana washing herselfe in a well, he was immediately turned into a hart, and so was slaine of his owne dogs, may be meant, that when a man casteth his eies on the vaine and soon-fading beauty of the world, consenting thereto in his minde, he seemes to be turned into a bruite beast, and so to be slaine through the inordinate desire of his own affects." MALONE.

[8] The element itself, till seven years HEAT,] *Heat* for *heated*. The air, till it shall have been warmed by seven revolutions of the sun, shall not, &c. So, in King John:

"The iron of itself, though *heat* red hot—."

Again, in Macbeth:

"—— And this report
"Hath so *exasperate* the king—." MALONE.

Again, in Chapman's version of the nineteenth Odyssey:

"—— When the sun was set,
"And darkness rose, they slept till days fire *het*
"Th' enlighten'd earth." STEEVENS.

Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft,
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections [9] else
That live in her [1]: when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones [2], are all supplied, and fill'd,
(Her sweet perfections [3],) with one self king [4].—

9 —the FLOCK of all affections —] So, in Sidney's Arcadia: "—has the *flock* of unspeakable virtues." STEEVENS.

1 O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her!] Dr. Hurd observes, that Simo, in the Andrian of Terence, reasons on his son's concern for Chrysis in the same manner:

Nonnunquam conlacrumabat: placuit tum id mihi.
Sic cogitabam: hic parvæ consuetudinis
Causâ mortem hujus tam fert familiariter:
Quid si ipse amâsset? quid mihi hic faciet patri?

STEEVENS.

2 THESE sovereign thrones,] We should read—"*three* sovereign thrones." This is exactly in the manner of Shakspeare. So, afterwards, in this play: "Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit, do give thee *fivefold* blazon." WARBURTON.

3 (Her sweet perfections,)] *Liver*, *brain*, and *heart*, are admitted in poetry as the residence of *passions*, *judgement*, and *sentiments*. These are what Shakspeare calls, "her sweet perfections," though he has not very clearly expressed what he might design to have said. STEEVENS.

Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.
[*Exeunt*.

[4] — with one SELF king!] Thus the original copy. The editor of the second folio, who in many instances appears to have been equally ignorant of our author's language and metre, reads—self-*same* king; a reading which all the subsequent editors have adopted. The verse is not defective. *Perfections* is here used as a quadrisyllable. So, in a subsequent scene:

"Methinks I feel this youth's *perfections*."

Self-king means *self-same king;* one and the same king. So, in King Richard II.:

"—— that *self*-mould that fashion'd thee,
"Made him a man."

As this has been controverted, I will support the reading of the genuine copy by one or two additional authorities. So, in King Lear, vol. x. p. 210:

"The stars above us govern our conditions;
"Else one *self-mate* and mate could not beget
"Such different issues."

Again, King Henry V. Act I. Sc. II.:

"As many fresh streams run in one *self-sea*."

So also, in Marlowe's Hero and Leander, 1598:

"At one *self-instant* she poor soul assaies," &c.

So also, in Gascoigne's Steele Glasse, 1576:

"A pair of twinnes at one self-burden borne." MALONE.

In my opinion, the reading of the second folio ought to be adopted, as it improves both the language and the metre.

Malone has proved, that in Richard II. the word *self* is used to signify—*same;* but there it is a licentious expression. Once more he accuses the editor of the second folio as ignorant of Shakspeare's language and metre. It is surely rather hardy in a commentator, at the close of the 18th century, to pronounce that an editor in 1632, but 16 years after the death of Shakspeare, was totally ignorant of his language and metre; and it happens unfortunately, that in both the passages on which Mr. Malone has preferred this accusation, the second folio is clearly a correction of the first, which is the case with some other passages in this very play. M. MASON.

SCENE II.

The Sea-coast.

Enter VIOLA[5], *Captain, and Sailors.*

VIO. What country, friends, is this?
CAP. This is Illyria, lady[6].
VIO. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium[7].
Perchance, he is not drown'd:—What think you, sailors?
CAP. It is perchance, that you yourself were saved.
VIO. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.
CAP. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number saved with you[8],
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

[5] *Enter* VIOLA,] *Viola* is the name of a lady in the fifth book of Gower de Confessione Amantis. STEEVENS.

[6] Illyria, lady.] The old copy reads—"*This is* Illyria, lady." But I have omitted the two first words, which violate the metre, without improvement of the sense. STEEVENS.

[7] — in ILLYRIA?
My brother he is in ELYSIUM.] There is seemingly a play upon the words—*Illyria* and *Elysium*. DOUCE.

[8] — and THAT poor number saved with you,] We should rather read—*this* poor number. The old copy has *those*. The sailors who were saved, enter with the captain. MALONE.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature,
As in his name [9].

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence;
And then 'twas fresh in murmur, (as, you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of,)
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O, that I served that lady [1]:

[9] A noble duke, in nature,
As in his name.] I know not whether the nobility of the name is comprised in *duke*, or in *Orsino*, which is, I think, the name of a great Italian family. JOHNSON.

[1] They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.
—O, that I served that lady:]
The old copy reads:
"They say she hath abjur'd the sight
"And company of men.
"—O, that I served that lady;"
By the change I have made in the *ordo verborum*, [which was

And might not be delivered to the world[2],
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee, (and I'll pay thee bounteously,)
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid

proposed by Sir Thomas Hanmer] the metre of three lines is regulated, and an anticlimax prevented. STEEVENS.

[2] And might not be delivered to the world,] I wish I might not be *made public* to the world, with regard to the *state* of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a *ripe opportunity* for my design.

Viola seems to have formed a very deep design with very little premeditation: she is thrown by shipwreek on an unknown coast, hears that the prince is a bachelor, and resolves to supplant the lady whom he courts. JOHNSON.

In the novel on which Shakspeare founded this play (See the Preliminary Remarks) the Duke Apolonius being driven by a tempest on the isle of Cyprus, Silla, the daughter of the governor, falls in love with him, and on his departure goes in pursuit of him. All this Shakspeare knew, and probably intended in some future scene to tell, but afterwards forgot it. If this were not the case, the impropriety censured by Dr. Johnson must be accounted for from the poet's having here, as in other places, sometimes adhered to the fable he had in view, and sometimes departed from it. Viola, in a subsequent scene, plainly alludes to her having been secretly in love with the Duke:

" My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
" As it might be perhaps, were I a woman,
" I should your lordship.
" *Duke.* And what's her history?
" *Vio.* A blank, my lord: she never told her love," &c.
MALONE.

It would have been inconsistent with Viola's delicacy to have made an open confession of her love for the Duke to the Captain.
BOSWELL.

For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke[3];
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him[4],
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of musick,
That will allow me very worth his service[5].
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

[3] — I'll serve this duke;] Viola is an excellent schemer, never at a loss; if she cannot serve the lady, she will serve the duke. JOHNSON.

[4] Thou shalt present me as an EUNUCH to him,] This plan of Viola's was not pursued, as it would have been inconsistent with the plot of the play. She was presented to the duke as a *page*, but not as an *eunuch*. M. MASON.

The use of *Evirati*, in the same manner as at present, seems to have been well known at the time this play was written, about 1600. BURNEY.

When the practice of castration (which originated certainly in the east) was first adopted, solely for the purpose of improving the voice, I have not been able to learn. The first regular opera, as Dr. Burney observes to me, was performed at Florence in 1600: "Till about 1635, musical dramas were only performed occasionally in the palaces of princes, and consequently before that time eunuchs could not abound. The first eunuch that was suffered to sing in the Pope's chapel, was in the year 1600."

So early, however, as 1604, eunuchs are mentioned by one of our poet's contemporaries, as excelling in singing:

"Yes, I can sing, fool, if you'll bear the burthen; and I can play upon instruments scurvily, as gentlemen do. O that I had been *gelded!* I should then have been a fat fool for a chamber, *a squeaking fool* for a tavern, and a private fool for all the ladies."

The Malcontent, by J. Marston, 1604.

So, in A Midsummer Night's Dream, vol. x. p. 311:

"The battle of the Centaurs, to be *sung*
"By an Athenian *eunuch* to the harp." MALONE.

[5] That will ALLOW me —] To *allow* is to *approve*. So, in King Lear, Act II. Sc. IV.:

"—— if your sweet sway
"*Allow* obedience ——." STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and MARIA.

SIR TO. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's an enemy to life.

MAR. By my troth, sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

SIR TO. Why, let her except before excepted [6].

MAR. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

SIR TO. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

MAR. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

SIR TO. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

MAR. Ay, he.

SIR TO. He's as tall a man [7] as any's in Illyria.

MAR. What's that to the purpose?

SIR TO. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

[6] — let her except before excepted.] A ludicrous use of the formal *law phrase*. FARMER.

[7] — as TALL a man —] *Tall* means *stout, courageous*. So, in Wily Beguiled:

"Ay, and he is a *tall fellow*, and a man of his hands too."

Again:

"If he do not prove himself as *tall* a man as he."

STEEVENS.

See vol. viii. p. 47. MALONE.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fye, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys [8], and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural [9]: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and substractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coystril [1], that will not drink to my niece, till his

[8] — viol-de-gamboys,] The *viol-de-gambo* seems, in our author's time, to have been a very fashionable instrument. In The Return from Parnassus, 1606, it is mentioned, with its proper derivation:

"Her *viol-de-gambo* is her best content,
"For *'twixt her legs* she holds her instrument."

Collins.

So, in the Induction to the Mal-content, 1604:

"—— come sit *between my legs* here.
"No indeed, cousin; the audience will then take me for a *viol-de-gambo*, and think that you play upon me."

In the old dramatic writers, frequent mention is made of a *case of viols*, consisting of a *viol-de-gambo*, the tenor and the treble.

See Sir John Hawkins's Hist. of Musick, vol. iv. p. 32, n. 338, wherein is a description of a *case* more properly termed a *chest of viols*. Steevens.

[9] He hath, indeed,—almost natural:] Mr. Upton purposes to regulate this passage differently:

"He hath indeed, *all*, *most* natural." Malone.

[1] —a coystril,] i. e. a coward cock. It may, however, be a *keystril*, or a bastard hawk; a kind of stone-hawk. So, in Arden of Feversham, 1592:

brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top [2]. What, wench? Castiliano vulgo [3]; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

" ——————— as dear
" As ever *coystril* bought so little sport." STEEVENS.

A *coystril* is a paltry groom, one only fit to carry arms, but not to use them. So, in Holinshed's Description of England, vol. i. p. 162: " *Costerels*, or bearers of the armes of barons or knights." Vol. iii. p. 248: " So that a knight with his esquire and *coistrell* with his two horses." P. 272: " women lackies, and *coisterels*, are considered as the unwarlike attendants on an army." So again, in p. 127, and 217, of his History of Scotland. For its etymology, see *Coustille* and *Coustillier* in Cotgrave's Dictionary. TOLLET.

[2] — like a PARISH-TOP.] This is one of the customs now laid aside. A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants may be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, while they could not work. The same comparison is brought forward in the Night Walker of Fletcher:

" And dances like a *town-top*, and reels and hobbles."
STEEVENS.

" To sleep like a *town-top*," is a proverbial expression. A top is said to *sleep*, when it turns round with great velocity, and makes a smooth humming noise. BLACKSTONE.

[3] — Castiliano vulgo;] We should read *volto*. In English, put on your *Castilian* countenance; that is, your grave, solemn looks. WARBURTON.

" Castiliano vulgo." I meet with the word *Castilian* and *Castilians* in several of the old comedies. It is difficult to assign any peculiar propriety to it, unless it was adopted immediately after the defeat of the Armada, and became a cant term capriciously expressive of jollity or contempt. The Host, in The Merry Wives of Windsor, calls Caius a *Castilian-king Urinal*; and in The Merry Devil of Edmonton, one of the characters says: " Ha! my *Castilian* dialogues!" In an old comedy called Look About You, 1600, it is joined with another toper's exclamation very frequent in Shakspeare:

" And *Rivo* will he cry, and *Castile* too."

So again, in Marlowe's Jew of Malta, 1633:

" Hey, *Rivo Castiliano*, man's a man."

Again, in The Stately Moral of the Three Lords of London, 1590:

" Three Cavaliero's *Castilianos* here," &c.

Cotgrave, however, informs us, that *Castille* not only signifies

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, sir Andrew, accost [4].

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,——

the noblest part of Spain, but *contention*, *debate*, *brabling*, *altercation*. "Ils sont en *Castille*." 'There is a jarre betwixt them;' and "prendre la *Castille* pour autruy:" 'To undertake another man's quarrel.' STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has not attempted to explain *vulgo*, nor perhaps can the proper explanation be given, unless some incidental application of it may be found in connection with *Castiliano*, where the context defines its meaning. Sir Toby here, having just declared that he would persist in drinking the health of his niece, as long as there was *a passage in his throat*, and drink in Illyria, at the sight of Sir Andrew, demands of Maria, with a banter, *Castiliano vulgo*. What this was, may be probably inferred from a speech in The Shoemaker's Holiday, 4to. 1610: "—Away, firke, *scower thy throat*, thou shalt wash it with *castilian licuor*." HENLEY.

An attempt to *define the meaning* of many of this merry knight's phrases would, I suspect, be a very hopeless task. BOSWELL.

[4] ACCOST, sir Andrew, ACCOST.] To *accost*, had a signification in our author's time that the word now seems to have lost.

In the second part of The English Dictionary, by H. C. 1655, in which the reader "who is desirous of a more refined and elegant speech," is furnished with *hard* words, "*to draw near*," is explained thus: "To *accost*, appropriate, appropinquate." See also Cotgrave's Dict. in verb. *accoster*. MALONE.

I find it in Chapman's Widow's Tears, 1612, Sign. B. 3, spelt *a-coast*, which may perhaps point out the original meaning of the word. See the notes on a coasting welcome in Troilus and Cressida, vol. viii. p. 383. BOSWELL.

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost, is, front her, board her [5], woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand?

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

5 — BOARD her,] "I hinted that *board* was the better reading. Mr. Steevens supposed it should then be *board with* her; but to the authorities which I have quoted for that reading in Jonson, Catiline, Act I. Sc. IV. we may add the following:

"I'll *bourd* him straight; how now Cornelio?"

All Fools, Act V. Sc. I.

"He brings in a parasite that flowteth, and *bourdeth* them thus." *Nash's Lenten Stuff*, 1599.

"I can *bourd* when I see occasion."

'Tis Pity she's a Whore, p. 38. WHALLEY.

I am still unconvinced that *board* (the naval term) is not the proper reading. It is sufficiently familiar to our author in other places. So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II. Sc. I.:

"— unless he knew some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have *boarded* me in this fury.

"*Mrs. Ford. Boarding*, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck," &c. &c. STEEVENS.

So, in All's Well That Ends Well!

"And *boarded* her i' the wanton way of youth." MALONE.

Probably "board her" may mean no more than "salute her, speak to her," &c. Sir Kenelm Digby, in his Treatise of Bodies, 1643, fo. Paris, p. 253, speaking of a blind man, says: "He would at the first *aboard* of a stranger, as soone as he spoke to him, frame a right apprehension of his stature, bulke, and manner of making." REED.

To *board* is certainly to *accost*, or *address*. So, in the History of Celestina the Faire, 1596: "— whereat Alderine somewhat displeased for she would verie faine have knowne who he was, *boorded* him thus." RITSON.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free [6]: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir [7].

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry [8]. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit Maria.*

[6] Fair lady, DO YOU THINK YOU HAVE FOOLS IN HAND!——*Mor.* Now, sir, THOUGHT IS FREE:] There is the same pleasantry in Lyly's Euphues, 1581: "None (quoth she) can judge of wit but they that have it; why then (quoth he) *doest thou think me a fool? Thought is free*, my Lord, quoth she."

HOLT WHITE.

[7] It's dry, sir.] What is the jest of *dry hand*, I know not any better than Sir Andrew. It may possibly mean, a hand with no money in it; or, according to the rules of physiognomy, she may intend to insinuate, that it is not a lover's hand, a moist hand being vulgarly accounted a sign of an amorous constitution.

JOHNSON.

So, in Monsieur D'Olive, 1606: "But to say you had a dull eye, a sharp nose (the visible marks of a shrew); a *dry hand*, which is the *sign of a bad liver*, as he said you were, being *toward a husband* too; this was intolerable."

Again, in Decker's Honest Whore, 1635: "Of all *dry-fisted* knights, I cannot abide that he should touch me." Again, in Westward Hoe, by Decker and Webster, 1606: "Let her marry a man of a melancholy complexion, she shall not be much troubled by him. My husband has a *hand* as *dry* as his brains," &c. The Chief Justice likewise, in The Second Part of K. Henry IV. enumerates a *dry hand* among the characteristicks of debility and age. Again, in Antony and Cleopatra, Charmian says: "—if an *oily palm* be not *a fruitful prognostication*, I cannot scratch mine ear." All these passages will serve to confirm Dr. Johnson's latter supposition. STEEVENS.

[8] I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry.] I suppose, Sir Andrew means, that he is not such a fool but that he can keep himself out of the water. MALONE.

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoy, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy?* do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest, it will not curl by nature[9].

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

9 — it will not CURL BY nature.] The old copy reads—"*cool my* nature." The emendation was made by Theobald. STEEVENS.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man [9].

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture [1]?

9 — and yet I will not compare with an old man.] This is intended as a satire on that common vanity of old men, in preferring their own times, and the past generation, to the present.

WARBURTON.

This stroke of pretended satire but ill accords with the character of the foolish knight. Ague-cheek, though willing enough to arrogate to himself such experience as is commonly the acquisition of age, is yet careful to exempt his person from being compared with its bodily weakness. In short, he would say with Falstaff:—"I am old in nothing but my understanding."

STEEVENS.

1 — mistress MALL's picture?] The real name of the woman whom I suppose to have been meant by Sir Toby, was Mary Frith. The appellation by which she was generally known, was Mall Cutpurse. She was at once an *hermaphrodite*, a prostitute, a bawd, a bully, a thief, a receiver of stolen goods, &c. On the books of the Stationers' Company, August 1610, is entered—"A Booke called the Madde Prancks of Merry Mall of the Bankside, with her Walks in Man's Apparel, and to what Purpose. Written by John Day." Middleton and Decker wrote a comedy, of which she is the heroine. In this, they have given a very flattering representation of her, as they observe in their preface, that "it is the excellency of a writer, to leave things better than he finds them."

why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be

The title of this piece is—The Roaring Girl, or Moll Cut-purse; as it hath been lately acted on the Fortune Stage, by the Prince his Players, 1611. The Frontispiece to it contains a full length of her in man's clothes, smoaking tobacco. Nathaniel Field, in his Amends for Ladies, (another comedy, 1618,) gives the following character of her:

" ——— Hence lewd impudent,
" I know not what to term thee; man or woman;
" For nature, shaming to acknowledge thee
" For either, hath produc'd thee to the world
" Without a sex: Some say, that thou art woman;
" Others, a man: to many thou art both
" Woman and man; but I think rather neither;
" Or, man, or horse, as Centaurs old were feign'd."

A life of this woman was likewise published, 12mo. in 1662, with her portrait before it in a male habit: an ape, a lion, and an eagle by her. As this extraordinary personage appears to have partook of both sexes, the *curtain* which Sir Toby mentions would not have been unnecessarily drawn before such a picture of her as might have been exhibited in an age, of which neither too much delicacy or decency was the characteristick. Steevens.

In our author's time, I believe, curtains were frequently hung before pictures of any value. So, in Vittoria Corombona, a tragedy, by Webster, 1612:

" I yet but draw the *curtain*;—now to your *picture*."

Malone.

Mary Frith was born in 1584, and died in 1659. In a MS. letter in the British Museum, from John Chamberlain to Mr. Carleton, dated Feb. 11, 1611-12, the following account is given of this woman's doing penance: " This last Sunday Moll Cut-purse, a notorious baggage that used to go in man's apparel, and challenged the field of diverse gallants, was brought to the same place, [St. Paul's Cross,] where she wept bitterly, and seemed very penitent; but it is since doubted she was maudlin drunk, being discovered to have tippel'd of three quarts of sack before she came to her penance. She had the daintiest preacher or ghostly father that ever I saw in the pulpit, one Radcliffe of Brazen-Nose College in Oxford, a likelier man to have led the revels in some inn of court, than to be where he was. But the best is, he did extreme badly, and so wearied the audience, that the best part went away, and the rest tarried rather to hear Moll Cutpurse than him." Malone.

See a further account of this woman in Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, edit. 1780, vol. vi. p. 1. vol. xii. p. 398. Reed.

a jig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace [2]. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock [3]. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart [4].

It is for the sake of correcting a mistake of Dr. Grey, that I observe this is the character alluded to in the second of the following lines: and not Mary Carleton, the German Princess, as he has very erroneously and unaccountably imagined:

"A bold virago stout and tall,
"As Joan of France, or *English Mall.*'

Hudibras, P. I. c. iii.

The latter of these lines is borrowed by Swift in his Baucis and Philemon. Ritson.

[2] — a SINK-A-PACE.] i. e. a *cinque-pace;* the name of a dance, the measures whereof are regulated by the number five. The word occurs elsewhere in our author. Sir J. Hawkins.

So, in Sir John Harrington's Anatomie of the Metamorphosed Ajax: "— the last verse disordered their mouthes, and was like a tricke of xvii in a *sinkapace.*" Steevens.

[3] — FLAME-coloured STOCK.] The old copy reads—"a *damned* coloured stock." *Stockings* were in Shakspeare's time called *stocks.* So, in Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601:

"Or would my silk *stock* should lose his gloss else."

Again, in one of Heywood's Epigrams, 1562:

"Thy upper *stocks*, be they stuft with silke or flocks,
"Never become thee like a nether paire of *stocks.*"

The same solicitude concerning the furniture of the legs makes part of master Stephen's character in Every Man in his Humour:

"I think my leg would show well in a silk hose."

Steevens.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[4] Taurus? that's sides and heart.] Alluding to the medical astrology still preserved in almanacks, which refers the affections of particular parts of the body to the predominance of particular constellations. Johnson.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul[5]:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

[5] —— I have UNCLASP'D
To thee the BOOK even of my SECRET soul:] So, in The First Part of K. Henry IV.:

"And now I will *unclasp* a *secret book*." STEEVENS.

Our author is fond of this metaphor. So, in Troilus and Cressida, vol. viii. p. 384:

"That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
"And wide *unclasp the tables of their thoughts*
"To every ticklish reader." BOSWELL.

VIO. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

DUKE. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

VIO. Say I do speak with her, my lord; What then?

DUKE. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspéct.

VIO. I think not so, my lord.

DUKE. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth, and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part [6].
I know, thy constellation is right apt
For this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best,
When least in company:—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

VIO. I'll do my best,
To woo your lady: yet, [*Aside.*] a barful strife [7]!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[*Exeunt.*

[6] —a woman's part.] That is, thy proper part in a play would be a woman's. Women were then personated by boys. JOHNSON.

[7] —a BARFUL strife!] i. e. a contest full of impediments. STEEVENS.

SCENE V.

A Room in OLIVIA's House.

Enter MARIA, *and Clown* [8].

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips, so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he, that is well hanged in this world, needs to fear no colours [9].

Mar. Make that good.

[8] *Clown.*] As this is the first *Clown* who makes his appearance in the plays of our author, [i. e. in Mr. Steevens's edition,] it may not be amiss from a passage in Tarleton's News out of Purgatory, to point out one of the ancient dresses appropriated to the character: "— I saw one attired in russet, with a button'd cap on his head, a bag by his side, and a strong bat in his hand; so artificially attired for a *clowne*, as I began to call Tarleton's woonted shape to remembrance." STEEVENS.

Such perhaps was the dress of the Clown in this comedy, in All's Well That Ends Well, &c. The Clown, however, in Measure for Measure, (as an anonymous writer has observed,) is only the tapster of a brothel, and probably was not so apparelled. MALONE.

The reader for full information on this subject must be referred to Mr. Douce's dissertation. BOSWELL.

[9] — fear no colours.] This expression frequently occurs in the old plays. So, in Ben Jonson's Sejanus. The persons conversing are Sejanus, and Eudemus the physician to the princess Livia:

"*Sej.* You minister to a royal lady then?
"*Eud.* She is, my lord, and fair.
"*Sej.* That's understood
"Of all their sex, who are or would be so;
"And those that would be, physick soon can make 'em:
"For those that are, their beauties *fear no colours.*"

Again, in The Two Angry Women of Abingdon, 1599:

"—— are you disposed, sir?——
"Yes indeed: I *fear no colours*; change sides, Richard."
STEEVENS.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer[1]: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged, for being so long absent: or, to be turned away[2]; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out[3].

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points.

[1] — LENTEN answer:] A *lean*, or as we now call it, a *dry* answer. JOHNSON.

Surely a *lenten* answer, rather means a *short* and *spare* one, like the commons in *Lent*. So, in Hamlet: "— what *lenten* entertainment the players shall receive from you." STEEVENS.

[2] — or, TO be turn'd away;] The editor of the second folio omitted the word *to*, in which he has been followed by all subsequent editors. MALONE.

[3] — and, for TURNING AWAY, let SUMMER bear it out.] This seems to be a pun from the nearness in the pronunciation of *turning away* and *turning of whey*.

I found this observation among some papers of the late Dr. Letherland, for the perusal of which, I am happy to have an opportunity of returning my particular thanks to Mr. Glover, the author of Medea and Leonidas, by whom, before, I had been obliged only in common with the rest of the world.

I am yet of opinion that this note, however specious, is wrong, the literal meaning being easy and apposite. "For turning away, let summer bear it out." It is common for unsettled and vagrant serving-men, to grow negligent of their business towards summer; and the sense of the passage is: "If I am turned away, the advantages of the approaching summer will bear out, or support all the inconveniencies of dismission; for I shall find employment in every field, and lodging under every hedge." STEEVENS.

Mar. That, if one break [4], the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

Enter Olivia, and Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit [5]. ——God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna [6], that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dis-

4 — if one (POINT) break,] *Points* were *metal hooks*, fastened to the hose or breeches, (which had then no opening or buttons,) and going into straps or eyes fixed to the doublet, and thereby keeping the hose from falling down. BLACKSTONE.

So, in King Henry IV. Part I.: "Their *points* being broken,—down fell their hose." Again, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"—— mingle eyes
"With one that ties his *points?*" STEEVENS.

5 — Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.] Hall, in his Chronicle, speaking of the death of Sir Thomas More, says: "that he knows not whether to call him a *foolish wise man*, or a *wise foolish man*." JOHNSON.

6 — madonna,] Ital. mistress, dame. So, La Maddona, by way of pre-eminence, the *Blessed Virgin*. STEEVENS.

honest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: Any thing, that's mended, is but patched[7]: virtue, that transgresses, is but patched with sin; and sin, that amends, is but patched with virtue: If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, What remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool: therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum;* that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna; Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll 'bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better encreasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn,

7 —Any thing, that's mended, is but PATCHED:] Alluding to the *patched* or particoloured garment of the fool. MALONE.

that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies [8].

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools [9]!

Re-enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

[8] — no better than the FOOLS' ZANIES.] i. e. *fools' baubles*, which had upon the top of them the *head of a fool*. DOUCE.

[9] Now MERCURY endue thee with LEASING, for thou speakest well of fools!] This is a stupid blunder. We should read, "with *pleasing*," i. e. with eloquence, make thee a gracious and powerful speaker, for Mercury was the god of orators as well as cheats. But the first editors, who did not understand the phrase, "endue thee with *pleasing*," made this foolish correction; more excusable, however, than the last editor's, who, when this emendation was pointed out to him, would make one of his own; and so, in his Oxford edition, reads, "with *learning*;" without troubling himself to satisfy the reader how the first editor should blunder in a word so easy to be understood as *learning*, though they well might in the word *pleasing*, as it is used in this place. WARBURTON.

I think the present reading more humorous: "May Mercury teach thee to lie, since thou liest in favour of fools!" JOHNSON.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: Fye on him! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose skull Jove cram with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*[1].

Enter Sir Toby Belch.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here[2]—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

[1] —a most weak PIA MATER.] The *pia mater* is the membrane that immediately covers the substance of the brain. So, in Philemon Holland's Translation of Pliny's Natural History, book xxiv. chap. 8: "—the fine pellicle called *pia mater*, which lappeth and enfoldeth the braine." Edit. 1601, p. 185. STEEVENS.

[2] 'Tis a gentleman HERE —] He had before said it was a gentleman. He was asked, what gentleman? and he makes this reply; which, it is plain, is corrupt, and should be read thus:

"'Tis a gentleman-*heir*."

i. e. some lady's eldest son just come out of the nursery; for this was the appearance Viola made in men's clothes. See the character Malvolio draws of him presently after. WARBURTON.

Can any thing be plainer than that Sir Toby was going to describe the gentleman, but was interrupted by the effects of his *pickle-herring*? I would print it as an imperfect sentence. Mr. Edwards has the same observation. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation may be right: yet Dr. Warbur-

Clo. Good sir Toby,——

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat [3] makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post [4], and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

ton's reading is not so strange, as it has been represented. In Broome's Jovial Crew, Scentwell says to the gypsies: "We must find a young *gentlewoman-heir* among you." Farmer.

[3] — above-heat —] i. e. above the state of being warm in a proper degree. Steevens.

[4] — stand at your door like a SHERIFF'S POST,] It was the custom for that officer to have large *posts* set up at his door, as an indication of his office: the original of which was, that the king's

Oli. What kind of man is he?
Mal. Why, of man kind.
Oli. What manner of man?
Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.
Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?
Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple[5]: 'tis with him e'en standing water[6], between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very

proclamations, and other public acts, might be affixed thereon, by way of publication. So, Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour:

" ———— put off
" To the Lord Chancellor's tomb, or the *Shrives posts*."

So again, in the old play called Lingua:

" Knows he how to become a scarlet gown? hath he a pair of fresh *posts* at his door?" Warburton.

Dr. Letherland was of opinion, that "by this post is meant a post to mount a horse from, a horse-block, which, by the custom of the city, is still placed at the sheriff's door."

In the Contention for Honour and Riches, a masque by Shirley, 1633, one of the competitors swears:

" By the *Shrive's post*," &c.

Again, in A Woman Never Vex'd, com. by Rowley, 1632:

" If e'er I live to see thee *sheriff* of London,
" I'll gild thy painted *posts* cum privilegio." Steevens.

5 — or a CODLING when 'tis almost an APPLE:] A *codling* anciently meant an *immature apple*. So, in Ben Jonson's Alchemist:

" Who is it, Dol?
" A fine young *quodling*."

The fruit at present styled a *codling*, was unknown to our gardens in the time of Shakspeare. Steevens.

Codling (a mere diminutive of *cod*, Mr. Gifford remarks in a note on Jonson's Alchemist) is not necessarily restricted to this or that—it means an *involucrum* or *kell*, and was used by our old writers for that early state of vegetation, when the fruit, after shaking off the blossom, began to assume a globular and determinate form." Boswell.

6 — 'tis with him E'EN standing water,] The old copy has—*in*. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. In the first folio *e'en* and *in* are very frequently confounded. Malone.

shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face;
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her? Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible [7], even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

[7] — I am very COMPTIBLE,] *Comptible* for *ready to call to account.* Warburton.

Viola seems to mean just the contrary. She begs she may not be treated with scorn, because she is very submissive, even to lighter marks of reprehension. Steevens.

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gates; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief[8]: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping[9] a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here[1] a

[8] — If you be NOT mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief:] The sense evidently requires that we should read:

"If you *be mad*, be gone," &c.

For the words "be mad," in the first part of the sentence, are opposed to *reason* in the second. M. MASON.

[9] — skipping —] Wild, frolick, mad. JOHNSON.

So, in K. Henry IV. Part I.:

"The *skipping* king, he ambled up and down," &c.

STEEVENS.

Again, in The Merchant of Venice:

"———— take pain

"To allay, with some cold drops of modesty,

"Thy *skipping* spirit." MALONE.

[1] — I am to HULL here —] To *hull* means to drive to and fro upon the water, without sails or rudder. So, in Philemon Holland's translation of the 9th Book of Pliny's Natural History, 1601, p. 239: "— fell to be drowsie and sleepie, and *hulled* to and fro with the waves, as if it had beene halfe dead." Again, in The Noble Soldier, 1634:

"That all these mischiefs *hull* with flagging sail."

STEEVENS.

little longer.—Some mollification for your giant[2], sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger[3].

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this

[2] —some mollification for your giant,] Ladies, in romance, are guarded by giants, who repel all improper or troublesome advances. Viola, seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message, intreats Olivia to pacify her giant. JOHNSON.

Viola likewise alludes to the diminutive size of Maria, who is called on subsequent occasions, "little villain, youngest wren of nine," &c. STEEVENS.

So, Falstaff to his page, in K. Henry IV. Part II. Act I.:

"Sirrah, you *giant*," &c. MALONE.

[3] *Oli.* Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.] These words (which in the old copy are part of Viola's last speech) must be divided between the two speakers.

Viola growing troublesome, Olivia would dismiss her, and therefore cuts her short with this command, "Tell me your mind." The other, taking advantage of the ambiguity of the word *mind*, which signifies either *business* or *inclination*, replies as if she had used it in the latter sense, "I am a messenger." WARBURTON.

As a *messenger*, she was not to speak her own mind, but that of her employer. M. MASON.

divinity. [*Exit* MARIA.] Now, sir, what is your text?

VIO. Most sweet lady,——

OLI. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

VIO. In Orsino's bosom.

OLI. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

VIO. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

OLI. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

VIO. Good madam, let me see your face.

OLI. Have you any commission from your lord to negociate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I was this present: Is't not well done[4]? [*Unveiling.*

[4] — Look you, sir, such a one as I WAS this present: Is't not well done?] This is nonsense. The change of *was* to *wear*, I think, clears all up, and gives the expression an air of gallantry. Viola presses to see Olivia's face: The other at length pulls off her veil, and says: "We will draw the curtain, and shew you the *picture*." I wear this complexion to-day, I may wear another to-morrow; jocularly intimating, that she *painted*. The other, vext at the jest, says, "Excellently *done*, if God *did* all." Perhaps, it may be true, what you say in jest; otherwise 'tis an excellent face. "'Tis in grain," &c. replies Olivia. WARBURTON.

I am not satisfied with this emendation. We may read—"Such a one I was. This *presence*, is't not well done?" i. e. this mien, is it not happily represented? Similar phraseology occurs in Othello: "This fortification, shall we see it? STEEVENS.

This passage is nonsense as it stands, and necessarily requires some amendment. That proposed by Warburton would make sense of it; but then the allusion to a picture would be dropped, which began in the preceding part of the speech, and is carried on through those that follow. If we read *presents*, instead of *present*, this allusion will be preserved, and the meaning will be clear. I have no doubt but the line should run thus:

"Look you, sir, such *as once* I was, this *presents*."

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain,[4] sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent[5], whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy[6].

Presents means *represents*. So, Hamlet calls the pictures he shews his mother:

"The counterfeit *presentment* of two brothers."

She had said before—"But we will draw the curtain, and shew you the *picture;*" and concludes with asking him, if it was *well done*. The same idea occurs in Troilus and Cressida, where Pandarus, taking off her veil, says:

"Come draw this curtain, and let us see your *picture*."

M. Mason.

I suspect, the author intended that Olivia should again cover her face with her veil, before she speaks these words. Malone.

5 'Tis beauty truly BLENT,] i. e. blended, mixed together. *Blent* is the ancient participle of the verb to *blend*. So, in A Looking Glass of London and England, 1617:

"—— the beautiful encrease
"Is wholly *blent*."

Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. i. c. 6:

"—— for having *blent*
"My name with guile, and traiterous intent." Steevens.

6 If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no COPY.] How much more elegantly is this thought expressed by Shakspeare, than by Beaumont and Fletcher in their Philaster:

"I grieve such virtue should be laid in earth,
"Without an *heir*."

Shakspeare has copied himself in his 11th Sonnet:

"She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
"Thou should'st print more, nor let that *copy* die."

Again, in the 3d Sonnet:

"Die single, and thine image dies with thee." Steevens.

Again, in his 9th Sonnet:

"Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
"The world will hail thee like a makeless wife;
"The world will be thy widow, and still weep
"*That thou no form of thee hast left behind*."

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle, and utensil, labelled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise me[7]?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you; O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty[8]!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears[9],
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire[1].

Again, in the 13th Sonnet:

"O that you were yourself! but, love, you are
"No longer yours than you yourself here live:
"Against this coming end you should prepare,
"*And your sweet semblance to some other give.*" Malone.

7 — to 'PRAISE me?] i. e. to *appraise*, or *appretiate* me. The foregoing words, *schedules*, and *inventoried*, shew, I think, that this is the meaning. So again, in Cymbeline: "I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration; though the *catalogue* of his endowments had been *tabled* by his side, and I to peruse him by *items*." Malone.

Malone's conjecture is ingenious, and I should have thought it the true reading, if the foregoing words, *schedule* and *inventoried*, had been used by Viola: but as it is Olivia herself who makes use of them, I believe the old reading is right, though Steevens has adopted that of Malone. Viola has extolled her beauty so highly, that Olivia asks, whether she was sent there on purpose to praise her. M. Mason.

8 — O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!] Though your beauty were unparalleled, it would not be more than a just recompence for such love as my master's. Malone.

9 — WITH fertile tears,] *With*, which is not in the old copy, was added by Mr. Pope to supply the metre. Malone.

1 With groans that THUNDER love, with sighs of fire.] This

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot
love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd [2], free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love [3],
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills [4],

line is worthy of Dryden's Almanzor, and, if not said in mockery of amorous hyperboles, might be regarded as a ridicule on a passage in Chapman's translation of the first book of Homer, 1598:

"*Jove* thunder'd out a sigh;"

Or, on another in Lodge's Rosalynde, 1592:

"The winds of my deep sighes
"That thunder still for noughts," &c. Steevens.

So, in our author's Lover's Complaint:

"O, that forc'd *thunder* from his heart did fly!" Malone.

[2] In VOICES WELL DIVULG'D,] Well spoken of by the world. Malone.

So, in Timon:

"Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
"*Voic'd* so *regardfully?*" Steevens.

[3] Write loyal CANTONS of contemned love,] The old copy has *cantons;* which Mr. Capell, who appears to have been entirely unacquainted with our ancient language, has changed into *canzons.*—There is no need of alteration. *Canton* was used for *canto* in our author's time. So, in The London Prodigal, a comedy, 1605: "What-do-you-call-him has it there in his third *canton.*" Again, in Heywood's Preface to Britaynes Troy, 1609: "—in the judicial perusal of these few *cantons,*" &c. Malone.

[4] Holla your name to the REVERBERATE hills,] I have corrected, *reverberant.* Theobald.

And make the babbling gossip of the air [4]
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post [5], lady; keep your purse,
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. What is your parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.——I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too fast:—
soft! soft!

Mr. Upton well observes, that Shakspeare frequently uses the adjective passive, *actively*. Theobald's emendation is therefore unnecessary. B. Jonson, in one of his masques at court, says:

" ——— which skill, Pythagoras
" First taught to men by a *reverberate* glass." STEEVENS.

Johnson, in his Dictionary, adopted Theobald's correction. But the following line from T. Heywood's Troja Britannica, 1609, canto xi. st. 9, shows that the original text should be preserved:

" Give shrill *reverberat echoes* and rebounds."

HOLT WHITE.

4 — the babbling gossip of the air —] A most beautiful expression for an *echo*. DOUCE.

5 I am no fee'd POST,] *Post*, in our author's time, signified a messenger. MALONE.

Unless the master were the man [6].—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

MAL. Here, madam, at your service.

OLI. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man [7]: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord [8],
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

MAL. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

OLI. I do I know not what: and fear to find
Mine eye [9] too great a flatterer for my mind.

[6] —— soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man.] Unless the dignity of the master were added to the merit of the servant, I shall go too far, and disgrace myself. Let me stop in time. MALONE.

Perhaps she means to check herself by observing,—'This is unbecoming forwardness on my part, *unless I were as much in love with the master as I am with the man.*' STEEVENS.

[7] The COUNTY's man:] *County* and *count* in old language were synonymous.

So, in The Merchant of Venice, vol. v. p. 20: "Then is there the *county* Palatine." So, the *county* Paris, Romeo and Juliet, passim. MALONE.

[8] — to flatter WITH his lord,] This was the phraseology of the time. So, in King Richard II.:

"Shall dying men flatter *with* those that live."

Many more instances might be added. MALONE.

[9] Mine eye, &c.] I believe the meaning is; I am not mistress of my own actions; I am afraid that my eyes betray me, and flatter the youth without my consent, with discoveries of love.
JOHNSON.

I think the meaning is, "I fear that my eyes will seduce my

Fate, shew thy force: Ourselves we do not owe[1];
What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Sea-coast.

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

ANT. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

SEB. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone: It were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

understanding; that I am indulging a passion for this beautiful youth, which my reason cannot approve." MALONE.

Johnson's explanation of this passage is evidently wrong. It would be strange indeed if Olivia should say, that she feared her eyes would betray her passion, and flatter the youth, without her consent, with a discovery of her love, after she had actually sent him a ring, which must have discovered her passion more strongly, and was sent for that very purpose.—The true meaning appears to me to be thus: "She fears that her eyes had formed so flattering an idea of Cesario, that she should not have strength of mind sufficient to resist the impression." She had just before said:

"Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
"With an invisible and subtle stealth,
"To creep in at mine eyes."

Which confirms my explanation of this passage. M. MASON.

[1] —Ourselves we do not OWE;] i. e. we are not our own masters. We cannot govern ourselves. So, in Macbeth:

"——the disposition that I *owe*;" i. e. *own, possess.*
STEEVENS.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself[2]. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rodorigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline[3], whom I know, you have heard of: he left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, 'would we had so ended! but, you, sir, altered that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea[4], was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder[5], overfar believe that, yet thus far I will

[2] — to express myself.] That is, to reveal myself. JOHNSON.

[3] — Messaline,] Sir Thomas Hanmer very judiciously offers to read *Metelin*, an island in the Archipelago; but Shakspeare knew little of geography, and was not at all solicitous about orthographical nicety. The same mistake occurs in the concluding scene of the play:

"Of *Messaline*; Sebastian was my father." STEEVENS.

[4] — the BREACH of the sea,] i. e. what we now call the *breaking* of the sea. In Pericles it is styled—"the *rupture* of the sea." STEEVENS.

[5] — with such ESTIMABLE WONDER,] These words Dr. Warburton calls "an interpolation of the players;" but what did the players gain by it? they may sometimes be guilty of a joke without the concurrence of the poet, but they never lengthen a speech only to make it longer. Shakspeare often confounds the active and passive adjectives. *Estimable wonder* is *esteeming wonder*, or *wonder and esteem*. The meaning is, that he could not venture to think so highly as others of his sister. JOHNSON.

Thus Milton uses *unexpressive* notes, for *unexpressible*, in his Hymn on The Nativity. MALONE.

boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drowned already, sir, with salt water[6], though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother[7], that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter Viola; Malvolio following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

[6] —she is drowned already, sir, with salt water,] There is a resemblance between this and another false thought in Hamlet:

"Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
"And therefore I forbid my tears." Steevens.

[7] I am yet so near the manners of my mother,] So, in King Henry V. Act IV. Sc. VI.:

"And all my *mother* came into my eyes." Malone.

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so[8].

Vio. She took the ring of me!—I'll none of it[9].

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her;

[8] Receive it so.] One of the modern editors reads, with some probability, receive it, *sir*. But the present reading is sufficiently intelligible. MALONE.

"*Receive it* so" is, *understand* it so. Thus, in the third Act of this play, Olivia says to Viola:

"To one of your *receiving*
"Enough is shewn——." STEEVENS.

[9] She took THE ring of me—I'll none of it.] This passage has been hitherto thus pointed:

"She took the ring of me: I'll none of it."

which renders it, as it appears to me, quite unintelligible. The punctuation now adopted:

"She took the ring of me!—I'll none of it."

was suggested by an ingenious friend, and certainly renders the line less exceptionable: yet I cannot but think there is some corruption in the text. Had our author intended such a mode of speech, he would probably have written:

"She took *a* ring of me!—I'll none of it."

Malvolio's answer seems to intimate that Viola had said she had not given any ring. We ought, therefore, perhaps to read:

"She took NO ring of me!—I'll none of it."

So afterwards: "I left *no* ring with her." Viola expressly denies her having given Olivia any ring. How then can she assert, as she is made to do by the old regulation of the passage, that the lady had received one from her? MALONE.

I do not perceive the necessity of the change recommended. Viola finding the ring sent after her, accompanied by a fiction, is prepared to meet it with another. This lady, as Dr. Johnson has observed, is an excellent schemer; she is never at a loss, or taken unprepared. STEEVENS.

and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this lady?
Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That, sure[1], methought, her eyes had lost her tongue[2],
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man;—If it be so, (as 'tis,)
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy[3] does much.
How easy is it, for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms[4]!

[1] That, SURE,] *Sure*, which is wanting in the old copy, was added, to complete the metre, by the editor of the second folio. *Sure*, in the present instance, is not very likely to have been the word omitted in the first copy, being found in the next line but one. MALONE.

[2] —her eyes had LOST her tongue,] We say a man *loses* his company when they go one way and he goes another. So, Olivia's tongue lost her eyes; her tongue was talking of the duke, and her eyes gazing on his messenger. JOHNSON.

It rather means that the very fixed and eager view she took of Viola, perverted the use of her tongue, and made her talk distractedly. This construction of the verb—*lost*, is also much in Shakspeare's manner. DOUCE.

[3] —the PREGNANT enemy—] Is, I believe, the dexterous fiend, or enemy of mankind. JOHNSON.

Pregnant is certainly *dexterous*, or *ready*. So, in Hamlet:

"How *pregnant* sometimes his replies are!" STEEVENS.

[4] How easy is it, for the PROPER-FALSE
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!] This is obscure. The meaning is, "how easy is disguise to women!" how easily does *their own falsehood*, contained in their *waxen* change-

Alas, our frailty [5] is the cause, not we;
For, such as we are made of, such we be [6].

able *hearts*, enable them to assume deceitful appearances! The two next lines are perhaps transposed, and should be read thus:

"For such as we are made, if such we be,
"Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we." JOHNSON.

I am not certain that this explanation is just. Viola has been condemning those who disguise themselves, because Olivia had fallen in love with a specious appearance. How easy is it, she adds, for those who are at once *proper* (i. e. fair in their appearance) and *false* (i. e. deceitful) to make an impression on the easy hearts of women?—The *proper-false* is certainly a less elegant expression than the *fair deceiver*, but seems to mean the same thing. A *proper man*, was the ancient phrase for a *handsome man*:

"This Ludovico is a *proper* man." *Othello*.

To "set their forms," means, 'to plant their images,' i. e. to make an impression on their easy minds. Mr. Tyrwhitt concurs with me in this interpretation. STEEVENS.

This passage, according to Johnson's explanation of it, is so severe a satire upon women, that it is unnatural to suppose that Shakspeare should put it in the mouth of one of the sex, especially a young one. Nor do I think that the words can possibly express the sense which he contends for. Steevens's explanation appears to be the true one. The word *proper* certainly means *handsome*; and Viola's reflection how easy it was for those who are handsome and deceitful to make an impression on the waxen hearts of women, is a natural sentiment for a girl to utter who was herself in love. An expression similar to that of *proper-false*, occurs afterwards in this very play, where Antonio says:

"Virtue is beauty, but the *beauteous-evil*
"Are empty trunks o'er flourish'd by the devil."
M. MASON.

Mr. Steevens's explanation is undoubtedly the true one. So, in our author's Rape of Lucrece:

"—— men have marble, *women waxen minds*,
"And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
"The weak oppress'd, the *impression of strange kinds*
"Is *form'd* in them by force, by *fraud*, or skill:
"Then call them not the authors of their ill—."

Again, in Measure for Measure:

"Nay, call us ten times frail,
"For we are *soft* as our complexions are,
"And *credulous to false prints*." MALONE.

5 — OUR frailty —] The old copy reads—O frailty.
STEEVENS.

How will this fadge [7] ? My master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
What will become of this! As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?

The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Hans Carvel's wife argued in a similar manner:

"That if weak women went astray,
"Their stars were more in fault than they." BOSWELL.

[6] For, such as we are made OF, such we be.] The old copy reads—"made *if*." Mr. Tyrwhitt observes, that "instead of transposing these lines according to Dr. Johnson's conjecture," he is inclined to read the latter as I have printed it. So, in The Tempest:

"—— we are such stuff
"As dreams are made *of*." STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture is right. *Of* and *if* are frequently confounded in the old copies. Thus in the folio 1632, King John, p. 6: "Lord of our presence, Angiers, and *if* you." [instead of—*of* you.]

Again, *of* is printed instead of *if*, Merchant of Venice, 1623:

"Mine own I would say, but, *of* mine, then yours."

In As You Like It, we have a line constructed nearly like the present, as now corrected:

"Who such a one as she, such is her neighbour."
MALONE.

[7] How will this FADGE?] To *fadge*, is *to suit, to fit, to go with*. So, in Decker's Comedy of Old Fortunatus, 1600:

"I shall never *fadge* with the humour, because I cannot lie."

So, in Mother Bombie, 1594:

"Ill have thy advice, and if it *fadge*, thou shalt eat—."
"But how will it *fadge* in the end——?"
"All this *fadges* well—."
"We are about a matter of legerdemain, how will this *fadge?*"
"—— in good time it *fadges*." STEEVENS.

"*Andar a vanga*, to *fadge* or *prosper*." Florio's Dict. So, in the Beggar's Ape:

"For whoso beares simplicities true badge,
"To live in Prince's courts doe seldom *fadge*."

It is used so lately as by Richard Johnson, the antagonist of Bentley. BOSWELL.

O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in OLIVIA's House.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

SIR TO. Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*[8], thou know'st,——

SIR AND. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

SIR TO. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements[9]?

SIR AND. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking[1].

[8] —*diluculo surgere,*] *Saluberrimum est.* This adage our author found in Lilly's Grammar, p. 51. MALONE.

[9] —Do not our lives consist of the four elements?] So, in our author's 45th Sonnet:

" My life being made of four, with two alone
" Sinks down to death," &c.

So also, in King Henry V.: " He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him." MALONE.

Again, in Antony and Cleopatra:

" I am fire and air; my other *elements*
" I give to *baser* life." STEEVENS.

[1] — I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.] A ridicule on the medical theory of that time, which supposed health to consist in the just temperament and balance of the four elements in the human frame. WARBURTON.

Homer, Iliad ix. concurs in opinion with Sir Andrew:

" —— strength consists in spirits and in blood,
" And those are ow'd to generous wine and food."

STEEVENS.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!——a stoop[2] of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three[3]?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast[4]. I had rather than forty shillings I had

[2] —a STOOP—] A *stoop*, cadus à ſtoppa, Belgis, *stoop*. Ray's Proverbs, p. 111. In Hexham's Low Dutch Dictionary, 1660, a *gallon* is explained by *een kanne van twee stoopen*. A *stoop*, however, seems to have been something more than half a gallon. In A Catalogue of the Rarities in the Anatomy Hall at Leyden, printed there, 4to. 1701, is "The bladder of a man containing four *stoop* (which is something above *two* English gallons) of water." REED.

[3] —Did you never see the picture of WE THREE?] An allusion to an old print, sometimes pasted on the wall of a country ale-house, representing *two*, but under which the spectator reads—

"*We three* are asses."

I believe Shakspeare had in his thoughts a common sign, in which two wooden heads are exhibited, with this inscription under it; "*We three* loggerheads be." The spectator or reader is supposed to make the third. The Clown means to insinuate, that Sir Toby and Sir Andrew had as good a title to the name of *fool* as himself. MALONE.

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[4] —By my troth, the fool has an excellent BREAST.] *Breast, voice. Breath* has been here proposed: but many instances may be brought to justify the old reading beyond a doubt. In the statutes of Stoke-College, founded by Archbishop Parker, 1535, Strype's Parker, p. 9: "Which said queristers, after their *breasts* are changed," &c. that is, after their voices are broken. In Fiddes's Life of Wolsey, Append. p. 128: "Singing-men well-*breasted*." In Tusser's Husbandrie, p. 155, edit. P. Short:

"The better *brest*, the lesser rest,
"To serve the queer now there now heere."

Tusser, in this piece, called The Author's Life, tells us, that he was a choir-boy in the collegiate chapel of Wallingford Castle; and that, on account of the excellence of his *voice*, he was successively removed to various choirs. T. WARTON.

such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogomitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman; Hadst it [5]?

B. Jonson uses the word *breast* in the same manner, in his Masque of Gypsies, p. 623, edit. 1692. In an old play called The Four P's, written by J. Heywood, 1569, is this passage:

"*Poticary*. I pray you, tell me, can you sing?
"*Pedler*. Sir, I have some sight in singing.
"*Poticary*. But is your *breast* any thing sweet?
"*Pedler*. Whatever my *breast* be, my voice is meet."

I suppose this cant term to have been current among the musicians of the age. All professions have in some degree their jargon; and the remoter they are from liberal science, and the less consequential to the general interests of life, the more they strive to hide themselves behind affected terms and barbarous phraseology. STEEVENS.

[5] I sent thee sixpence for thy LEMAN; Hadst it?] The old copy reads—*lemon*. But the Clown was neither pantler, nor butler. The poet's word was certainly mistaken by the ignorance of the printer. I have restored *leman*, i. e. I sent thee sixpence to spend on thy mistress. THEOBALD.

I receive Theobald's emendation, because it throws a light on the obscurity of the following speech.

Leman is frequently used by the ancient writers, and Spenser in particular. So again, in The Noble Soldier, 1634:

"Fright him as he's embracing his new *leman*."

The money was given him for his *leman*, i. e. his mistress. We have still "*Leman*-street," in Goodman's fields. He says he did *impeticoat* the gratuity, i. e. he gave it to his *petticoat companion*; for (says he) "Malvolio's nose is no whipstock," i. e. Malvolio may smell out our connection, but his suspicion will not prove the instrument of our punishment. "My mistress has a white hand, and the myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses," i. e. my mistress is handsome, but the houses kept by officers of justice are no places to make merry and entertain her at. Such may be the meaning of this whimsical speech. A *whipstock* is, I believe, the handle of a whip, round which a strap of leather is usually twisted, and is sometimes put for the *whip* itself. So, in Albumazar, 1615:

"—— out, Carter,
"Hence dirty *whipstock*——."

Again, in The Two Angry Women of Abingdon, 1599:

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity [6]; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is six-pence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a——

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life [7]?

"—— the coach-man sit!
"His duty is before you to stand,
"Having a lusty *whipstock* in his hand."

This word occurs again in Jeronymo, 1605:

"Bought you a whistle and a *whipstock* too." Steevens.

[6] I did IMPETICOS thy GRATILLITY;] This, Sir T. Hanmer tells us, is the same with *impocket thy gratuity*. He is undoubtedly right; but we must read—"I did *impeticoat* thy *gratuity*." The fools were kept in long coats, to which the allusion is made. There is yet much in this dialogue which I do not understand. Johnson.

I cannot think it was meant to be understood. The greater part of this scene is mere *gracious fooling*. Boswell.

Figure 12, in the plate of the Morris-dancers, at the end of K. Henry IV. Part I. sufficiently proves that *petticoats* were not always a part of the dress of *fools* or *jesters*, though they were of ideots, for a reason which I avoid to offer. Steevens.

It is a very gross mistake to imagine that this character was habited like an *ideot*. Neither he nor Touchstone, though they wear a particoloured dress, has either *coxcomb* or *bauble*, nor is by any means to be confounded with the Fool in King Lear, nor even, I think, with the one in All's Well That Ends Well.—A Dissertation on the Fools of Shakspeare, a character he has most judiciously varied and discriminated, would be a valuable addition to the notes on his plays. Ritson.

For that valuable addition we are now indebted to Mr. Douce. Boswell.

The old copy reads—"I did *impeticos* thy *gratillity*." The meaning, I think, is, "I did *impetticoat* or *impocket* thy *gratuity*;" but the reading of the old copy should not, in my opinion, be here disturbed. The Clown uses the same kind of fantastick language elsewhere in this scene. Neither Pigrogromitus, nor the Vapians would object to it. Malone.

[7] —of GOOD LIFE?] I do not suppose that by a song of

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.
Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clo. O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!
Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come, is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty[8];
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty[9],
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

good life, the Clown means a song of a *moral turn*; though Sir Andrew answers to it in that signification. "Good life," I believe, is "harmless mirth and jollity." It may be a Gallicism: we call a jolly fellow a *bon vivant*. Steevens.

From the opposition of the words in the Clown's question, I incline to think that "good life" is here used in its usual acceptation. In The Merry Wives of Windsor, these words are used for a virtuous *character*:

"Defend your reputation, or farewell to your *good life* for ever."
Malone.

[8] *In* DELAY *there lies no plenty;*] No man will ever be worth much, who *delays* the advantages offered by the present hour, in hopes that the future will offer more. So, in K. Richard III. Act IV. Sc. III.:

"*Delay* leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary."

Again, in K. Henry VI. Part I.:

"Defer no time, *delays* have dangerous ends."

Again, in a Scots proverb: "After a *delay* comes a let." See Kelly's Collection, p. 52. Steevens.

[9] *Then come kiss me,* SWEET-AND-TWENTY,] This line is obscure; we might read:

"Come, a kiss then, sweet and twenty."

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance[1] indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver[2]? shall we do that?

Yet I know not whether the present reading be not right, for in some counties *sweet and twenty*, whatever be the meaning, is a phrase of endearment. Johnson.

So, in Wit of a Woman, 1604:

"*Sweet and twenty:* all sweet and sweet."

Again, in The Life and Death of the Merry Devil of Edmonton, &c. by T. B. 1631: "—his little wanton wagtailes, his *sweet and twenties*, his pretty pinckineyd pigsnies, &c. as he himself used commonly to call them." Steevens.

Again, in The Merry Wives of Windsor:

"Good even, *and twenty*." Malone.

[1] —make the welkin DANCE—] That is, drink till the sky seems to turn round. Johnson.

So, in Antony and Cleopatra, Act II. Sc. VII.:

"Cup us *till the world go round*."

Again, Mr. Pope:

"Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
"The doubling lustres *dance* as fast as she." Steevens.

[2] —draw three souls out of one WEAVER?] Our author represents weavers as much given to harmony in his time. I have shewn the cause of it elsewhere. The expression of the power of musick is familiar with our author. Much Ado About Nothing: "Now is his soul ravished. Is it not strange that sheep's-guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?"—Why he says, *three souls*, is because he is speaking of a catch of *three parts*; and the peripatetic philosophy, then in vogue, very liberally gave every man three souls. The *vegetative* or *plastic*, the *animal*, and the *rational*. To this, too, Jonson alludes, in his Poetaster: "What, will I turn shark upon my friends? or my friends' friends? I scorn it *with my three souls*." By the mention of these *three*, therefore, we may suppose it was Shakspeare's purpose, to hint to us those surprizing effects of musick, which the ancients speak of, when they tell us of Amphion, who moved *stones* and *trees*; Orpheus and Arion, who tamed *savage beasts*; and Timotheus, who governed, as he pleased, the *passions of his human auditors*. So

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith! Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch*[3].

noble an observation has our author conveyed in the ribaldry of this buffoon character. Warburton.

In a popular book of the time, Carew's translation of Huarte's Trial of Wits, 1594, there is a curious chapter concerning the *three souls*, "*vegetative*, *sensitive*, and *reasonable*." Farmer.

I doubt whether our author intended any allusion to this division of souls. In The Tempest, we have—"*trebles* thee o'er;" i. e. makes thee thrice as great as thou wert before. In the same manner, I believe, he here only means to describe Sir Toby's catch as so harmonious, that it would hale the soul out of a weaver (the warmest lover of a song) *thrice over*: or in other words, give him thrice more delight than it would give another man. Dr. Warburton's supposition that there is an allusion to the catch being in *three* parts, appears to me one of his unfounded refinements. Malone.

[3] [*They sing a catch.*] This catch is lost. Johnson.

A *catch* is a species of vocal harmony to be sung by three or more persons; and is so contrived, that though each sings precisely the same notes as his fellows, yet by beginning at stated periods of time from each other, there results from the performance a harmony of as many parts as there are singers. Compositions of this kind are, in strictness, called *Canons in the unison;* and as properly, *Catches*, when the words in the different parts are made to *catch* or answer each other. One of the most remarkable examples of a true *catch* is that of Purcel, *Let's live good honest lives*, in which, immediately after one person has uttered these words, "What need we fear the Pope?" another in the course

Enter MARIA.

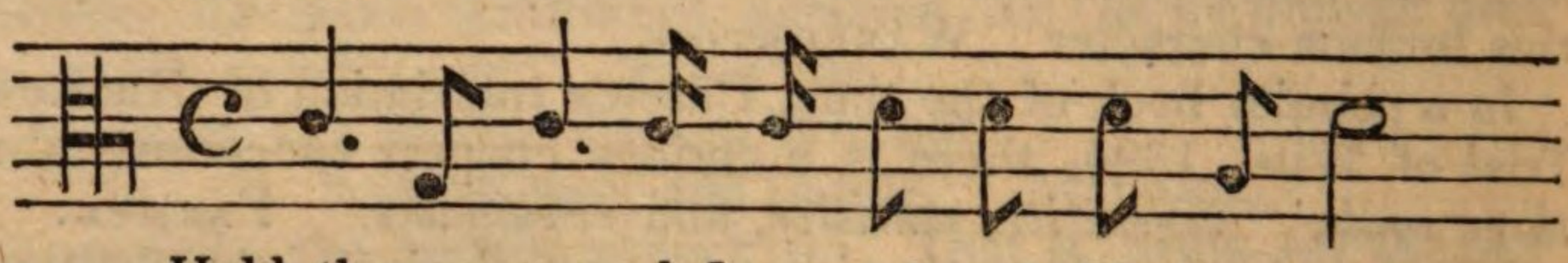
MAR. What a catterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

SIR To. My lady's a Cataian[4], we are politicians;

of his singing fills up a rest which the first makes, with the words "The devil."

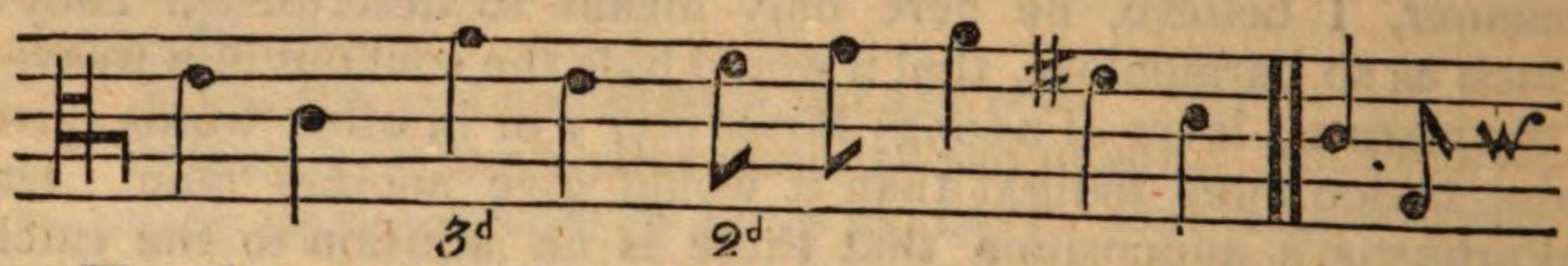
The *catch* above-mentioned to be sung by Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the Clown, from the hints given of it, appears to be so contrived as that each of the singers calls the other *knave* in turn; and for this the Clown means to apologize to the knight, when he says, that he shall be constrained to call him *knave*. I have here subjoined the very catch, with the musical notes to which it was sung in the time of Shakspeare, and at the original performance of this comedy:

A 3 voc.



Hold thy peace and I pree thee hold thy peace

?



Thou knave, thou knave! hold thy peace thou knave.

The evidence of its authenticity is as follows: There is extant a book entitled, "Pammelia, Musickes Miscellanie, or mixed Varietie of pleasant Roundelays and delightful Catches of 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 Parts in one." Of this book there are at least two editions, the second printed in 1618. In 1609, a second part of this work was published with the title of Deuteromelia, and in this book is contained the catch above given. SIR J. HAWKINS.

[4] —a CATAIAN,] It is in vain to seek the precise meaning of this term of reproach. I have already attempted to explain it in a note on The Merry Wives of Windsor. I find it used again in Love and Honour, by Sir W. D'Avenant, 1649:

"Hang him, bold *Cataian*." STEEVENS.

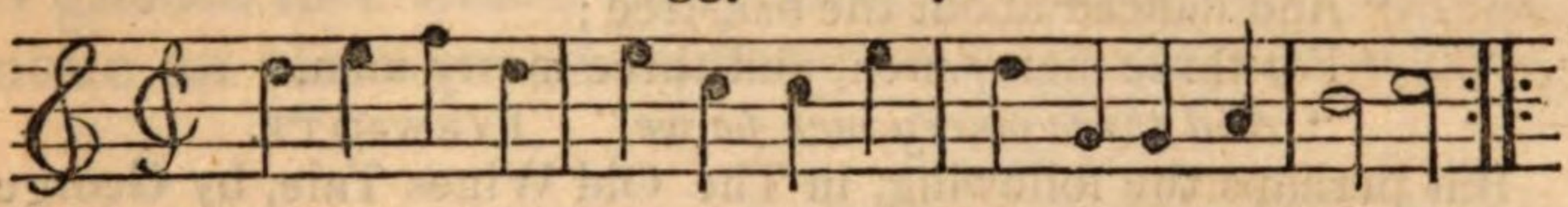
Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey [5], and *Three merry men be we* [6]. Am not I consanguineous? am I not of

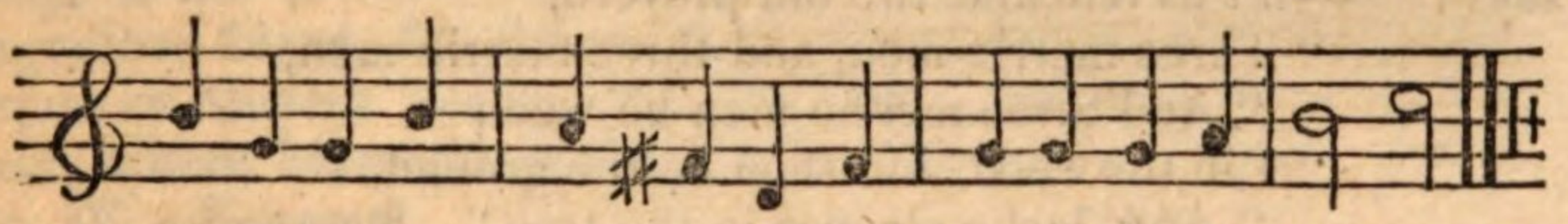
[5] —Peg-a-Ramsey,] In Durfey's Pills to Purge Melancholy, is a very obscene old song, entitled "Peg-a-Ramsey." See also Ward's Lives of the Professors of Gresham College, p. 207. PERCY.

Nash mentions "Peg of Ramsey" among several other ballads, viz. Rogero, Basilino, Turkelony, All the Flowers of the Broom, Pepper is Black, Green Sleeves, Peggie Ramsie. It appears from the same author, that it was likewise a dance performed to the music of a song of that name. STEEVENS.

Peggy Ramsey is the name of some old song; the following is the tune to it:

Peggy Ramsey.





SIR J. HAWKINS.

[6] *Three merry men*, &c.] *Three merry men be we*, is likewise a fragment of some old song, which I find repeated in Westward Hoe, by Decker and Webster, 1607, and by Beaumont and Fletcher, in The Knight of the Burning Pestle:

"Three merry men
"And three merry men
"And *three merry men be we.*"

Again, in The Bloody Brother, of the same authors:

"Three merry boys, and three merry boys,
"And three merry boys are we,
"As ever did sing, three parts in a string,
"All under the triple tree."

Again, in Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks, 1611:

"And three merry men, and three merry men,
"And *three merry men be we a.*" STEEVENS.

This is a conclusion common to many old songs. One of the most humorous that I can recollect, is the following:

"The wise men were but seaven, nor more shall be for me;
"The muses were but nine, the worthies three times three;
"And three merry boyes, and three merry boyes, and three merry boyes are wee.

her blood? Tilly-valley, lady[7]! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady*[8]! [*Singing.*

"The vertues they were seven, and three the greater bee;
"The Cæsars they were twelve, and the fatal sisters three.
"And three merry girles, and three merry girles, and three merry girles are wee."

There are ale-houses in some of the villages in this kingdom, that have the sign of *The Three Merry Boys;* there was one at Highgate in my memory. SIR J. HAWKINS.

Three merry men be we, may, perhaps, have been taken originally from the song of Robin Hood and The Tanner. Old Ballads, vol. i. p. 89:

"Then Robin Hood took them by the hands,
"*With a hey,*" &c.
"And danced about the oak-tree;
"For three merry men, and three merry men,
"*And three merry men be we.*" TYRWHITT.

But perhaps the following, in The Old Wiues Tale, by George Peele, 1595, may be the original. Anticke, one of the characters, says: "—let us rehearse the old proverb,

"Three merrie men, and three merrie men,
"And three merrie men be wee;
"I in the wood, and thou on the ground,
"And Jacke sleepes in the tree." STEEVENS

See An Antidote Against Melancholy, Made Up in Pills, Compounded of Witty Ballads, Jovial Songs, and Merry Catches, 4to. 1661, p. 69. REED.

[7] TILLEY-VALLEY, lady!] *Tilley-valley* was an interjection of contempt, which Sir Thomas More's lady is recorded to have had very often in her mouth. JOHNSON.

Tilly-valley is used as an interjection of contempt in the old play of Sir John Oldcastle; and is likewise a character in a comedy intituled Lady Alimony. *Tillie-vallie* may be a corruption of the Roman word (without a precise meaning, but indicative of contempt) *Titivilitium.* See the *Casina* of Plautus, 2. 5. 39.
STEEVENS.

Tilly-valley is a hunting phrase borrowed from the French. In the Venerie de Jacques Fouilloux, 1585, 4to. fo. 12, the following cry is mentioned: "Ty a hillaut et vallecy;" and is set to music in pp. 49 and 50. DOUCE.

[8] *There dwelt a man in Babylon,* LADY, LADY!] The ballad of Susanna, from whence this line ["There dwelt," &c.] is taken, was licensed by T. Colwell, in 1562, under the title of The goodly and constant Wyfe Susanna. There is likewise a play on this subject. T. WARTON.

"There dwelt a man in Babylon, *lady.*" Maria's use of the

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir. To. O, the twelfth day of December,— [*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak

word *lady* brings the ballad to Sir Toby's remembrance: *Lady, lady*, is the *burthen*, and should be printed as such. My very ingenious friend, Dr. Percy, has given a stanza of it in his Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. i. p. 204. Just the same may be said, where Mercutio applies it, in Romeo and Juliet, Act II. Sc. IV. Farmer.

I found what I once supposed to be a part of this song, in All's Lost by Lust, a tragedy by William Rowley, 1633:

" There was a nobleman of Spain, *lady, lady,*
" That went abroad, and came not again
" To his poor lady.
" Oh, cruel age, when one brother, *lady, lady,*
" Shall scorn to look upon another
" Of his poor lady." Steevens.

This song, or, at least one with the same burthen, is alluded to in Ben Jonson's Magnetic Lady, vol. iv. p. 449:

" *Com.* As true it is, *lady, lady* i' the song." Tyrwhitt.

The oldest song that I have seen with this burthen is in the old Morality, entitled The Trial of Treasure, 4to. 1567. The following is one of the stanzas:

" Helene may not compared be,
" Nor Cressida that was so bright,
" These cannot stain the shine of thee,
" Nor yet Minerva of great might;
" Thou passest Venus far away,
" *Lady, lady;*
" Love thee I will, both night and day,
" My dere *lady*." Malone.

out your coziers' catches [9] without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up [1]!

9 — COZIERS' catches —] A *cozier* is a tailor, from *coudre* to sew, part. *cousu*, Fr. JOHNSON.

Our author has again alluded to their love of vocal harmony in King Henry IV. Part I.:

"*Lady.* I will not *sing*.

"*Hot.* 'Tis the next way to turn *tailor*, or be redbreast teacher."

A *cozier*, it appears from Minsheu, signified a *botcher*, or mender of old clothes, and also a cobler.—Here it means the former. MALONE.

Minshieu tells us, that *cozier* is a cobler or sowter: and, in Northamptonshire, the waxed thread which a cobler uses in mending shoes, we call a *codger's* end. WHALLEY.

A *cozier's end* is still used in Devonshire for a cobler's end. HENLEY.

1 Sneck up!] The modern editors seem to have regarded this unintelligible phrase as the designation of a *hiccup*. It is however used in Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, as it should seem, on another occasion: "Let thy father go *sneck up*, he shall never come between a pair of sheets with me again while he lives."

Again, in the same play: "Give him his money, George, and let him go *sneck up*." Again, in Wily Beguiled: "An if my mistress would be ruled by him, Sophos might go *snick up*." Again, in The Two Angry Women of Abingdon, 1599: "—if they be not, let them go *snick up*." Again, in Heywood's Fair Maid of the West, 1631, Blurt Master Constable, no date, &c.

Perhaps in the two former of these instances, the words may be corrupted. In King Henry IV. Part I. Falstaff says: "The Prince is a Jack, a *Sneak-cup*," i. e. one who takes his glass in a sneaking manner. I think we might safely read *sneak-cup*, at least, in Sir Toby's reply to Malvolio. I should not however omit to mention that *sneck the door* is a north country expression for *latch the door*. STEEVENS.

Of this cant phrase it is not easy to ascertain the meaning. It occurs in many of the old comedies. From the manner in which it is used in all of them, it seems to have been synonymous to the modern expression, "Go and hang yourself." MALONE.

Mr. Weber, in a note on the passage quoted by Mr. Steevens

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewell, dear heart[2], *since I must needs be gone.*

Mar. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do shew his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [*Singing.*

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o' time? sir, ye lie[3].—Art any more

from the Knight of the Burning Pestle, has clearly shown that *snick up* meant *go hang yourself*, by the following very apposite quotation from Taylor the water poet's Praise of Hempseed:

" A Tiburne hempen-caudell will e'en cure you:
" It can cure traytors, but I hold it fit
" T' apply 't ere they the treason doe commit.
" Wherefore in Sparta it ycleped was
" *Snickup*, which is in English gallowgrass." Boswell.

[2] *Farewell, dear heart*, &c.] This entire song, with some variations, is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. Steevens.

[3] Out o' time? sir, ye lie.] The old copy has—" out *o'tune*." We should read, " out of *time*," as his speech evidently refers to what Malvolio said before:

" Have you no respect for place or *time* in you?
" *Sir Toby.* We did keep *time*, sir, in our catches."
M. Mason.

The same correction, I find, had been silently made by Theobald, and was adopted by the three subsequent editors. Sir Toby is here repeating with indignation Malvolio's words.

In the MSS. of our author's age, *tune* and *time* are often quite

than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale[4]?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crums[5]:—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule[6]; she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

undistinguishable; the second stroke of the *u* seeming to be the first stroke of the *m*, or *vice versâ*. Hence, in Macbeth, Act IV. Sc. ult. edit. 1623, we have "This *time*, goes manly," instead of "This *tune* goes manly." MALONE.

4 Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?] It was the custom on holidays and saints' days to make cakes in honour of the day. The Puritans called this, superstition; and in p. 400, Maria says, that "Malvolio is sometimes a kind of Puritan." See Quarlous's Account of Rabbi Busy, Act I. Sc. III. in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair. LETHERLAND.

5 —rub your CHAIN with crums:] That stewards anciently wore a chain, as a mark of superiority over other servants, may be proved from the following passage in The Martial Maid of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Dost thou think I shall become the *steward's* chair? Will not these slender haunches shew well in a *chain* ——?"

Again:

"*Pia.* Is your *chain* right?
"*Bob.* It is both right and just, sir;
"For though I am a *steward*, I did get it
"With no man's wrong."

The best method of cleaning any gilt plate, is by *rubbing it with crums*. Nash, in his piece entitled, Have With You to Saffron Walden, 1595, taxes Gabriel Harvey with "having stolen a nobleman's *steward's chain*, at his lord's installing at Windsor."

To conclude with the most apposite instance of all. See Webster's Dutchess of Malfy, 1623:

"Yea, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him, to *scouer his gold chain*." STEEVENS.

6 —rule;] *Rule* is method of life; so *misrule* is tumult and riot. JOHNSON.

Rule, on this occasion, is something less than common *method*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword *[7], and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us[8], possess us; tell us something of him.

* First folio, *an ayword.*

of life. It occasionally means the arrangement or conduct of a festival or merry-making, as well as behaviour in general. So, in the 27th Song of Drayton's Polyolbion:

"Cast in a gallant round about the hearth they go,
"And at each pause they kiss; was never seen such *rule*
"In any place but here, at bon-fire, or at yeule."

Again, in Heywood's English Traveller, 1633:

"What guests we harbour, and what *rule* we keep."

Again, in Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub:

"And set him in the stocks for his ill *rule*."

In this last instance it signifies *behaviour*.

There was formerly an officer belonging to the court, called Lord of Misrule. So, in Decker's Satiromastix: "I have some cousin-germans at court shall beget you the reversion of the master of the king's revels, or else be lord of his *Misrule* now at Christmas." Again, in The Return from Parnassus, 1606: "We are fully bent to be lords of *Misrule* in the world's wild heath." In the country, at all periods of festivity, and in the inns of court at their *Revels*, an officer of the same kind was elected. Steevens.

7 — a nayword,] A *nayword* is what has since been called a *byeword*, a kind of proverbial reproach. Steevens.

8 Possess us,] That is, *inform us, tell us*, make us masters of the matter. Johnson.

MAR. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

SIR AND. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

SIR TO. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

SIR AND. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

MAR. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time pleaser; an affectioned ass [9], that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths [1]: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

SIR TO. What wilt thou do?

MAR. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

SIR TO. Excellent! I smell a device.

SIR AND. I have't in my nose too.

SIR TO. He shall think, by the letters that thou

So, in The Merchant of Venice, Shylock says:

"I have *possess'd* your grace of what I purpose." DOUCE.

9 — an AFFECTION'D ass,] *Affection'd* means *affected*. In this sense, I believe, it is used in Hamlet: "—— no matter in it that could indite the author of *affection*," i. e. affectation. STEEVENS.

1 — great SWARTHS:] A *swarth* is as much grass or corn as a mower cuts down at one stroke of his scythe. Thus Pope, in his version of the 18th Iliad:

"Here stretch'd in ranks the levell'd *swarths* are found." STEEVENS.

wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass [2].

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea [3].

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; What o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight [4]; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut [5].

[2] *Sir And.* And your horse now, &c.] This conceit, though bad enough, shews too quick an apprehension for Sir Andrew. It should be given, I believe, to Sir Toby; as well as the next short speech: "O, 'twill be admirable." Sir Andrew does not usually give his own judgement on any thing, till he has heard that of some other person. Tyrwhitt.

[3] — Penthesilea.] i. e. Amazon. Steevens.

[4] Send for money, knight;] Sir Toby, in this instance, exhibits a trait of Iago: "Put money in thy purse." Steevens.

[5] — call me Cut.] So, in A Woman's a Weathercock, 1612:

"If I help you not to that as cheap as any man in England, call me *Cut*."

Again, in The Two Angry Women of Abingdon, 1599:

"I'll meet you there; if I do not, *call me Cut*."

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. Give me some musick:—Now, good morrow, friends:——
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs and recollected[6] terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:——
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

This term of contempt, perhaps, signifies, only—call me *gelding*. Steevens.

"—call me *Cut*." i. e. call me *horse*. So, Falstaff in King Henry IV. Part I.: "—spit in my face, call me *horse*." That this was the meaning of this expression is ascertained by a passage in The Two Noble Kinsmen:

"He'll buy me a white *Cut* forth for to ride."

Again, in Sir John Oldcastle, 1600: "But master, 'pray ye, let me ride upon *Cut*." *Curtal*, which occurs in another of our author's plays, (i. e. a horse, whose tail has been docked,) and *Cut*, were probably synonymous. Malone.

[6] —recollected—] Studied. Warburton.

I rather think, that *recollected* signifies, more nearly to its primitive sense, *recalled*, *repeated*, and alludes to the practice of composers, who often prolong the song by repetitions. Johnson.

Thus in Strada's Imitation of Claudian:

——et se
Multiplicat *relegens*—. Steevens.

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [*Exit Curio.—Musick.*

Come hither, boy; If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For, such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd[7].

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour[8].

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i' faith.

Vio. About your years, my lord.

7 —— to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.] i. e. to the heart. So, in Romeo and Juliet:
"My bosom's lord [i. e. *Love*] sits lightly on his *throne*."
Again, in Othello:
"Yield up, *O Love*, thy crown, and *hearted throne*—."
So before, in the first act of this play:
"—— when liver, brain, and *heart*,
"These sovereign *thrones*, are all supplied and fill'd
"(Her sweet perfections) with one self-king."
The meaning is, (as Mr. Heath has observed,) "It is so consonant to the emotions of the heart, that they echo it back again."
MALONE.

8 — favour.] The word *favour* ambiguously used. JOHNSON.
Favour, in the preceding speech, signifies *countenance*.
STEEVENS.

Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn [9],
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio, and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night:—
Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free [1] maids, that weave their thread with bones,

9 — lost and WORN,] Though *lost and worn* may mean *lost and worn out*, yet *lost and won* being, I think, better, these two words coming usually and naturally together, and the alteration being very slight, I would so read in this place with Sir T. Hanmer. JOHNSON.

The text is undoubtedly right, and *worn* signifies, *consumed, worn out.* So Lord Surrey, in one of his Sonnets, describing the spring, says:

"Winter is *worn*, that was the flowers bale."

Again, in King Henry VI. Part II.:

"These few days' wonder will be quickly *worn*."

Again, in The Winter's Tale:

"——and but infirmity,
"Which waits upon *worn* times——." MALONE.

1 — free —] Is, perhaps, *vacant, unengaged, easy in mind.* JOHNSON.

Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth [2],
And dallies with the innocence of love [3],
Like the old age [4].

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing. [*Musick.*

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid [5]*;*
Fly away, fly away [6]*, breath;*
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

I once thought, that *free* meant here—'not having yet surrendered their liberty to man;—unmarried.'

Free, however, may only mean *cheerful*. So, in Othello:

"I slept the next night well: was *free* and merry."

Again, in Macbeth:

"Be *free* and jovial with thy guests to-night."

"Fair and *free*," Mr. Warton observes, is in the metrical romances a common appellation for a lady. Warton's Milt. p. 38. Chaucer, the same ingenious writer observes, applies this epithet to married women, which is adverse to the explication I had first given:

"Rise up, my wife, my love, my lady, *free*."

March. T. v. 1655. Urr.

"So Jonson makes his beautiful Countess of Bedford to be 'fair, and *free*, and wise.' *Epigrams*, lxxvi." Malone.

Is not *free*, 'unreserved, uncontrolled by the restraints of female delicacy, forward, and such as sing *plain* songs?' Henley.

The precise meaning of this epithet cannot very easily be pointed out. Chaucer, Drayton, Ben Jonson, and many other poets, employ the epithet *free*, with little certainty of meaning. *Free*, in the instance before us, may commodiously signify, "artless, free from art, uninfluenced by artificial manners, undirected by false refinement in their choice of ditties." Steevens.

[2] —silly sooth,] It is plain, simple truth. Johnson.

[3] And DALLIES with the innocence of love,] To *dally* is to *play*, to *trifle*. So, Act III.: "They that *dally* nicely with words." Again, in Swetnam Arraign'd, 1620:

"———— he void of fear
"*Dallied* with danger——."

Again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's Albovine, 1629:

"Why dost thou *dally* thus with feeble motion?"

Steevens.

[4] —the OLD AGE.] The *old age* is the *ages past*, the times of simplicity. Johnson.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it[7].

[5] *And in sad* CYPRESS *let me be laid;*] In the books of our author's age the thin transparent lawn called *cyprus*, which was formerly used for scarfs and hatbands at funerals, was, I believe, constantly spelt *cypress*. So, in The Winter's Tale, edit. 1623:

"*Cypresse black* as e'er was crow—,"

where undoubtedly *cyprus* was meant. So again, in the play before us, edit. 1623, (as Mr. Warton has observed)

"—— a *cypresse*, not a bosom,
"Hides my heart."

See also Minsheu's Dict. in v. "*Cypres* or *Cypress*, a fine curled linen."

It is from the context alone therefore that we can ascertain whether *cyprus* or *cypress* was intended by our old writers. Mr. Warton has suggested in his late edition of Milton's Poems, that the meaning here is,—"Let me be laid in a shroud made of *cyprus*, not in a coffin made of *cypress* wood." But in a subsequent line of this song the shroud, (like that of Polonius) we find, is *white*. There was indeed white cyprus as well as black; but the epithet *sad* is inconsistent with white, and therefore I suppose the wood to have been here meant.

Coffins being frequently made of *cypress* wood, (perhaps in consequence of *cyprus* being used at funerals) the epithet *sad* is here employed with strict propriety. "King Richard the Second (says Speed) was so affected by the death of his favourite Robert de Vere, duke of Ireland, that he commanded the *cypress* chest wherein his body lay embalmed, to be opened, that he might see and handle it." The king attended his funeral. MALONE.

"And in sad *cypress* let me be laid." i. e. in a shroud of *cypress* or *cyprus*. Thus Autolycus, in The Winter's Tale:

"Lawn as white as driven snow,
"*Cyprus black* as e'er was crow."

There was both black and white *cyprus*, as there is still black and white *crape*; and ancient shrouds were always made of the latter. STEEVENS.

[6] FLY *away*, FLY *away*,] The old copy reads—*Fie* away. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. MALONE.

[7] *My part of death no one so true*
Did share it.] Though *death* is a *part* in which every one acts his *share*, yet of all these actors no one is *so true* as I. JOHNSON.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover[8] *never find my grave,*
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal[9]!—I would

[8] *Sad true* LOVER—] Mr. Pope rejected the word *sad*, and other modern editors have unnecessarily changed true *lover* to—true *love*. By making *never* one syllable the metre is preserved. Since this note was written, I have observed that *lover* is elsewhere used by our poet as a word of one syllable. So, in A Midsummer Night's Dream:

"Tie up my *lover's* tongue; bring him in silently."

Again, in King Henry VIII.:

"Is held no great good *lover* of the Archbishop's."

There is perhaps, therefore, no need of abbreviating the word *never* in this line. MALONE.

In the instance produced from A Midsummer Night's Dream, I suppose *lover* to be a misprint for *love*; and in K. Henry VIII. I know not why it should be considered as a monosyllable.

STEEVENS.

[9] —a very OPAL!] A precious stone of almost all colours.

POPE.

So, Milton, describing the walls of heaven:

"With *opal* tow'rs, and battlements adorn'd."

The *opal* is a gem which varies its appearance as it is viewed in different lights. Thus, in The Muses' Elizium, by Drayton:

have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where [1]; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell. [*Exit Clown.*

Duke. Let all the rest give place.——

[*Exeunt Curio and Attendants.*

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in [2], attracts my soul.

" With *opals* more than any one
" We'll deck thine altar fuller,
" For that of every precious stone
" It doth retain some colour."

" In the *opal*, (says P. Holland's translation of Pliny's Natural History, b. xxxvii. c. 6,) you shall see the burning fire of the carbuncle or rubie, the glorious purple of the amethyst, the green sea of the emeraud, and all glittering together mixed after an incredible manner." Steevens.

[1] — that their business might be every thing, and their intent EVERY where;] Both the preservation of the antithesis, and the recovery of the sense, require we should read,—" and their intent *no* where." Because a man who suffers himself to run with every wind, and so makes his business every where, cannot be said to have any *intent*; for that word signifies a determination of the mind to something. Besides, the conclusion of *making a good voyage* of nothing, directs to this emendation. Warburton.

An intent *every* where, is much the same as an intent *no where*, as it hath no one particular place more in view than another. Heath.

The present reading is preferable to Warburton's amendment. We cannot accuse a man of inconstancy who has no intents at all, though we may the man whose intents are every where; that is, are continually varying. M. Mason.

[2] But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her IN,] What is " that miracle, and

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?
Duke. I cannot be so answer'd [3].
Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.
Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; Must she not then be answer'd?
Duke. There is no woman's sides,
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much: they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt [4];

queen of gems?" we are not told in this reading. Besides, what is meant by 'nature pranking her in a miracle?'—We should read:

"But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
"That nature pranks, *her mind*——."

i. e. what *attracts my soul*, is not her *fortune*, but *her mind, that miracle and queen of gems that nature pranks*, i. e. sets out, adorns.

WARBURTON.

The *miracle and queen of gems* is her *beauty*, which the commentator might have found without so emphatical an enquiry. As to her mind, he that should be captious would say, that though it may be formed by nature, it must be *pranked* by education.

Shakspeare does not say that *nature pranks her in a miracle*, but *in the miracle of gems*, that is, *in a gem miraculously beautiful*.

JOHNSON.

To *prank* is to *deck out*, to *adorn*. See Lye's Etymologicon.

HEATH.

So, in The Winter's Tale:

"——— and me,
"Most goddess-like, *prank'd up*—." STEEVENS.

[3] I cannot be so answer'd.] The folio reads—"*It* cannot be," &c. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer. I am not sure that it is necessary, though it has been adopted in the late editions. The Duke may mean, 'My *suit* cannot be so answered.'

MALONE.

[4] Alas, their love may be call'd appetite, &c.
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;] The duke has changed his opinion of women very suddenly. It was but a few

But mine is all as hungry as the sea [5],
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

VIO. Aye, but I know,—

DUKE. What dost thou know?

VIO. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

DUKE. And what's her history?

VIO. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud [6],
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought [7];

minutes before that he said they had more constancy in love than men. M. MASON.

Mr. Mason would read—*suffers;* but there is no need of change. *Suffer* is governed by *women*, implied under the words, "their love." The love of women, &c. *who* suffer. MALONE.

5 — as HUNGRY as the sea,] So, in Coriolanus:

"Then let the pebbles on the *hungry* beach
"Fillip the stars —." STEEVENS.

6 — like a WORM i' the BUD,] So, in the fifth Sonnet of Shakspeare:

"Which, like a *canker* in the fragrant rose,
"Doth spot the beauty of thy *budding* name."

STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's Rape of Lucrece:

"Why should the *worm* intrude the maiden *bud?*"

Again, in King Richard II.:

"But now will *canker* sorrow *eat* my *bud*,
"And chase the native beauty from his *cheek*." MALONE.

7 — she pin'd in THOUGHT;] *Thought* formerly signified *melancholy*. So, in Hamlet:

"Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of *thought*."

Again, in The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet, 1562:

"The cause of this her death was inward care and *thought*."

MALONE.

Mr. Malone says, *thought* means *melancholy*. But why wrest from this word its plain and usual acceptation, and make Shak-

And, with a green and yellow melancholy [8],
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief [9]. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too [1];—and yet I know not:—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

speare guilty of tautology? for in the very next line he uses "*melancholy*." Douce.

[8] And, with a green and yellow melancholy,] Chaucer, in his Romaunt of the Rose, has a similar description of sorrow, and is guilty of the same tautology:

" Sorrow was painted next Envie,
" Upon that wall of masonrie;
" But well was seene in her colour,
" That she had lived in languour,
" *Her seemed to have the jaundice,*
" Not halfe so pale was Avarice,
" Ne nothing like of leannesse,
" For *sorowe, thought, and great distress,*
" That she had suffred daie and night
" *Made her yellow*, and nothing bright!" Boswell.

[9] She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.] So, in Middleton's Witch, Act IV. Sc. III.:

" She does not love me now, but painefully
" Like one that's forc'd *to smile upon a grief*." Douce.

For the sake of those readers who may think that this exquisite passage stands in no need of explanation, I have saved them from the interruption which would have been occasioned by the long notes written upon it, and have thrown them to the end of the play. Boswell.

[1] I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;] This was the most artful answer that could be given. The question was of such a nature, that to have declined the appearance of a direct answer, must have raised suspicion. This has the appearance of a direct answer, *that the sister died of her love;* she (who passed for a man) saying, she was all the daughters of her father's house. Warburton.

Such another equivoque occurs in Lyly's Galathea, 1592: " — my father had but one daughter, and therefore I could have no sister." Steevens.

DUKE. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay[1].
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

OLIVIA'S Garden.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, and FABIAN.

SIR TO. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

FAB. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

SIR TO. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

FAB. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

SIR TO. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:—Shall we not, sir Andrew?

SIR AND. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

SIR TO. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my metal of India[2]?

[1] — bide no DENAY.] *Denay* is *denial*. To *denay* is an antiquated verb sometimes used by Holinshed. So, p. 620: "—the state of a cardinal which was naied and *denaied* him."

Again, in Warner's Albion's England, 1602, b. ii. ch. 10:

"—— thus did say
"The thing, friend Battus, you demand, not gladly I *denay*."

STEEVENS.

[2] — my METAL of India?] So, in Ram Alley, 1611:

"Come, wench of *gold*."

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder

So, also, in King Henry IV. Part I.: "Lads, boys, *hearts of gold*, &c.

Again, ibidem:

"—— and as bountiful
"As *mines* of *India*."

Again, in King Henry VIII.:

"To-day the French
"All clinquant, all *in gold*, like heathen gods,
"Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
"Made Britain *India;* every man that stood,
"Shew'd like *a mine*."

So Lyly, in his Euphues and his England, 1580: "I saw that *India* bringeth *gold*, but England bringeth goodness."

Again, in Wily Beguil'd, 1606: "Come, my *heart of gold*, let's have a dance at the making up of this match."—The person there addressed, as in Twelfth-Night, is a woman. The old copy has *mettle*. The two words are very frequently confounded in the early editions of our author's plays. The editor of the second folio arbitrarily changed the word to *nettle;* which all the subsequent editors have adopted. Malone.

"—my nettle of India?" The poet must here mean a zoophite, called the Urtica Marina, abounding in the Indian seas.

"Quæ tacta totius corporis pruritum quendam excitat, unde nomen *urticæ* est sortita."

Wolfgangi Franzii Hist. Animal, 1665, p. 620.

"*Urticæ marinæ* omnes pruritum quendam movent, et acrimonia suâ *venerem* extinctam et sopitam excitant."

Johnstoni Hist. Nat. de Exang. Aquat. p. 56.

Perhaps the same plant is alluded to by Greene, in his Card of Fancy, 1608: "the *flower of India*, pleasant to be seen, but whoso smelleth to it, *feeleth present smart*." Again, in his Mamillia, 1593: "Consider, the *herb of India* is of pleasant smell, but whoso cometh to it, *feeleth present smart*." Again, in P. Holland's translation of the ninth book of Pliny's Natural History: "As for those *nettles*, there be of them that in the night raunge to and fro, and likewise change their colour. Leaves they carry of a fleshy substance, and of flesh they feed. Their qualities is to raise an itching smart." Maria had certainly excited a congenial sensation in Sir Toby. The folio, 1623, reads—"*mettle* of India," which may mean, my *girl of gold*, my *precious girl*. The change, however, which I have not disturbed, was made by the editor of the folio, 1632, who, in many instances, appears to have regulated

i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative ideot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter.*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling[3]. [*Exit* MARIA.

Enter MALVOLIO.

MAL. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

SIR TO. Here's an over-weening rogue!

FAB. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets[4] under his advanced plumes!

SIR AND. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

his text from more authentic copies of our author's plays than were in the possession of their first collective publishers. STEEVENS.

Nettle of India, which Steevens has ingeniously explained, certainly better corresponds with Sir Toby's description of Maria—"here comes the little villain." The *nettle of India* is the plant that produces what is called cow-itch, a substance only used for the purpose of tormenting, by its itching quality. M. MASON.

[3] — here comes the TROUT that must be caught with TICKLING.] Cogan, in his Haven of Health, 1595, will prove an able commentator on this passage: "This fish of nature loveth flatterie: for, being in the water, it will suffer it selfe to be rubbed and clawed, and so to be taken. Whose example I would wish no maides to follow, least they repent afterclaps." STEEVENS.

[4] — how he JETS—] To *jet* is to *strut*, to *agitate the body by a proud motion*. So, in Arden of Feversham, 1592:

"Is now become the steward of the house,
"And bravely *jets* it in a silken gown."

Again, in Bussy D'Ambois, 1607:

"To *jet* in others' plumes so haughtily." STEEVENS.

Sir To. Peace, I say.
Mal. To be count Malvolio;—
Sir To. Ah, rogue!
Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.
Sir To. Peace, peace!
Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the strachy[5] married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

[5] —the lady of the STRACHY—] We should read—*Trachy*, i. e. *Thrace*; for so the old English writers called it. Mandeville says: "As *Trachye* and Macedoigne, of the which Alisandre was kyng." It was common to use the article *the* before names of places; and this was no improper instance, where the scene was in Illyria. WARBURTON.

What we should read is hard to say. Here is an allusion to some old story which I have not yet discovered. JOHNSON.

Straccio (see Torriano's and Altieri's Dictionaries) signifies *clouts* and *tatters*; and Torriano, in his Grammar, at the end of his Dictionary, says that *straccio* was pronounced *stratchi*. So that it is probable that Shakspeare's meaning was this, that the lady of the queen's wardrobe had married a yeoman of the king's, who was vastly inferior to her. SMITH.

Such is Mr. Smith's note; but it does not appear that *strachy* was ever an English word, nor will the meaning given it by the Italians be of any use on the present occasion.

Perhaps a letter has been misplaced, and we ought to read—*starchy*; i. e. the room in which linen underwent the once most complicated operation of *starching*. I do not know that such a word exists; and yet it would not be unanalogically formed from the substantive *starch*. In Harsnet's Declaration, 1603, we meet with "a yeoman of the *sprucery*;" i. e. wardrobe; and in the Northumberland Household-Book, *nursery* is spelt *nurcy*. *Starchy*, therefore for *starchery*, may be admitted. In Romeo and Juliet, the place where *paste* was made is called the *pastry*. The *lady* who had the care of the linen may be significantly opposed to the *yeoman*, i. e. an inferior officer of the wardrobe. While the *five different coloured starches* were worn, such a term might have been current. In the year 1564, a Dutch woman professed to teach this art to our fair country-women. "Her usual price (says Stowe) was four or five pounds to teach them how to *starch*, and twenty shillings how to seeth *starch*." The alteration was suggested to me by a typographical error in The World toss'd at Tennis, no date, by Middleton and Rowley; where *straches* is printed for *starches*. I cannot fairly be accused of having dealt much in conjectural emendation, and therefore feel the less reluctance to hazard a guess on this desperate passage. STEEVENS.

The place in which candles were kept, was formerly called the

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel![x]

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him[6].

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state[7],—

chandry; and in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, a ginger-bread woman is called "lady of the basket."—The great objection to this emendation is, that from the *starchy* to the *wardrobe* is not what Shakspeare calls a very "heavy declension." In the old copy the word is printed in Italicks as the name of a place—*Strachy.*

The "yeoman of the wardrobe" is not an arbitrary term, but was the proper designation of the wardrobe-keeper, in Shakspeare's time. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Vestiario,* a wardrobe-keeper, or a *yeoman of a wardrobe.*"

The story which our poet had in view is perhaps alluded to by Lyly in Euphues and his England, 1580: "——assuring myself there was a certain season when women are to be won: in the which moments they have neither will to deny, nor wit to mistrust. Such a time I have read a young gentleman found to obtain the love of the Dutchess of Milaine: such a time I have heard that a poor *yeoman* chose, to get the fairest lady in Mantua."

Malone.

"The dutchesse of Malphey chose for her husband her servant Ulrico." *Greene's Card of Fancie,* 1593, sig. L. Boswell.

The Governors employ'd by the Greek Emperors in Sicily and Italy from the sixth to the tenth century, were called ΣΤΡΑΤΗΓΟΙ, *Generals* or *prætors,* corrupted by the Italians, partly through their own, and partly through the Byzantine pronunciation to *stratici,* pronounced *stratichi;* which continued to be a title of magistracy in many states long afterwards; and this word *strachy,* which has so puzzled all the commentators, is only a further corruption of it acquired in its passage through successive French and English translations of some old Italian novel, in which the widow of one of those magistrates had married an inferior officer of her household. See Giannone Hist. di Napoli, l. xi. c. vi.

R. P. Knight.

[6] —blows him.] i. e. puffs him up. So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

"—— on her breast
"There is a vent of blood, and something *blown.*"

Steevens.

[7] —my state,—] A *state,* in ancient language, signifies a chair with a canopy over it. So, in King Henry IV. Part I.:

"This chair shall be my *state.*" Steevens.

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow [8], to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed [9], where I left Olivia sleeping:

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby:

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch [1], or play with my

[8] — stone-bow,] That is, a cross-bow, a bow which shoots stones. JOHNSON.

This instrument is mentioned again in Marston's Dutch Courtesan, 1605: "whoever will hit the mark of profit, must, like those who shoot in *stone-bows*, wink with one eye." Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's King and no King:

"—— children will shortly take him
"For a wall, and set their *stone-bows* in his forehead."
STEEVENS.

[9] — come from a DAY-BED,] i. e. a couch. Spenser, in the first canto of the third book of his Fairy Queen, has dropped a stroke of satire on this lazy fashion:

"So was that chamber clad in goodly wize,
"And round about it many *beds* were dight,
"As whilome was the antique worldes guize,
"Some for *untimely ease*, some for delight." STEEVENS.

Estifania, in Rule a Wife and Have a Wife, Act I. says, in answer to Perez:

"This place will fit our talk; 'tis fitter far, sir;
"Above there are *day-beds*, and such temptations
"I dare not trust, sir." REED.

[1] — wind up my WATCH,] In our author's time watches were very uncommon. When Guy Faux was taken, it was urged as a circumstance of suspicion that a watch was found upon him. JOHNSON.

some rich jewel [2]. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me [3]:

Again, in an ancient MS. play, entitled The Second Maiden's Tragedy, written between the years 1610 and 1611:

"Like one that has a *watche* of curious making;
"Thinking to be more cunning than the workman,
"Never gives over tamp'ring with the wheels,
"'Till either spring be weaken'd, balance bow'd,
"Or some wrong pin put in, and so spoils all."

In the Antipodes, a comedy, 1638, are the following passages;

"—— your project against
"The multiplicity of pocket-*watches*."

Again:

"—— when every puny clerk can carry
"The time o' th' day in his breeches."

Again, in The Alchemist:

"And I had lent my *watch* last night to one
"That dines to-day at the sheriff's." STEEVENS.

Pocket-watches were brought from Germany into England, about the year 1580. MALONE.

[2] — or play with MY some rich jewel.] Thus the old copy. The modern editors omit *my*. MALONE.

"Or play with *my* some rich jewel." MALONE.

The reading of the old copy, however quaint and affected, may signify—"and play with some rich jewel of *my own*," some ornament appended to *my* person." He is entertaining himself with ideas of future magnificence. STEEVENS.

[3] — COURT'SIES there to me:] From this passage one might suspect that the manner of paying respect, which is now confined to females, was equally used by the other sex. It is probable, however, that the word *court'sy* was employed to express acts of civility and reverence by either men or women indiscriminately. In an extract from the Black Book of Warwick, Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica, p. 4, it is said, "The pulpett being sett at the nether end of the Earle of Warwick's tombe in the said quier, the table was placed where the altar had bene. At the coming into the quier my lord made *lowe curtesie* to the French king's armes." Again, in the Book of Kervynge and Sewynge, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, sign. A. IIII.: "And whan your Soverayne is set, loke your towell be about your necke, then *make your soverayne curtesy*, then uncover your brede and set it by the salte, and laye your napkyn, knyfe, and spone afore hym, then kneel on your knee," &c. These directions are to male servants. Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in his Life, speaking of dancing, recommends that accomplishment to youth, "that he may know how to come in and go out of a room where

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars [4], yet peace.

company is, how to make *courtesies* handsomely, according to the several degrees of persons he shall encounter." Reed.

[4] Though our silence be drawn from us with cars,] i. e. though it is the greatest pain to us to keep silence. Warburton.

I believe the true reading is: "Though our silence be drawn from us with *carts*, yet peace." In The Two Gentlemen of Verona, one of the Clowns says: "I have a mistress, but who that is, *a team of horses* shall not *pluck from me*." So, in this play: "Oxen and wainropes will not bring them together."

Johnson.

The old reading is *cars*, as I have printed it. It is well known that *cars* and *carts* have the same meaning.

A somewhat similar passage occurs in the old play of King Leir, 1605: "—— ten *teame of horses* shall not *draw me* away, till I have full and whole possession."

"*King.* I, but one teame and a *cart* will serve the turne."

Steevens.

If I were to suggest a word in the place of *cars*, which I think is a corruption, it should be *cables*. It may be worth remarking, perhaps, that the leading ideas of Malvolio, in his *humour of state*, bear a strong resemblance to those of Alnaschar, in The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Some of the expressions too are very similar. Tyrwhitt.

Many Arabian fictions had found their way into obscure Latin and French books, and from thence into English ones, long before any professed version of The Arabian Nights' Entertainments had appeared. I meet with a story similar to that of Alnaschar, in The Dialoges of Creatures Moralysed, bl. l. no date, but probably printed abroad: "It is but foly to hope to moche of vanyteys. Whereof it is tolde in fablys that a lady uppon a tyme delyuered to her mayden a galon of mylke to sell at a cite. And by the waye as she sate and restid her by a dyche side, she began to thinke y^t^ with ye money of the mylke she wolde bye an henne, the which shulde bring forth chekyns, and whan they were growyn to hennys she wolde sell them and by piggis, and eschaunge them into shepe, and the shepe into oxen; and so whan she was come to richesse she sholde be maried right worshipfully vnto some worthy man, and thus she reioycid. And whan she was thus meruelously comfortid, & rauished inwardely in her secrete solace thinkynge with howe great ioye she shuld be ledde towarde the churche with her husbond on horsebacke, she sayde to her self: Goo wee, goo wee. Sodaynelye she smote the grounde with her fote, myndynge to spurre the horse; but her

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control:

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech:*—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir Andrew:

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here[5]?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's;* and thus makes she her great *P's*[6]. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

fote slypped and she fell in the dyche, and there laye all her mylke; and so she was farre from her purpose, and neuer had that she hopid to haue." *Dial.* 100, LL. ii. b. Steevens.

5 What employment have we here?] A phrase of that time, equivalent to our common speech—"What's to do here?" Warburton.

6 — her great *P's.*] In the direction of the letter which Malvolio reads, there is neither a C, nor a P, to be found. Steevens.

I am afraid some very coarse and vulgar appellations are meant to be alluded to by these capital letters. Blackstone.

Sir And. Her *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's*: Why that?

Mal. [*reads*] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:* her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft[7]!—and the impressure her Lucrece,

This was perhaps an oversight in Shakspeare; or rather, for the sake of the allusion hinted at in the preceding note, he chose not to attend to the words of the direction. It is remarkable, that in the repetition of the passages in letters, which have been produced in a former part of a play, he very often makes his characters deviate from the words before used, though they have the paper itself in their hands, and though they appear to recite, not the substance, but the very words. So, in All's Well That Ends Well, Act V. Helen says:

"—— here's your letter; This it says:
"*When from my finger you can get this ring,*
"*And are by me with child;*"—

yet in Act III. Sc. II. she reads this very letter aloud; and there the words are different, and in plain prose: "When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and shew me a child begotten of thy body," &c. Had she spoken in either case from memory, the deviation might easily be accounted for; but in both these places, she reads the words from Bertram's letter. Malone.

From the usual custom of Shakspeare's age, we may easily suppose the whole direction to have run thus: "*T*o the *U*nknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes, with *C*are *P*resent." Ritson.

7 —By your leave, wax.—Soft!] It was the custom in our poet's time to seal letters with soft wax, which retained its softness for a good while. The wax used at present would have been hardened long before Malvolio picked up this letter. See Your Five Gallants, a comedy, by Middleton: "Fetch a pennyworth of *soft wax* to seal letters." So, Falstaff, in K. Henry IV. Part II.: "I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him." Malone.

I do not suppose that—*Soft!* has any reference to the wax; but is merely an exclamation equivalent to *Softly!* i. e. be not in too much haste. Thus, in The Merchant of Venice, Act IV. Sc. I.: "*Soft!* no haste." Again, in Troilus and Cressida: "Farewell. Yet *soft!*"

I may also observe, that though it was anciently the custom (as it still is) to seal certain legal instruments with soft and pliable wax, familiar letters (of which I have seen specimens from the time of K. Henry VI. to K. James I.) were secured with wax as glossy and firm as that employed in the present year. Steevens.

with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads*] *Jove knows, I love:*
But who?
Lips do not move,
No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows? the numbers altered!—*No man must know:*—If this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock [8]!

Mal. I may command, where I adore:
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;
M, O, A, I, *doth sway my life.*

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. M, O, A, I, *doth sway my life* [9].—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyel [1] checks at it!

[8] — brock!] i. e. badger. He uses the word as a term of contempt, as if he had said, *hang thee*, cur! *Out* filth! to stink like a *brock* being proverbial. Ritson.

"Marry, hang thee, *brock!*" i. e. Marry, hang thee, thou *vain, conceited coxcomb*, thou over-weening rogue!

Brock, which properly signifies a badger, was used in this sense in Shakspeare's time. So, in The Merrie Conceited Jests of George Peele, 4to. 1657: "This *self-conceited brock* had George invited," &c. Malone.

[9] — *doth sway my life.*] This phrase is seriously employed in As You Like It, Act III. Sc. II.:

"Thy huntress name, that *my* full *life doth sway.*"

Steevens.

[1] — stannyel —] The name of a kind of hawk is very judiciously put here for a *stallion*, by Sir Thomas Hanmer.

Johnson.

Here is one of at least a hundred instances of the transcriber of

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, she may command me; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity[2]. There is no obstruction in this;—And the end,—What should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—*M, O, A, I.*—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter[3] will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox[4].

these plays being deceived by his ear. The eye never could have confounded *stannyel* and *stallion*. Malone.

To *check*, says Latham, in his book of Falconry, is, "when crows, rooks, pies, or other birds, coming in view of the hawk, she forsaketh her natural flight, to fly at them." The *stannyel* is the common stone-hawk, which inhabits old buildings and rocks; in the north called *stanchil*. I have this information from Mr. Lambe's notes on the ancient metrical history of the battle of Floddon. Steevens.

[2] — formal capacity.] i. e. any one in his senses, any one whose *capacity* is not dis-arranged, or out of *form*. So, in The Comedy of Errors:

"Make of him a *formal* man again."

Again, in Measure for Measure:

"These *informal* women." Steevens.

[3] Sowter —] *Sowter* is here, I suppose, the name of a hound. *Sowterly*, however, is often employed as a term of abuse. So, in Like Will to Like, &c. 1587:

"You *sowterly* knaves, show you all your manners at once?"

A *sowter* was a *cobler*. So, in Greene's Card of Fancy, 1608; "If Apelles, that cunning painter, suffer the greasy *sowter* to take a view of his curious work," &c. Steevens.

I believe the meaning is—"This fellow will, notwithstanding, catch at and be duped by our device, though the cheat is so *gross* that any one else would find it out." Our author, as usual, forgets to make his simile answer on both sides; for it is not to be wondered at that a hound should cry or give his tongue, if the scent be as rank as a fox. Malone.

[4] — as rank as a fox.] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads,—"*not* as rank." The other editions, "*though it be* as rank," &c.

Johnson.

MAL. *M*,—Malvolio;—*M*,—why, that begins my name.

FAB. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

MAL. *M*.—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

FAB. And *O* shall end, I hope [5].

SIR TO. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

MAL. And then *I* comes behind;

FAB. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

MAL. *M*, *O*, *A*, *I*;—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft; here follows prose.—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great* [6], *some achieve greatness* [7], *and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble*

[5] And *O* shall end, I hope.] By *O* is here meant what we now call a *hempen collar*. JOHNSON.

I believe he means only, "it shall end in sighing," in disappointment. So, in Romeo and Juliet:

"Why should you fall into so deep an *O*?"

Again, in Decker's Honest Whore, second part, 1630: "—the brick house of castigation, the school where they pronounce no letter well but *O!*" Again, in Hymen's Triumph, by Daniel, 1623:

"Like to an *O*, the character of woe." STEEVENS.

[6] —*are* BORN *great*,] The old copy reads—"are *become* great." The alteration by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

It is justified by a subsequent passage in which the clown recites from memory the words of this letter. MALONE.

[7] Some ACHIEVE greatness,] So in Fletcher's Night Walker:

"Although I am no gentlewoman born,
"I hope I may *atchieve* it by my carriage." BOSWELL.

slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite[8] *with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings*[9]*; and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered*[1]*: I say,*

[8] *Be* OPPOSITE —] That is, be *adverse, hostile.* An *opposite,* in the language of our author's age, meant an *adversary.* See a note on K. Richard III. Act V. Sc. IV. To be *opposite with* was the phraseology of the time. So, in Sir T. Overbury's Character of a Precisian, 1616: "He will be sure to be in opposition *with* the papist," &c. MALONE.

[9] — *yellow stockings;*] Before the civil wars, yellow-stockings were much worn. So, in D'Avenant's play, called The Wits, Act IV. p. 208. Works, fol. 1673:

"You said, my girl, Mary Queasie by name, did find your uncle's *yellow stockings* in a porringer; nay, and you said she stole them." PERCY.

So, Middleton and Rowley in their masque entitled The World Toss'd at Tennis, no date, where the five different-coloured starches are introduced as striving for superiority, *Yellow starch* says to white:

"—— since she cannot
"Wear her own linen *yellow*, yet she shows
"Her love to't, and makes him wear *yellow hose.*"

Again, in Decker's Match Me in London, 1631:

"—— because you wear
"A kind of *yellow stocking.*"

Again, in his Honest Whore, second part, 1630: "What *stockings* have you put on this morning, madam? if they be not *yellow*, change them." The yeomen attending the Earl of Arundel, Lord Windsor, and Mr. Fulke Greville, who assisted at an entertainment performed before Queen Elizabeth, on the Monday and Tuesday in Whitsun-week, 1581, were dressed in *yellow worsted stockings.* The book from which I gather this information was published by Henry Goldwell, gent. in the same year. STEEVENS.

[1] — *cross-gartered:*] So, in The Lover's Melancholy, 1629:

"As rare an old youth as ever walk'd *cross-gartered.*"

Again, in A Woman's a Weathercock, 1612:

"Yet let me say and swear, in a *cross-garter,*
"Pauls never shew'd to eyes a lovelier quarter."

Very rich garters were anciently worn below the knee. So, in Warner's Albion's England, b. ix. ch. 47:

"*Garters* of listes; but now of *silk*, some edged deep with gold."

It appears, however, that the ancient Puritans affected this fashion. Thus, Barton Holyday, speaking of the ill success of his ΤΕΧΝΟΓΑΜΙΑ, says:

remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

The fortunate-unhappy.

Day-light and champian discovers not more[1]: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice, the very man[2]. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered;

" Had there appear'd some sharp *cross-garter'd* man
" Whom their loud laugh might nick-name *Puritan;*
" Cas'd up in factious breeches, and small ruffe;
" That hates the surplice, and defies the cuffe.
" Then," &c.

In a former scene Malvolio was said to be an affecter of puritanism. STEEVENS.

[1] *The fortunate-unhappy.*

Day-light and champian discovers not more:] We should read—" The fortunate, *and* happy."—" Day-light and champian discovers not more:" i. e. 'broad day and an open country cannot make things plainer. WARBURTON.

The folio, which is the only ancient copy of this play, reads, " The fortunate-unhappy," and so I have printed it. " The fortunate-unhappy" is the subscription of the letter. STEEVENS.

[2] — I will be POINT-DE-VICE, the very man.] This phrase is of French extraction—*a points-devisez.* Chaucer uses it in the Romaunt of the Rose:

" Her nose was wrought at *point-device.*"

i. e. with the utmost possible *exactness.*

Again, in K. Edward I. 1599:

" That we may have our garments *point-device.*"

Kastril, in The Alchemist, calls his sister *Punk-device:* and again, in The Tale of a Tub, Act III. Sc. VII.:

" —— and if the dapper priest
" Be but as cunning *point* in his *devise,*
" As I was in my lie." STEEVENS.

and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.* Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy [3].

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device:

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip [4], and become thy bond-slave?

[3] — a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.] Alluding, as Dr. Farmer observes, to Sir Robert Shirley, who was just returned in the character of "embassador from the Sophy." He boasted of the great rewards he had received, and lived in London with the utmost splendor. Steevens.

See further on this subject in an Attempt to Ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays, vol. ii. Malone.

[4] — tray-trip.] *Tray-trip* is mentioned in Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady, 1616:

"Reproving him at *tray-trip*, sir, for swearing."

Again, in Glapthorne's Wit in a Constable, 1640: "—— mean time, you may play at *tray-trip* or cockall, for black-puddings."

"My watch are above, at *trea-trip*, for a black-pudding," &c.

Sir And. I'faith, or I either.

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ [5] with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests [6]; and he will smile upon her, which will now

Again:

" With lanthorn on stall, at *trea-trip* we play,
" For ale, cheese, and pudding, till it be day," &c.

STEEVENS.

The following passage might incline one to believe that *tray-trip* was the name of some game at *tables*, or *draughts*: "There is great danger of being taken sleepers at *tray-trip*, if the *king* sweep suddenly." Cecil's Correspondence, Lett. x. p. 136. Ben Jonson joins *tray-trip* with *mum-chance*. Alchemist, Act V. Sc. IV.:

" Nor play with costar-mongers at *mum-chance, tray-trip*."

TYRWHITT.

The truth of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture will be established by the following extract from Machiavel's Dogge, a satire, 4to. 1617:

" But leaving cardes, lett's goe to dice awhile,
" To passage, *treitippe*, hazarde, or mum-chance,
" But subtill males will simple minds beguile,
" And blinde their eyes with many a blinking glaunce:
" Oh, cogges and stoppes, and such like devilish trickes,
" Full many a purse of golde and silver pickes.
" And therefore first, for hazard hee that list,
" And passeth not, puts many to a blancke:
" And *trippe without a treye* makes had I wist
" To sitt and mourne among the sleeper's ranke:
" And for mumchance, how ere the chance doe fall,
" You must be mum, for fear of marring all." REED.

5 — aqua-vitæ —] Is the old name of *strong waters*.

JOHNSON.

6 — CROSS-GARTERED, a fashion she detests;] Sir Thomas Overbury, in his character of a *footman* without *gards* on his coat, presents him as more upright than any *crosse-gartered* gentleman-usher. FARMER.

be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter Viola, and Clown with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy musick: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church [7].

[7] — by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.] The Clown, I suppose, wilfully mistakes Viola's meaning, and answers, as if he had been asked whether he lived by the "sign of the tabor," the ancient designation of a music shop. Steevens.

It was likewise the sign of an eating-house kept by Tarleton, the celebrated clown or fool of the theatre before our author's time, who is exhibited in a print prefixed to his Jests, quarto, 1611, with a *tabor*. Perhaps in imitation of him the subsequent stage-clowns usually appeared with one. Malone.

This instrument is found in the hands of fools long before the time of Shakspeare. With respect to *the sign of the tabor* mentioned in the notes, it might, as stated, have been *the designation of a musick shop*; but that it was *the sign of an eating-house kept by Tarleton* is a mistake into which a learned commentator has been inadvertently betrayed. It appears from Tarleton's Jests, 1611, 4to. that he kept a tavern in Gracious [Gracechurch] street, at the sign of the Saba. This is the person who in our *modern* bibles is called the *queen of Sheba*, and the sign has been corrupted into that of the *bell-savage*, as may be gathered from the inedited metrical romance of Alexander, supposed to have been written at the beginning of the fourteenth

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar[8], if a beggar dwell near him: or, the church stands by the tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove[9] to a good wit; How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

century by Adam Davie, who, in describing the countries visited by his hero, mentions that of Macropy (the Macropii of Pliny), and adds,

" In heore lond is a cité
" On of the noblest in Christianté;
" Hit hotith *Sabba* in langage.
" Thennes cam *Sibely savage*,
" Of al theo world theo fairest quene,
" To Jerusalem, Salamon to seone
" For hire fairhed, and for hire love,
" Salamon forsok his God above." Douce.

The corruption which is mentioned by Mr. Douce is as old as Tarleton's time, as appears from the following entry in the books of the Stationers' Company: " A sorrowfull newe sonnette intitled Tarlton's Recantation, upon this theame given him by a gent at the *Bel Savage* without Ludgate (now or else never), beinge the laste theme he songe," &c. I need scarcely inform the reader, that the romance of Alexander, since Mr. Douce's note was written, has been reprinted in Mr. Weber's Collection. Boswell.

[8] —the king LIES by a beggar,] *Lies* here, as in many other places in old books, signifies—*dwells*, *sojourns*. See King Henry IV. Part II. Act III. Sc. II. Malone.

[9] —a CHEVERIL glove —] i. e. a glove made of *kid* leather: *chevreau*, Fr. So, in Romeo and Juliet: "—a wit of *cheveril*—." Again, in a proverb in Ray's Collection: " He hath a conscience like a *cheverel's* skin." Steevens.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir[1]?

[1] — have BRED, sir?] I believe our author wrote—"have *breed*, sir." The Clown is not speaking of what a pair *might have*

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus [2] of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar [3]. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard [4], check at every feather

done, had they been kept together, but what they *may* do hereafter in his possession; and therefore covertly solicits another piece from Viola, on the suggestion that *one* was useless to him, without another to *breed out of*. Viola's answer corresponds with this train of argument: she does not say—"if they *had been* kept together," &c. but, "being kept together," i. e. Yes, they *will* breed, if you keep them together. Our poet has the same image in his Venus and Adonis:

"*Foul cank'ring rust the hidden treasure frets,*
"But gold, that's put to use, more gold begets." Malone.

[2] —lord Pandarus —] See our author's play of Troilus and Cressida. Johnson.

[3] —Cressida was a beggar.]

"—— great penurye
"Thou suffer shalt, and as a *beggar* dye."
Chaucer's Testament of Creseyde.

Cressida is the person spoken of. Malone.

Again, ibid.:

"Thus shalt thou go *begging* from hous to hous,
"With cuppe and clappir, like a Lazarous." Theobald.

[4] —the haggard,] The hawk called the *haggard*, if not well trained and watched, will fly after every bird without distinction. Steevens.

The meaning may be, that he must catch every opportunity, as the wild hawk strikes every bird. But perhaps it might be read more properly:

That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men, folly-fallen [5], quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.
Vio. And you, sir.
Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.
Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.
Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours [6].

" *Not* like the haggard."

He must choose persons and times, and observe tempers; he must fly at proper game, like the trained hawk, and not fly at large like the unreclaimed *haggard*, to seize all that comes in his way. JOHNSON.

[5] But wise men, folly-FALLEN,] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *folly shewn*. JOHNSON.

The first folio reads, " But wise men's folly falne, quite *taint* their wit." From whence I should conjecture, that Shakspeare possibly wrote:

" But *wise men*, *folly-fallen*, quite taint their wit."

i. e. wise men fallen into folly. TYRWHITT.

The sense is: " But wise men's folly, when it is once fallen into extravagance, overpowers their discretion. HEATH.

I explain it thus: " The folly which he shews with proper adaptation to persons and times, *is fit*, has its propriety, and therefore produces no censure; but the folly of wise men, when it *falls* or *happens*, taints their wit, destroys the reputation of their judgment. JOHNSON.

I have adopted Mr. Tyrwhitt's judicious emendation. STEEVENS.

[6] *Sir To.* Save you, gentleman.
Vio. And you, sir.
Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.
Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.
Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.] Thus the old copy. STEEVENS.

I have ventured to make the two knights change speeches in this dialogue with Viola; and, I think, not without good reason. It were a preposterous forgetfulness in the poet, and out of all

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her [7].

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list [8] of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir [9], put them to motion.

probability, to make Sir Andrew not only speak French, but understand what is said to him in it, who in the first Act did not know the English of *pourquoi*. Theobald.

Mr. Theobald thinks it absurd that Sir Andrew, who did not know the meaning of *pourquoi* in the first Act, should here speak and understand French; and therefore has given three of Sir Andrew's speeches to Sir Toby, and *vice versâ*, in which he has been copied by the subsequent editors, as it seems to me, without necessity. The words,—"Save you, gentleman,—" which he has taken from Sir Toby, and given to Sir Andrew, are again used by Sir Toby in a subsequent scene; a circumstance which renders it the more probable that they were intended to be attributed to him here also.

With respect to the improbability that Sir Andrew should understand French here, after having betrayed his ignorance of that language in a former scene, it appears from a subsequent passage that he was a picker up of phrases, and might have learned by rote from Sir Toby the few French words here spoken. If we are to believe Sir Toby, Sir Andrew "could speak three or four languages word for word without book." Malone.

7 If your TRADE be to her.] *Trade* was anciently used in a general sense to express business or employment of any kind. So, in Hamlet, vol. vii. p. 368: "Have you any further *trade* with us?" See note on that passage. Boswell.

8 — the list —] Is the *bound, limit, farthest point*. Johnson.

9 TASTE your legs, sir, &c.] Perhaps this expression was employed to ridicule the fantastic use of a verb, which is many times as quaintly introduced in the old pieces, as in this play, and in The True Tragedies of Marius and Scilla, 1594:

"A climbing tow'r that did not *taste* the wind."

Again, in Chapman's version of the 21st Odyssey:

"—— he now began

"To *taste* the bow, the sharp shaft took, tugg'd hàrd."

In the Frogs of Aristophanes, however, a similar expression occurs, v. 462: "ΓΕΥΣΑΙ τῆς θύρας;" i. e. *taste* the door, knock gently at it. Steevens.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I undertand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented [1].

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! *Rain odours!* well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear [2].

Sir And. *Odours, pregnant,* and *vouchsafed:*— I'll get 'em all three all ready [3].

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*

Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Brunck terms it, *elegans locutio*: and quotes Plautus as using *gustare* in the sense of *experiri, periculum facere.* Mostell, v. i. 15:

Herus meus hic quidem est *gustare* ejus sermonem volo.

Boswell.

[1] — prevented.] i. e. our purpose is anticipated. So, in the 119th Psalm:

"Mine eyes *prevent* the night-watches." Steevens.

[2] — most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.] *Pregnant,* for *ready;* as in Measure for Measure, vol. ix. p. 8. Steevens.

Vouchsafed, for *vouchsafing.* Malone.

[3] — all three ready.] The old copy has—"all three *already.*" Mr. Malone reads—"all three *all* ready." Steevens.

The editor of the third folio reformed the passage by reading only—*ready.* But omissions ought always to be avoided if possible. The repetition of the word *all* is not improper in the mouth of Sir Andrew. Malone.

Præferatur lectio brevior, is a well known rule of criticism; and in the present instance I most willingly follow it, omitting the useless repetition—*all.* Steevens.

Oli. What is your name?
Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.
Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.
Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.
Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!
Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—
Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than musick from the spheres.
Vio. Dear lady,——
Oli. Give me leave, 'beseech you[3]: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here[4],

[3] — I beseech you:] The first folio reads—" 'beseech you." STEEVENS.

This ellipsis occurs so frequently in our author's plays, that I do not suspect any omission here. The editor of the third folio reads—" *I* beseech you;" which supplies the syllable wanting, but hurts the metre. MALONE.

I read with the third folio; not perceiving how the metre is injured by the insertion of the vowel—*I*. STEEVENS.

[4] — you did HERE,] The old copy reads—*heare*. STEEVENS.

Nonsense. Read and point it thus:

" After the last enchantment you did *here*,"

i. e. after the enchantment your presence worked in my affections. WARBURTON.

The present reading is no more nonsense than the emendation. JOHNSON.

Warburton's amendment, the reading, " you did *here*," though it may not perhaps be absolutely necessary to make sense of the

A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving [5]

passage, is evidently right. Olivia could not speak of her sending him a ring, as a matter he did not know except by hearsay; for the ring was absolutely delivered to him. It would, besides, be impossible to know what Olivia meant by "the last enchantment," if she had not explained it herself by saying—"the last enchantment *you did here*." There is not, perhaps, a passage in Shakspeare, where so great an improvement of the sense is gained by changing a single letter. M. MASON.

The two words are very frequently confounded in the old editions of our author's plays, and the other books of that age. See the last line of King Richard III. quarto, 1613:

"That she may long live *heare*, God say amen."

Again, in The Tempest, folio, 1623, p. 3, l. x.:

"*Heare*, cease more questions."

Again, in Love's Labour's Lost, 1623, p. 139:

"Let us complain to them what fools were *heare*."

Again, in All's Well That Ends Well, 1623, p. 239:

"That hugs his kicksey-wicksey *heare* at home."

Again, in Peck's Desiderata Curiosa, vol. i. p. 205:

"—— to my utmost knowledge, *heare* is simple truth and verity."

I could add twenty other instances were they necessary. Throughout the first edition of our author's Rape of Lucrece, 1594, which was probably printed under his own inspection, the word we now spell *here*, is constantly written *heare*.

Let me add, that Viola had not simply *heard* that a ring had been sent (if even such an expression as—"After the last enchantment, you did *heare*," were admissible;) she had seen and *talked* with the bearer of *it*. MALONE.

[5] To one of your RECEIVING —] i. e. to one of your *ready apprehension*. She considers him as an arch page. WARBURTON. See p. 381, n. 8. STEEVENS.

Enough is shown; a cyprus [6], not a bosom,
Hides my heart: So let me hear you speak [7].

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise [8]; for 'tis a vulgar proof [9],
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf?

[*Clock strikes.*

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-hoe [1]:

[6] —a cyprus,] Is a transparent stuff. JOHNSON.

[7] Hides my heart: So let me HEAR you speak.] The word *hear* is used in this line like "tear, dear, swear," &c. as a dissyllable. The editor of the second folio, to supply what he imagined to be a defect in the metre, reads—"Hides my *poor* heart;" and all the subsequent editors have adopted his interpolation. MALONE.

I have retained the pathetic and necessary epithet *poor*. The line would be barbarously dissonant without it. STEEVENS.

See the Essay on Shakspeare's Versification. BOSWELL.

[8] —a grise;] Is a *step*, sometimes written *greese*, from *degres*, French. JOHNSON.

So, in Othello:

"Which, as a *grise* or step, may help these lovers."

STEEVENS.

[9] —'tis a VULGAR proof,] That is, it is a *common* proof. The experience of every day shows that, &c. MALONE.

[1] Then WESTWARD-HOE:] This is the name of a comedy by T. Decker, 1607. He was assisted in it by Webster, and it was acted with great success by *the children of Paul's*, on whom Shakspeare has bestowed such notice in Hamlet, that we may be sure they were rivals to the company patronized by himself.

STEEVENS.

Grace, and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
Oli. Stay:
I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.
Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.
Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.
Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am.
Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.
Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip[2]!
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre[3] all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought, is better.
Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has[4]; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone[5].

[2] O, what a deal of scorn looks BEAUTIFUL
In the contempt and ANGER of his lip!] So, in our author's Venus and Adonis:
"Which bred more *beauty* in his *angry* eyes." STEEVENS.

[3] — maugre —] i. e. in spite of. So, in David and Bethsabe, 1599:
"*Maugre* the sons of Ammon and of Syria." STEEVENS.

[4] And that no woman has;] And that *heart* and *bosom* I have never yielded to any woman. JOHNSON.

[5] — save I alone.] These three words Sir Thomas Hanmer gives to Olivia probably enough. JOHNSON.

And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my masters tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'st move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, and Fabian.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving man, than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while[6], old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brim-

[6] Did she see THEE the while,] *Thee* is wanting in the old copy. It was supplied by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

stone in your liver: You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was baulked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist[7], as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places;

[7] — as lief be a Brownist.] The *Brownists* were so called from Mr. Robert Browne, a noted separatist in Queen Elizabeth's reign. [See Strype's Annals of Queen Elizabeth, vol. iii. p. 15, 16, &c.] In his life of Whitgift, p. 323, he informs us, that Browne, in the year 1589, "went off from the separation, and came into the communion of the church."

This Browne was descended from an ancient and honourable family in Rutlandshire; his grandfather Francis had a charter granted him by K. Henry VIII. and confirmed by act of parliament; giving him leave "to put on his hat in the presence of the king, or his heirs, or any lord spiritual or temporal in the land, and not to put it off, but for his own ease and pleasure."

Neal's History of New-England, vol. i. p. 58. Grey.

This was not a very extraordinary privilege. In a Booke of Presidentes, printed by Richard Tottyl, 1569, fo. 120, we meet with this form: "A lycence for a man to keepe on his cappe."

Boswell.

The *Brownists* seem, in the time of our author, to have been the constant objects of popular satire. In the old comedy of Ram-Alley, 1611, is the following stroke at them:

"—— of a new sect, and the good professors will, like the *Brownist*, frequent gravel-pits shortly, for they use woods and obscure holes already."

Again, in Love and Honour, by Sir W. D'Avenant:

"Go kiss her:—by this hand, a *Brownist* is
"More amorous——." Steevens.

my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst [8] and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice [9], it

[8] — in a martial hand; be CURST —] *Martial hand*, seems to be a careless scrawl, such as shewed the writer to neglect ceremony. *Curst*, is *petulant, crabbed*. A curst cur, is a dog that with little provocation snarls and bites. JOHNSON.

[9] — taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou THOU'ST him some thrice,] There is no doubt, I think, but this passage is one of those in which our author intended to shew his respect for Sir Walter Raleigh, and a detestation of the virulence of his prosecutors. The words quoted, seem to me directly levelled at the Attorney-General Coke, who, in the trial of Sir Walter, attacked him with all the following indecent expressions:—"All that he did was by thy instigation, *thou* viper; for I *thou* thee, *thou* traytor!" (Here, by the way, are the poet's *three* thou's.) "You are an odious man."—"Is he base? I return it into thy throat, on his behalf."—"O damnable atheist."—"Thou art a monster; thou hast an English face, but a Spanish heart."—"Thou hast a Spanish heart, and thyself art a spider of hell."—"Go to, I will lay thee on thy back for the confident'st traytor that ever came at a bar," &c. Is not here all the licence of tongue, which the poet satirically prescribes to Sir Andrew's ink? And how mean an opinion Shakspeare had of these petulant invectives, is pretty evident from his close of this speech: "Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write it with a *goose-pen*, no matter."—A keener lash at the attorney for a fool, than all the contumelies the attorney threw at the prisoner, as a supposed traytor! THEOBALD.

The same expression occurs in Shirley's Opportunity, 1640:

"Does he *thou* me?
"How would he domineer, an he were duke!"

The resentment of our author, as Dr. Farmer observes to me, might likewise have been excited by the contemptuous manner in which Lord Coke has spoken of players, and the severity he was

shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*[1]: Go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and

always willing to exert against them. Thus, in his Speech and Charge at Norwich, with a Discoverie of the Abuses and Corruption of Officers. Nath. Butter, 4to. 1607: "Because I must hast unto an end, I will request that you will carefully put in execution the statute against *vagrants*; since the making whereof I have found fewer theeves, and the gaole lesse pestered than before.

"The abuse of *stage-players* wherewith I find the country much troubled, may easily be reformed; they having no commission to play in any place without leave: and therefore, if by your willingnesse they be not entertained, you may soone be rid of them."

Steevens.

Though I think it probable Lord Coke might have been in Shakspeare's mind when he wrote the above passage, yet it is by no means certain. It ought to be observed, that the conduct of that great lawyer, bad as it was on this occasion, received too much countenance from the practice of his predecessors, both at the bar and on the bench. The State Trials will shew, to the disgrace of the profession, that many other criminals were *thou'd* by their prosecutors and judges, besides Sir Walter Raleigh. In Knox's History of the Reformation, are eighteen articles exhibited against Master George Wischarde, 1546, every one of which begins—"*thou* false heretick," and sometimes with the addition of "thief, traitor, runagate," &c. Reed.

[1] —at the *cubiculo:*] I believe we should read—"at *thy* cubiculo." Malone.

wainropes cannot hale them together [2]. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite [3], the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes [4].

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps

[2] Oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together.] So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Loyal Subject: "A coach and four horses cannot draw me from it." Boswell.

[3] And his OPPOSITE,] *Opposite* in our author's time was used as a substantive, and synonymous to *adversary*. See before p. 425. Malone.

[4] Look, where the youngest WREN of NINE comes.] The women's parts were then acted by boys, sometimes so low in stature, that there was occasion to obviate the impropriety by such kind of oblique apologies. Warburton.

The *wren* generally lays nine or ten eggs at a time, and the last hatched of all birds are usually the smallest and weakest of the whole brood.

So, in A Dialogue of the Phœnix, &c. by R. Chester, 1601:

"The little *wren* that *many young ones* brings."

Again, in A Mery Play betwene Johan the Husband, Tyb his Wyfe, &c. fol. Rastel, 1533:

"Syr, that is the *lest* care I have *of nyne*."

The old copy, however, reads—"*wren* of *mine*." Steevens.

Again, in Sir Philip Sidney's Ourania, a poem, by N. Breton, 1606:

"The titmouse, and the *multiplying wren*."

The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

a school i' the church.—I have dogged him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies[5]: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him[6]; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, (though so much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,)
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove

5 He does smile his face into MORE LINES, than are in the NEW MAP, WITH THE AUGMENTATION OF THE INDIES:] A clear allusion to a Map engraved for Linschoten's Voyages, an English translation of which was published in 1598. This Map is *multilineal* in the extreme, and is the first in which the *Eastern Islands* are included. STEEVENS.

6 I know, my lady will STRIKE him;] We may suppose, that in an age when ladies struck their servants, the box on the ear which Queen Elizabeth is said to have given to the Earl of Essex, was not regarded as a transgression against the rules of common behaviour. STEEVENS.

Rough and unhospitable: My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

SEB. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but, thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks: Often good turns [6]
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth [7], as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town [8]?

[6] And thanks, and ever THANKS: Often good turns —] The old copy reads—

"And thankes: and euer oft good turnes—." STEEVENS.

The second line is too short by a whole foot. Then, who ever heard of this goodly double adverb, *ever-oft*, which seems to have as much propriety as *always-sometimes?* As I have restored the passage, it is very much in our author's manner and mode of expression. So, in Cymbeline:

"Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be *ever* to pay, and yet pay *still*."

Again, in All's Well That Ends Well:

"And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
"Which I will *over-pay*, and *pay again*
"When I have found it." THEOBALD.

I have changed the punctuation, Such liberties every editor has occasionally taken. Theobald has completed the line, as follows:

"And thanks and ever *thanks*, *and* oft good turns."

I read—*often* instead of *oft*, to complete the measure.

STEEVENS.

[7] But, were my WORTH,] *Worth*, in this place means *wealth* or *fortune*. So, in The Winter's Tale:

"—— and he boasts himself
"To have a *worthy* feeding."

Again, in Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels:

"Such as the satyrist paints truly forth,
"That only to his crimes owes all his *worth*."

M. MASON.

[8] — the RELIQUES of this town?] I suppose, Sebastian means, the *reliques of saints*, or the remains of ancient fabricks.

STEEVENS.

These words are explained by what follows:

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the Count his gallies [9],
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffick's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out:
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse;
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,

" Let us satisfy our eyes
" With the memorials, and the things of fame,
" That do renown this city." Malone.

9 —the Count his gallies,] I suspect our author wrote—*county's* gallies, i. e. the gallies of the county, or count; and that the transcriber's ear deceived him. However, as the present reading is conformable to the mistaken grammatical usage of the time, I have not disturbed the text. Malone.

With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

SEB. Why I your purse?

ANT. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

SEB. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for an hour.

ANT. To the Elephant.—

SEB. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

OLIVIA'S Garden.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

OLI. I have sent after him: He says, he'll come[1];
How shall I feast him? what bestow on him[2]?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.——
Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil[3],

[1] —He says, he'll come;] i. e. I suppose now, or admit now, he says, he'll come. WARBURTON.

[2] — what bestow ON him?] The old copy reads—"bestow *of* him," a vulgar corruption of—*on*. STEEVENS.

Of, is very commonly, in the North, still used for *on*. HENLEY.

[3] —sad, and CIVIL,] i. e. solemn and grave. So, in Romeo and Juliet:

" ——— Come civil night,
" Thou sober-suited matron, all in black." MALONE.

So, in As You Like It:

" Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
" That shall *civil* sayings show—."

See note on that passage, vol. vi. p. 424.

Again, in Decker's Villanies Discovered by Lanthorne and Candlelight, &c. 1616: " If before she ruffled in silkes, now is she

And suits well for a servant with my fortunes ;—
Where is Malvolio ?

Mar. He's coming, madam ; but in very strange manner. He is sure possess'd[4] madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter ? does he rave ?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile : your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come[5] ; for, sure the man is tainted in's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Enter Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio ?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles fantastically.*

Oli. Smil'st thou ?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady ? I could be sad : This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; But what of that, if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is : *Please one, and please all.*

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man ? what is the matter with thee ?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in

more *civilly* attired than a mid-wife." Again—"*civilly* suited, that they might carry about them some badge of a scholler." Again, in David Rowland's translation of Lazarillo de Tormes, 1586 : "—he throwing his cloake ouer his leaft shoulder very *civilly*," &c. Steevens.

4 But in strange manner. He is sure possess'd.] The old copy reads—

"But in *very* strange manner. He is sure possess'd, *madam*."

For the sake of metre, I have omitted the unnecessary words—*very* and *madam*. Steevens.

5 Were best have guard about you, if he come ;] The old copy, redundantly, and without addition to the sense, reads—

"Were best *to* have *some* guard," &c. Steevens.

I have printed this speech as prose, according to the old copy. Boswell.

my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet-heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft[6]?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; Nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. *Be not afraid of greatness*:—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. *Some are born great,*—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. *Some achieve greatness,*—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. *And some have greatness thrust upon them.*

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. *Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;*—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. *And wished to see thee cross-gartered.*

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. *Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;*—

Oli. Am I made?

[6] — kiss thy hand so OFT?] This fantastical custom is taken notice of by Barnaby Riche, in Faults and Nothing but Faults, 4to. 1606, p. 6: "— and these *Flowers of Courtesie*, as they are full of affectation, so are they no less formall in their speeches, full of fustian phrases, many times delivering such sentences, as do betray and lay open their masters' ignorance: and they are so frequent *with the kisse on the hand*, that word shall not passe their mouthes, till they have clapt their fingers over their lippes." REED.

Mal. *If not, let me see thee a servant still.*
Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness [7].

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter; she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough,* says she;—*be opposite with a kinsman* [8], *surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang* [9] *with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;*——and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her [1]; but it is Jove's doing,

7 — midsummer madness.] Hot weather often hurts the brain, which is, I suppose, alluded to here. Johnson.

"'Tis midsummer moon with you," is a proverb in Ray's Collection; signifying, you are mad. Steevens.

8 — *be* opposite *with a kinsman,*] *Opposite*, here, as in many other places, means—*adverse, hostile.* Malone.

So, in King Lear:

"Thou wast not bound to answer
"An unknown *opposite*." Steevens.

9 — *let thy tongue* tang, &c.] Here the old copy reads—*langer;* but it should be—*tang,* as I have corrected it from the letter which Malvolio reads in a former scene. Steevens.

The second folio reads—*tang.* Tyrwhitt.

1 I have limed her;] I have entangled or caught her, as a bird is caught with *birdlime.* Johnson.

and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be looked to:* Fellow[2]! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, *with Sir* TOBY BELCH, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is:—How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind[3].

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow

[2] Fellow!] This word, which originally signified *companion*, was not yet totally degraded to its present meaning; and Malvolio takes it in the favourable sense. JOHNSON.

[3] — enemy to mankind.] So, in Macbeth:

" —— mine eternal jewel,

" Given to the common *enemy of man*," &c. STEEVENS.

morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: Do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness: gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me[4]. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit[5] with Satan: Hang him, foul collier[6]!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shal-

[4] Ay, Biddy, come with me.] *Come, Bid, come,* are words of endearment used by children to chickens and other domestick fowl. An anonymous writer, with little probability, supposes the words in the text to be a quotation from some old song. Malone.

[5] — cherry-pit —] *Cherry-pit* is pitching cherry-stones into a little hole. Nash, speaking of the paint on ladies' faces, says: "You may play at *cherry-pit* in their cheeks." So, in a comedy called the Isle of Gulls, 1606: "— if she were here, I would have a bout at cobnut or *cherry-pit*." Again, in The Witch of Edmonton: "I have lov'd a witch ever since I play'd at *cherry-pit*." Steevens.

[6] Hang him, foul collier!] *Collier* was, in our author's time, a term of the highest reproach. So great were the impositions practised by the venders of coals, that R. Greene, at the conclusion of his Notable Discovery of Cozenage, 1592, has published what he calls, A Pleasant Discovery of the Cosenage of Colliers. Steevens.

The devil is called *Collier* for his blackness: "Like Will to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier." Johnson.

low things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen [6]. But see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Fab. More matter for a May morning [7].

[6] —a finder of madmen.] This is, I think, an allusion to the *witch-finders*, who were very busy. Johnson.

If there be any doubt whether a culprit is become *non compos mentis*, after indictment, conviction, or judgment, the matter is tried by a jury; and if he be *found* either an ideot or *lunatick*, the lenity of the English law will not permit him, in the first case, to be tried, in the second, to receive judgment, or in the third, to be executed. In other cases also inquests are held for the *finding of madmen*. Malone.

Finders of madmen must have been those who acted under the writ 'De lunatico inquirendo;' in virtue whereof they *found* the man *mad*. It does not appear that a *finder of madmen* was ever a profession, which was most certainly the case with *witch-finders*. Ritson.

[7] More matter for a May morning.] It was usual on the first of *May* to exhibit metrical interludes of the comic kind, as well as the *morris-dance*, of which a plate is given at the end of The First Part of King Henry IV, with Mr. Tollet's observations on it. Steevens.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so sawcy?

Sir And. Ay, is it, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads.*] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,——

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine[8]*; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself.*

[8] *He may have mercy upon* MINE;] We may read—"He may have mercy upon *thine*, but my hope is better." Yet the passage may well enough stand without alteration.

It were much to be wished that Shakspeare, in this, and some other passages, had not ventured so near profaneness. JOHNSON.

The present reading is more humorous than that suggested by Johnson. The man on whose soul he hopes that God will have mercy, is the one that he supposes will fall in the combat: but Sir Andrew hopes to escape unhurt, and to have no present occasion for that blessing.

The same idea occurs in Henry V. where Mrs. Quickly, giving an account of poor Falstaff's dissolution, says: "Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet." M. MASON.

Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy.
ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

SIR TO. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

MAR. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

SIR TO. Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible[9]; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

SIR AND. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

SIR TO. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it,) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.

FAB. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

9 — swear HORRIBLE:] Adjectives are often used by our author and his contemporaries, adverbially. See vol. x. p. 438. MALONE.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out [1]:
There's something in me, that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me [2], tis my picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny;
That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;
A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Sir Toby Belch, and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee

[1] — too unchary OUT:] The old copy reads—*on't*. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

[2] — wear this JEWEL for me,] *Jewel* does not properly signify a single *gem*, but any precious ornament or superfluity. JOHNSON.

So, in Markham's Arcadia, 1607: "She gave him a very fine *jewel*, wherein was set a most rich diamond." See also Mr. T. Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. i. p. 121. STEEVENS.

to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter[3], full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

VIO. You mistake, sir; I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

SIR TO. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

VIO. I pray you, sir, what is he?

SIR TO. He is knight, dubbed with unhatch'd rapier, and on carpet consideration[4]; but he is a

[3] —thy INTERCEPTER,] Thus the old copy. Most of the modern editors read—*interpreter*. STEEVENS.

[4] He is knight, dubbed with unhatch'd rapier, and on carpet consideration;] That is, he is no soldier by profession, not a knight banneret, dubbed in the field of battle, but, *on carpet consideration*, at a festivity, or on some peaceable occasion, when knights receive their dignity kneeling, not on the ground, as in war, but on a *carpet*. This is, I believe, the original of the contemptuous term a *carpet knight*, who was naturally held in scorn by the men of war. JOHNSON.

In Francis Markham's Booke of Honour, fo. 1625, p. 71, we have the following account of *Carpet Knights*: "Next unto these (i. e. those he distinguishes by the title of *Dunghill or Truck Knights*) in degree, but not in qualitie, (for these are truly for the most part vertuous and worthie) is that rank of Knights which are called *Carpet Knights*, being men who are by the prince's grace and favour made knights at home and in the time of peace by the imposition or laying on of the king's sword, having by some special service done to the common-wealth, or for some other particular virtues made known to the soveraigne, as also for the dignitie of their births, and in recompence of noble and famous actions done by their ancestors, deserved this great title and dignitie." He then enumerates the several orders of men on whom this

devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob, nob[5], is his word; give't, or take't.

honour was usually conferred; and adds—" those of the vulgar or common sort are called *Carpet Knights*, because (for the most part) they receive their honour from the king's hand in the court, and upon *carpets*, and such like ornaments belonging to the king's state and greatnesse; *which howsoever a curious envie may wrest to an ill sense*, yet questionlesse there is no shadow of disgrace belonging unto it, for it is an honour as perfect as any honour whatsoever, and the services and merits for which it is received, as worthy and well deserving both of the king and country, as that which hath wounds and scarres for his witnesse." REED.

Greene uses the term—*Carpet-knights*, in contempt of those of whom he is speaking; and, in The Downfal of Robert Earl of Huntington, 1601, it is employed for the same purpose:

" —— soldiers, come away:
" This *Carpet-knight* sits carping at our scars."

In Barrett's Alvearie, 1580: " — those which do not exercise themselves with some honest affaires, but serve abhominable and filthy idleness, are, as we use to call them, *Carpet-knightes*." B. ante O. Again, among Sir John Harrington's Epigrams, b. iv. Ep. 6, Of Merit and Demerit:

" That captaines in those days were not regarded,
" That only *Carpet-knights* were well rewarded."

The old copy reads—*unhatch'd* rapier; but a passage in King Henry IV. Part I. may serve to confirm the reading in the text: " How came Falstaff's sword so *hack'd?*—Why, he *hack'd* it with his dagger." STEEVENS.

" — with *unhatch'd* rapier," The modern editors read—*unhack'd*. It appears from Cotgrave's Dictionary in v. *hacher*, [to hack, hew, &c.] that to *hatch* the hilt of a sword, was a technical term. Perhaps we ought to read—with *an hatch'd* rapier, i. e. with a rapier, the hilt of which was richly *engraved* and ornamented. Our author, however, might have used *unhatch'd* in the sense of *unhack'd*; and therefore I have made no change. MALONE.

[5] — hob, nob,] This adverb is corrupted from *hap ne hap*; as *would ne would, will ne will*; that is, *let it happen or not*; and signifies at random, at the mercy of chance. See Johnson's Dictionary. So, in Lyly's Euphues and his England, 4to. bl. l. 1580; " Thus Philautus determined, *hab nab*, to send his letters," &c. STEEVENS.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent * injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle [6] you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit Sir Toby.*

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

* First folio, *computent*.

Is not this the origin of our *hob nob*, or challenge to drink a glass of wine at dinner? The phrase occurs in Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub:

"I put it
"Ev'n to your worship's bitterment, *hab nab*.
"I shall have a chance o' the dice for't, I hope."

M. Mason.

So, in Holinshed's Hist. of Ireland: "The citizens in their rage —shot *habbe* or *nabbe*, at *random*." Malone.

[6] — meddle —] Is here perhaps used in the same sense as the French *mêlée*. Steevens.

Afterwards, Sir Andrew says—"Pox on't, I'll not *meddle* with him." The vulgar yet say, "I'll neither *meddle* nor make with it." Malone.

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that would rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil [7]; I have not seen such a firago [8]. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in [9], with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable;

7 Why, man, he's a very devil, &c.] Shakspeare might have caught a hint for this scene from Ben Jonson's Silent Woman, which was printed in 1609. The behaviour of Viola and Ague-cheek appears to have been formed on that of Sir John Daw and Sir Amorous La Foole. Steevens.

8 I have not seen such a virago.] *Virago* cannot be properly used here, unless we suppose Sir Toby to mean, I never saw one that had so much the look of woman with the prowess of man. Johnson.

The old copy reads—*firago*. A *virago* always means a female warrior, or, in low language, a scold, or turbulent woman. In Heywood's Golden Age, 1611, Jupiter enters "like a nymph or *virago;*" and says, "I may pass for a bona-robe, a rounceval, a *virago*, or a good manly lass." If Shakspeare (who knew Viola to be a woman, though Sir Toby did not,) has made no blunder, Dr. Johnson has supplied the only obvious meaning of the word. *Firago* may however be a ludicrous term of Shakspeare's coinage. Steevens.

Why may not the meaning be more simple, "I have never seen the most furious woman so obstreperous and violent as he is?"

I do not conceive that *firago* was a word of Shakspeare's coinage, but a common corruption for *virago*, like *fagaries* for *vagaries*. Malone.

9 —the stuck —] The *stuck* is a corrupted abbreviation of

and on the answer, he pays you [1] as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside.*

Re-enter Fabian and Viola.

I have his horse [*to Fab.*] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him [2]; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

the *stoccata*, an Italian term in fencing. So, in The Return from Parnassus, 1606: "Here's a fellow, Judicio, that carried the deadly *stock* in his pen." Again, in Marston's Mal-content, 1604: "The close *stock*, O mortal," &c. Again, in Antonio's Revenge, 1602:

"I would pass on him with a mortal *stock*." Steevens.

Again, in The Merry Wives of Windsor:

"—— thy *stock*, thy reverse, thy montánt." Malone.

[1] —he PAYS you —] i. e. hits you. Malone.

[2] He is as HORRIBLY CONCEITED of him;] That is, he has as horrid an idea or conception of him. Malone.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

[*Aside.*

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello[3] avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath! [*Draws.*

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

[*Draws.*

Ant. Put up your sword;—If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker[4], I am for you. [*Draws.*

[3] —by the DUELLO —] i. e. by the laws of the *duello*, which, in Shakspeare's time, were settled with the utmost nicety. STEEVENS.

[4] Nay, if you be an UNDERTAKER,] But why was an *undertaker* so offensive a character? I believe this is "a touch upon the times," which may help to determine the date of this play. At the meeting of the parliament in 1614, there appears to have been a very general persuasion, or jealousy at least, that the King had been induced to call a parliament at that time, by certain persons, who *had undertaken*, through their influence in the House of Commons, to carry things according to his Majesty's wishes. These persons were immediately stigmatized with the invidious name of *undertakers*; and the idea was so unpopular, that the King thought it necessary, in two set speeches, to deny positively (how truly is another question) that there had been any such *undertaking*. Parl. Hist. vol. v. p. 277, and 286. Sir

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [*To Antonio.*

Vio. Pray, sir, put up your sword, if you please. [*To Sir Andrew.*

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir;—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you;
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.

Francis Bacon also (then attorney-general) made an artful, apologetical speech in the House of Commons upon the same subject; "when the house (according to the title of the speech) was in great heat, and much troubled about the *undertakers*."

Bacon's Works, vol. ii. p. 236, 4to. edit. Tyrwhitt.

Undertakers were persons employed by the King's purveyors to take up provisions for the royal household, and were no doubt exceedingly odious. But still, I think, the speaker intends a quibble; the simple meaning of the word being one who undertakes, or takes up the quarrel or business of another. Ritson.

I am of Ritson's opinion, that by an *undertaker* Sir Toby means a man who takes upon himself the quarrel of another. Mr. Tyrwhitt's explanation is too learned to be just, and was probably suggested by his official situation. M. Mason.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.
Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.
Vio. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much [5];
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there is half my coffer.
Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.
Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.
Ant. O heavens themselves!
2 *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.
Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,——
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.
1 *Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by; away.
Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind;

[5] My HAVING is not much.] *Having* is frequently used by Shakspeare for *fortune, possessions.* MALONE.

Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil[5].

1 *Off.* The man grows mad; away with him.
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on.

[*Exeunt Officers, with* Antonio.

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I[6].
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass[7]; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

[*Exit.*

[5] — o'erflourish'd by the devil.] In the time of Shakspeare, trunks, which are now deposited in lumber-rooms, or other obscure places, were part of the furniture of apartments in which company was received. I have seen more than one of these, as old as the time of our poet. They were richly ornamented on the tops and sides with scroll-work, emblematical devices, &c. and were elevated on feet. Shakspeare has the same expression in Measure for Measure:

"——your title to him
"Doth *flourish* the deceit—." Steevens.

Again, in his 60th Sonnet:

"Time doth transfix the *flourish* set on youth." Malone.

[6] — so do not I.] This, I believe, means, I do not yet believe myself, when, from this accident, I gather hope of my brother's life. Johnson.

[7] — I my brother KNOW
Yet LIVING IN MY GLASS;] I suppose Viola means—"As often as I behold myself in my glass, *I think I* see my brother alive;" i. e. I *acknowledge* that his resemblance *survives* in the reflection of my own figure. Steevens.

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street before Olivia's House.

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow; Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.— Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else; Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool[8].

[8] Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, &c.] This affected word seems to have been in use in Shak-

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Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool[8].

[8] Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, &c.] This affected word seems to have been in use in Shak-

Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber [9], the world, will prove a cockney [1].—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek [2], depart from me;
There's money for thee; if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—
These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase [3].

speare's time. In Melvil's Memoirs, p. 198, we have "My Lord Lindsay *vented* himself that he was one of the number," &c. Reed.

9 I am afraid this great lubber,] That is, affectation and foppery will overspread the world. Johnson.

1 — prove a cockney.] So, in A Knight's Conjuring, by Decker: "——'tis not their fault, but our mothers', our *cockering* mothers, who for their labour make us to be called *Cockneyes*," &c. Steevens.

2 I pr'ythee, foolish Greek,] *Greek*, was as much as to say *bawd* or *pander*. He understood the Clown to be acting in that office. A bawdy-house was called *Corinth*, and the frequenters of it *Corinthians*, which words frequently occur in Shakspeare, especially in Timon of Athens, and Henry IV. Yet the Oxford editor alters it to *Geck*. Warburton.

"Foolish *Greek*," means certainly nothing more than foolish *jester*; *pergræcor*, is translated by Coles, to revel, to play the merry *Greek* or boon companion. Malone.

3 — get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.] This seems to carry a piece of satire upon *monopolies*, the crying grievance of that time. The grants generally were for fourteen years; and the petitions being referred to a committee, it was suspected that money gained favourable reports from thence. Warburton.

Perhaps "fourteen years' purchase" was, in Shakspeare's time, the highest price for land. Lord Bacon's Essay on Usury mentions *sixteen* years purchase. "I will not give more than according to *fifteen* years purchase, said a dying usurer to a clergyman, who advised him to study for a purchase of the kingdom of heaven." Tollet.

Mr. Heath thinks the meaning is, "— purchase a good report [or character] at a very extravagant price." Malone.

Dr. Warburton's conjecture that there is here a reference to

Enter Sir ANDREW, *Sir* TOBY, *and Fabian.*

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: Are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir* ANDREW.

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence.

[*Exit Clown.*

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

[*Holding* SEBASTIAN.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

[*Draws.*

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*Draws.*

monopolies, is, I believe, unfounded. Mr. Tollett and Mr. Heath are probably right. Sir Josiah Child, in his Discourse on Trade, says, "*certainly* anno 1621, the current price of lands in England was *twelve* years purchase; and so I have been assured by many ancient men whom I have questioned particularly as to this matter; and I find it so by purchases made about that time by my own relations and acquaintance." Sir Thomas Culpepper, senior, who wrote in 1621, affirms, "that land was then at *twelve* years purchase." REED.

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario:——
Rudesby, be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt Sir* TOBY, *Sir* ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent [4]
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up [5], that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee [6].

[4] In this uncivil and unjust EXTENT —] *Extent* is, in law, a writ of execution, whereby goods are seized for the King. It is therefore taken here for *violence* in general. JOHNSON.

[5] This ruffian hath BOTCH'D UP,] A coarse expression for *made up*, as a bad tailor is called a *botcher*, and to botch is to make clumsily. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right. A similar expression occurs in Antony and Cleopatra:

" —— if you'll *patch* a quarrel,
" As matter whole, you've not to make it with."

Again, in King Henry V.:

" Do *botch* and bungle up damnation." STEEVENS.

[6] He started one poor HEART of mine in thee.] I know not whether here be not an ambiguity intended between *heart* and *hart*. The sense however is easy enough. " He that offends thee, attacks one of my hearts;" or, as the ancients expressed it, " half my heart." JOHNSON.

The equivoque suggested by Dr. Johnson was, I have no

Seb. What relish is in this[7]? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:—
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would thou'dst be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe, thou art sir Topas[8] the curate; do it quickly: I'll call sir Toby the whilst.

[*Exit Maria.*

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself[9] in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not fat enough to become the function well[1]: nor lean enough to

doubt intended. *Heart* in our author's time was frequently written *hart;* and Shakspeare delights in playing on these words. Malone.

[7] What relish is in this?] How does this taste? What judgment am I to make of it? Johnson.

[8] — sir Topas —] The name of *Sir Topas* is taken from Chaucer. Steevens.

[9] — I will DISSEMBLE myself —] i. e. *disguise* myself. Malone.

Shakspeare has here stumbled on a Latinism: Thus Ovid, speaking of Achilles:

Veste virum longa *dissimulatus* erat. Steevens.

[1] I am not FAT enough to become the function well;] The old copy reads—"*tall* enough:" but this cannot be right. The word wanted should be part of the description of "a careful man." I should have no objection to read—*pale*. Tyrwhitt.

"Not tall enough," perhaps means "not of sufficient height

be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar[2]. The competitors enter[3].

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague[4], that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is*[5]: so I, being master parson, am master parson; For what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, sir Topas.

Clo. What, hoa, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*In an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatick.

to overlook a pulpit." Dr. Farmer would read *fat* instead of *tall*, the former of these epithets, in his opinion, being referable to the following words—"a good housekeeper." STEEVENS.

[2] —as to say, a CAREFUL man, and a great scholar.] This refers to what went before: "I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student:" it is plain then Shakspeare wrote:—"as to say a *graceful* man," i. e. comely. To this the Oxford editor says, *rectè.*

WARBURTON.

A *careful* man, I believe, means a man who has such a regard for his character, as to intitle him to ordination. STEEVENS.

[3] The COMPETITORS ENTER.] That is, the confederates or associates. The word *competitor* is used in the same sense in Richard III. and in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, vol. iv. p. 61.

M. MASON.

[4] —the old hermit of Prague,] This refers to a real personage.

STEEVENS.

[5] —very wittily said—*That, that is, is:*] This is a very humorous banter of the rules established in the schools, that all reasonings are *ex præcognitis et præconcessis*, which lay the foundation of every science in these maxims, "whatsoever is, is; and it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be;" with much trifling of the like kind. WARBURTON.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy: Say'st thou, that house[6] is dark?

Mal. As hell, sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows[7] transparent as

[6] — that HOUSE —] That mansion, in which you are now confined. The Clown gives this pompous appellation to the small room in which Malvolio, we may suppose, was confined, to exasperate him. The word *it* in the Clown's next speech plainly means Malvolio's chamber, and confirms this interpretation. MALONE.

[7] — it hath BAY-WINDOWS —] A *bay-window* is the same as a *bow-window*; a window *in a recess*, or *bay*. See A. Wood's Life, published by T. Hearne, 1730, p. 548 and 553. The following instances may likewise support the supposition:

Cynthia's Revels, by Ben Jonson, 1600:

" —— retired myself into a *bay-window*," &c.

Again, in Stowe's Chronicle of King Henry IV.:

" As Tho. Montague rested him at a *bay-window*, a gun was levell'd," &c.

Again, in Middleton's Women beware Women:

" Tis a sweet recreation for a gentlewoman
" To stand in a *bay-window*, and see gallants."

Chaucer, in The Assemblie of Ladies, mentions *bay-windows*. Again, in King Henry the Sixth's Directions for Building the Hall at King's College, Cambridge: " — on every side thereof a *baie-window*." STEEVENS.

See Minshieu's Dict. in v.: " A *bay-window*,—because it is builded in manner of a baie or rode for shippes, that is, round. L. *Cavæ fenestræ*. G. Une fenestre sort anthors de la maison." MALONE.

Johnson admits only *bay-window* into his Dictionary, and consequently considers *bow-window* as a vulgar corruption. BOSWELL.

barricadoes, and the clear stories[8] towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question[9].

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock[1], lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

[8] — the CLEAR STORIES towards the south-north —] The first folio has *cleere stores;* which, being unintelligible, the second folio substituted *clear stones*, which is equally so, though this reading has been followed ever since. But the first folio is right within a single letter. *Clear-story* is a term in Gothick architecture, to denote the row of windows running along the upper part of a lofty hall, or of a church, over the arches of the nave: q. d. a *clear story*, a story without joists, rafters, or flooring. "Over each side of the nave is a row of *clere-story* windows."

Ormerod's Hist. of Cheshire, i. 450. BLAKEWAY.

[9] — constant question.] A settled, a determinate, a regular question. JOHNSON.

Rather, in any regular *conversation*, for so generally Shakspeare uses the word *question*. MALONE.

[1] — to kill a WOODCOCK,] The Clown mentions a *woodcock* particularly, because that bird was supposed to have very little

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters [2].

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard, and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would, we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with

brains, and therefore was a proper ancestor for a man out of his wits. Malone.

[2] Nay, I am for all waters.] A phrase taken from the actor's ability of making the audience cry either with mirth or grief. Warburton.

I rather think this expression borrowed from sportsmen, and relating to the qualifications of a complete spaniel. Johnson.

A cloak for all kinds of knavery; taken from the Italian proverb, *Tu hai mantillo da ogni acqua*. Smith.

"Nay, I am for all waters." I can turn my hand to any thing; I can assume any character I please; like a fish, I can swim equally well in all waters. Montaigne, speaking of Aristotle, says, that "he hath *an oar in every water*, and meddleth with all things." *Florio's translation*, 1603. In Florio's Second Fruites, 1591, I find an expression more nearly resembling that of the text: "I am a *knight for all saddles*."

In Nashe's Lenten Stuffe, p. 27, we have almost the language of the text: "Hee is first broken to the sea in the Herringman's Skiffe or Cockboate, where having learned *to brooke all waters* and drinke as he can out of a tarrie canne," &c. I do not believe that the equivoque pointed out by Mr. Mason was in our author's thoughts. Malone.

The word *water*, as used by jewellers, denotes the colour and the lustre of diamonds, and from thence is applied, though with less propriety, to the colour and hue of other precious stones. I think that Shakspeare, in this place, alludes to this sense of the word *water*, not to those adopted either by Johnson or Warburton. The Clown is complimented by Sir Toby, for personating Sir *Topas* so exquisitely; to which he replies, that he can put on all colours, alluding to the word *Topaz*, which is the name of a jewel, and was also that of the Curate. M. Mason.

Mr. Henley has adopted the same idea; and adds, that "the Clown in his reply plays upon the name of *Topas*, and intimates that he could sustain as well the character of another person, let him be called by what *gem* he might." Steevens.

any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [*Exeunt Sir* TOBY *and* MARIA.

CLO. Hey Robin, jolly Robin[3],
Tell me how thy lady does. [*Singing.*

MAL. Fool,—

CLO. My lady is unkind, perdy.

MAL. Fool,—

CLO. Alas, why is she so?

MAL. Fool, I say;—

CLO. She loves another—Who calls, ha?

MAL. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well

[3] *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,*] This song should certainly begin:

"Hey, jolly Robin, tell to me
"How does thy lady do?—
"My lady is unkind, perdy.—
"Alas, why is she so?" FARMER.

This ingenious emendation is now superseded by the proper readings of the old song itself, which is now printed from what appears the most ancient of Dr. Harrington's poetical MSS.—The first stanza appears to be defective, and it should seem that a line is wanting, unless the four first words were lengthened in the tune. PERCY.

The song, thus published, runs as follows:

"A Robyn,
"Jolly Robyn,
"Tell me how thy leman doeth,
"And thou shalt knowe of myn.
"My lady is unkynde perde."
"Alack! why is so?
"She loveth an other better than me;
"And yet she will say no," &c. &c.

See Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, fourth edit. vol. i. p. 194.

I hope to be excused if I add, that I do not immediately perceive how the copy of a song so metrically imperfect as the foregoing, can be permitted to extinguish the emendation proposed by Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

This song seems to be alluded to in the following passage of The Merchandises of Popish Priests, 4to. 1629, sign. F 2:—"There is no one so lively and jolly as St. Mathurine. I can best describe you this arch singer, by such common phrase as we use of him whom we see very lively and pleasantly disposed, we say this, *His head is full of jolly Robbins.*" REED.

at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits [4]?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me [5]; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,——

Clo. Maintain no words with him [6], good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

[4] —your FIVE WITS?] Thus the *five senses* were anciently called. So, in King Lear, Edgar says:

"Bless thy *five wits!* Tom's a cold."

Again, in the old Morality of Every Man: "And remember, beaute, *fyve wittes*, strength, and dyscrecyon." STEEVENS.

The *wits*, Dr. Johnson somewhere [vol. vii. p. 11,] observes, were reckoned *five*, in analogy to the five senses. From Stephen Hawes's poem called Graunde Amoure, ch. xxiv. edit. 1554, it appears that the *five wits* were—"common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory." *Wit* in our author's time was the general term for the intellectual power. MALONE.

[5] —propertied me;] They have taken possession of me, as of a man unable to look to himself. JOHNSON.

[6] Maintain no words with him,] Here the Clown in the dark acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himself and Sir Topas.—*I will, sir, I will,* is spoken after a pause, as if, in the mean time, Sir Topas had whispered. JOHNSON.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent[7] for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit[8]?

[7] I am SHENT, &c.] i. e. *scolded, reproved.* So, in Ascham's Report and Discourse: "A wonderfull follie in a great man himselfe, and some piece of miserie in a whole commonwealth, where fooles chiefly and flatterers may speak freely what they will; and wise men, and good men shall commonly be *shent* if they speak what they should." See also note on Hamlet, vol. vii. p. 374. REED.

[8] —tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?] If he was not mad, what did he counterfeit by declaring that he was not mad? The fool, who meant to insult him, I think, asks, "are you mad, or do you but counterfeit?" That is, "you look like a madman, you talk like a madman. Is your madness real, or have you any secret design in it?" This, to a man in poor Malvolio's state, was a severe taunt. JOHNSON.

The meaning of this passage appears to me to be this. Malvolio had assured the Clown that he was as well in his senses as any man in Illyria; and the Clown in reply asks him this provoking question: "Is it true that you are really not mad?" that is, that you are really in your right senses, or do you only pretend to be so? M. MASON.

Dr. Johnson, in my apprehension, misinterprets the words, "—do you but counterfeit?" They surely mean, "do you but counterfeit *madness*," or, in other words, "assume the appearance of a madman, though not one." Our author ought, I think, to have written either, "—are you *mad* indeed, *or* do you but counterfeit?" or else, "—are you *not* mad indeed, *and* do you but counterfeit?" But I do not suspect any corruption; for the last I have no doubt was what he *meant*, though he has not expressed his meaning accurately. He is often careless in such minute matters. Mr. Mason's interpretation removes the diffi-

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. *I am gone, sir,*
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice [9],
Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman devil [1]. [*Exit.*

culty; but, considering the words that immediately precede, is very harsh, and appears to be inadmissible. Malone.

9 *Like to the old* VICE,] The *vice* was the fool of the old moralities. Some traces of this character are still preserved in puppet-shows, and by country mummers. Johnson.

This character was always acted in a *mask;* it probably had its name from the old French word *vis*, for which they now use *visage*, though they still retain it in *vis à vis*, which is, literally, *face to face*. Steevens.

1 *Adieu, goodman* DEVIL.] So the old copy. The two last lines of this song have, I think, been misunderstood. They are not addressed in the first instance to Malvolio, but are quoted by the Clown, as the words, *ah, ha!* are, as the usual address in the old moralities to the Devil. I do not therefore suspect any corruption in the words "goodman *Devil*." We have in The Merry Wives of Windsor: "No *man* means evil but the *devil;*" and in Much Ado About Nothing, "God's a good *man*."

The compound, *good-man*, is again used adjectively, and as a word of contempt, in King Lear: "Part (says Edmund to Kent and the Steward)." "With you, (replies Kent,) *good-man boy*, if you please."

SCENE III.

OLIVIA'S Garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

SEB. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,

The reason why the Vice exhorts the Devil to pare his nails, is, because the Devil was supposed from choice to keep his nails always unpared, and therefore to pare them was an affront. So, in Camden's Remaines, 1615:

"I will follow mine own minde and mine old trade;
"Who shall let me? *the divel's nailes are unparde.*"

MALONE.

This last line has neither rhyme nor meaning. I cannot but suspect that the fool translates Malvolio's name, and says:

"Adieu, goodman *mean-evil.*" JOHNSON.

We have here another old catch; apparently, I think, not of Shakspeare. I am therefore willing to receive the common reading of the last line:

"Adieu, goodman *drivel.*"

The name of *Malvolio* seems to have been formed by an accidental transposition in the word, *Malivolo.*

I know not whether a part of the preceding line should not be thrown into a question, "pare thy nails, dad?"

In Henry V. we again meet with "this roaring devil i' th' old play; every one may *pare his nails* with a wooden dagger."

FARMER.

In the old translation of the Menæchmi, 1595, Menæchmus says to Peniculus: "Away, filthie *mad drivell*, away! I will talk no longer with thee." As I cannot suppose the author of this ballad designed that *devil* should be the corresponding rhyme to *devil*, I read with Dr. Farmer, *drivel.* STEEVENS.

I believe, with Johnson, that this is an allusion to Malvolio's *name*, but not in his reading, which destroys the metre. We should read—

"Adieu, good *mean-evil.*"

that is, *good Malvolio*, literally translated. M. MASON.

That he did range the town to seek me out [2].
His counsel now might do me golden service:

[2] Yet there he was; and there I found this CREDIT,
That he did range, &c.] i. e. I found it justified, credibly vouched. Whether the word *credit* will easily carry this meaning, I am doubtful. The expression seems obscure; and though I have not disturbed the text, I very much suspect that the poet wrote—
" —— and there I found this *credent*."
He uses the same term again in the very same sense in The Winter's Tale:
" Then 'tis very *credent*,
" Thou may'st cojoin with something, and thou dost," &c.
THEOBALD.
Credit, for *account*, *information*. The Oxford editor roundly alters it to *current*; as he does almost every word that Shakspeare uses in an anomalous signification. WARBURTON.
Theobald proposes to read *credent*, but *credent* does not signify *justified* or *vouched*; it means *probable* only, as appears from the passage he himself has quoted. Warburton says, that *credit* means *account* or *information*; but as I know no instance of the word's being used in that acceptation, I believe we should read, *credited* instead of *credit*. M. MASON.
Credent, is *creditable*, not *questionable*. So, in Measure for Measure, Angelo says:
" For my authority bears a *credent* bulk." STEEVENS.
Perhaps *credit* is here used for *credited*. So, in the first scene of this play, *heat* for *heated*; and in Hamlet, *hoist* for *hoisted*.
MALONE.
After all, I believe the word—*credit*, to have been rightly understood by Dr. Warburton, though he has given no example in support of his interpretation.
Dr. Robertson, speaking of some memorandums included in the Letters to Mary Queen of Scots, observes, that they were not " the *credit* of the bearer;" i. e. points concerning which the Queen had given him verbal instructions, or information.
Credit therefore might have been the prevalent term for *oral intelligence*.
Again, in Mr. Whitaker's Vindication of the same Queen, vol. ii. p. 145: " —these are expressly understood from the makers of the letters themselves, when they produced them at York to be 'the *credit* gifin to the berar.' This mode of referring to the credit of a bearer was no uncommon one in those times."
In this sense also it occurs in the fragment of a Letter from

For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse[3],
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust[4], but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take, and give back, affairs, and their despatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does: there's something in't,
That is deceivable[5]. But here the lady comes[6].

Enter OLIVIA *and a Priest.*

OLI. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by[7]: there, before him,

the Earl of Shrewsbury to Queen Elizabeth. See Lodge's Illustrations, &c. vol. ii. p. 129: "—and because Mr. Beale hys *credyt* ys wth y^{or} Ma^{te} to make accompt of hyr ansure, and delyngs the Frēche have had here, I leave all to hys reporte."

See also letter xxxiii in the Paston Collection, vol. ii. p. 41, in which *credence* appears to have the same meaning. Again, ibid. p. 331. STEEVENS.

[3] —all INSTANCE, all DISCOURSE,] *Discourse*, for *reason*. WARBURTON.

Instance is *example*. JOHNSON.

[4] —To any other TRUST,] To any other belief, or confidence, to any other fixed opinion. JOHNSON.

[5] — deceivable.] Our author licentiously uses this word for *deceptious*. MALONE.

[6] That is deceivable. But here comes the lady.] The old copy reads:

"—— But here the lady comes." STEEVENS.

[7] Into the CHANTRY by:] *Chantries* (says Cowel, in his Law Dictionary,) are usually little chapels, or particular altars, in some cathedral or parochial church; and endowed with revenues for the

And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: He shall conceal it,
Whiles[8] you are willing it shall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth[9], ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father;——And heavens so shine[1],
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Street before Olivia's House.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

maintenance of one or more priests, whose office it is to sing masses for the souls of their founders, &c. Steevens.

[8] Whiles—] Is *until*. The word is still so used in the northern countries. It is, I think, used in this sense in the preface to the Accidence. Johnson.

Almost throughout the old copies of Shakspeare, *whiles* is given us instead of *while*. Mr. Rowe, the first reformer of his spelling, made the change. Steevens.

While is used in this sense in Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatorie. See the novel at the end of The Merry Wives of Windsor, p. 206: 'I was faine to tarrie *while* he was in bed and asleepe.' Malone.

[9] — truth,] *Truth* is *fidelity*. Johnson.

[1] — heavens so shine, &c.] Alluding perhaps to a superstitious supposition, the memory of which is still preserved in a proverbial saying: "Happy is the bride upon whom the sun shines, and blessed the corpse upon which the rain falls." Steevens.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives [2], why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

[2] — CONCLUSIONS to be as KISSES, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives,] One cannot but wonder, that this passage should have perplexed the commentators. In Marlowe's Lust's Dominion, the Queen says to the Moor:

"Come, let's kisse."

"*Moor.* Away, away."

"*Queen.* No, no, sayes, *I*; and *twice away*, sayes *stay*."

Sir Philip Sidney has enlarged upon this thought in the sixty-third stanza of his Astrophel and Stella. FARMER.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer; there's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind[3]; One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you

[3] — OR the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind;] That is, if the other arguments I have used are not sufficient, the bells of St. Bennet, &c. MALONE.

We should read—"*as* the bells of St. Bennet," &c. instead of *or*. M. MASON.

When in this play Shakspeare mentioned the *bed of Ware*, he recollected that the scene was in Illyria, and added, *in England*; but his sense of the same impropriety could not restrain him from the bells of St. Bennet. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare's improprieties and anachronisms are surely venial in comparison with those of contemporary writers. Lodge, in his True Tragedies of Marius and Sylla, 1594, has mentioned *the razors of Palermo* and *St. Paul's steeple*, and has introduced a Frenchman, named Don Pedro, who, in consideration of receiving *forty crowns*, undertakes to poison Marius. Stanyhurst, the translator of four books of Virgil, in 1582, compares Chorœbus to a *bedlamite*, says, that old Priam girded on his *Morglay*; and makes Dido tell Æneas, that she should have been contented had she been brought to bed even of a *cockney*:

Saltem si qua mihi de te suscepta fuisset
Ante fugam soboles—.
"—— yf yeet soom progenye from me
"Had crawl'd, by thee father'd, yf a *cockney* dandiprat hop-thumb." STEEVENS.

to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter ANTONIO *and Officers.*

VIO. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

DUKE. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;
With which such scathful[4] grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

1 *OFF.* Orsino, this is that Antonio,
That took the Phœnix, and her fraught, from Candy;
And this is he, that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame, and state[5],
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

VIO. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

DUKE. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,

[4] —scathful—] i. e. mischievous, destructive. So, in Decker's If This Be Not a Good Play, the Devil Is In It, 1612:

"He mickle *scath* hath done me."

Again, in The Pinner of Wakefield, 1599:

"That offereth *scath* unto the town of Wakefield."

STEEVENS.

[5] —desperate of shame, and state,] Unattentive to his character or his condition, like a desperate man. JOHNSON.

Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear[6],
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention, or restraint,
All his in dedication: for his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger,)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,)
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.——

[6] — and so DEAR,] *Dear* is *immediate, consequential.* So, in Hamlet:

"Would I had met my *dearest* foe in heaven," &c.

STEEVENS.

But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.——Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,——

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?——Good my lord,——

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome [7] to mine ear,
As howling after musick.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What! to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love [8]; a savage jealousy,

[7] — as FAT and fulsome —] *Fat* means *dull*; so we say a *fat-headed* fellow; *fat* likewise means *gross*, and is sometimes used for *obscene*. JOHNSON.

[8] Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the EGYPTIAN THIEF, at point of death,
Kill what I love;] In this *simile*, a particular story is presupposed, which ought to be known to show the justness and propriety of the comparison. It is taken from Heliodorus's Æthiopics, to which our author was indebted for the allusion. This *Egyptian thief* was Thyamis, who was a native of Memphis, and at the head of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thyamis fell desperately in

That sometime savours nobly ?—But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place [9] in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—
Come boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*
Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
[*Following.*
Oli. Where goes Cesario ?
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife:
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger body of robbers coming down upon Thyamis's party, he was in such fears for his mistress that he had her shut into a cave with his treasure. It was customary with those barbarians, "when they despaired of their own safety, first to make away with those whom they held dear," and desired for companions in the next life. Thyamis, therefore, benetted round with his enemies, raging with love, jealousy, and anger, went to his cave; and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, so soon as he heard himself answered towards the cave's mouth by a Grecian, making to the person by the direction of her voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (supposing her to be Chariclea) with his right hand plunged his sword into her breast.

THEOBALD.

There was a translation of Heliodorus by Thomas Underdowne, of which the second edition appeared in 1587. MALONE.

9 That screws me from my true PLACE —] So, in Macbeth:
"But *screw* your courage to the sticking-*place*." STEEVENS.

Oli. Ah me, detested! how am I beguil'd!
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an Attendant.*
Duke. Come away. [*To Viola.*
Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.
Duke. Husband?
Oli. Ay, husband; Can he that deny?
Duke. Her husband, sirrah?
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety[1]:
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome, father!

Re-enter Attendant and Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe,) what thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.
Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love[2],
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings[3];

[1] — STRANGLE thy propriety:] *Suppress*, or *disown* thy property. MALONE.
So, in Macbeth:
"And yet dark night *strangles* the travelling lamp."
STEEVENS.

[2] A contract of ETERNAL BOND OF LOVE,] So, in A Midsummer Night's Dream:
"The sealing day between my love and me,
"For *everlasting bond of fellowship*." MALONE.

[3] —interchangement of your rings;] In our ancient marriage ceremony, the man received as well as gave a ring.
STEEVENS.

And all the ceremony of this compáct
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave,
I have travelled but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case[4]?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord,—I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario:

[4] —case?] *Case* is a word used contemptuously for *skin*. We yet talk of a *fox-case*, meaning the stuffed skin of a fox. Johnson.

So, in Cary's Present State of England, 1626: "Queen Elizabeth asked a knight named Young, how he liked a company of brave ladies? He answered, as I like my silver-haired conies at home: the *cases* are far better than the bodies." Malone.

The same story perhaps was not unknown to Burton, who, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, edit. 1632, p. 480, has the following passage: "For generally, as with rich furred conies, their *cases* are farre better than their bodies," &c. Steevens.

we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me, without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think, you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, did'st see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy measures pavin [5]; I hate a drunken rogue.

[5] Then he's a rogue. After a PASSY-measure, or a PAVIN, &c.] The old copy reads—"and a passy measures *panyn*.' As the *u* in this word is reversed, the modern editors have been contented to read—"past-measure *painim*."

"A passy-measure pavin" may, however, mean a "pavin danced out of time." Sir Toby might call the surgeon by this title, because he was drunk "at a time when he should have been sober," and in a condition to attend on the wounded knight.

This dance, called the *pavyn*, is mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher, in The Mad Lover:

"I'll pipe him such a *pavan*."

And, in Stephen Gosson's School of Abuse, containing a pleasant Invective against Poets, Pipers, &c. 1579, it is enumerated as follows, among other dances:

* passe-pied - a sort of jig - or lively dance. read "measures". The pavan is a kind of grave dance. The meane therefore seems to be - he is a dull fellow, unfit for any of us - the pavan of a jig. or as we should say - he is a fine fellow - soon knocked up. So in Hamlet 1st. "his cinque pace of just". and cinque pace signifying measuring and representing is a Scotch jig, a measure and cinque pace. Now we see that Dick Surgeon is compared by the rebelling Sir Toby to the pavan or cinque pace the end of a Scotch jig. - ✕

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havock with them?

"Dumps, *pavins*, galliards, measures, fancyes, or newe streynes."

I do not, at last, see how the sense will completely quadrate on the present occasion. Sir W. D'Avenant, in one of his interludes, mentions "a doleful *pavin*." In The Cardinal, by Shirley, 1652: "Who then shall dance the *pavin* with Osorio? Again, in 'Tis Pity She's a Whore, by Ford, 1633: "I have seen an ass and a mule trot the Spanish *pavin* with a better grace." Lastly, in Shadwell's Virtuoso, 1676: "A grave *pavin* or almain at which the black Tarantula only moved; it danced to it with a kind of grave motion much like the benchers at the revels." STEEVENS.

Bailey's Dictionary says, *pavan* is the lowest sort of instrumental music; and when this play was written, the *pavin* and the *passamezzo* might be in vogue only with the vulgar, as with Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet: and hence Sir Toby may mean—he is a rogue, and a mean low fellow. TOLLET.

Ben Jonson also mentions the *pavin*, and calls it a Spanish dance, Alchemist, p. 97, [Whalley's edition]; but it seems to come originally from Padua, and should rather be written *pavane*, as a corruption of *paduana*. A dance of that name (*saltatio paduana*) occurs in an old writer, quoted by the annotator on Rabelais, b. v. c. 30.

"Passy measures" is undoubtedly a corruption, but I know not how it should be rectified. TYRWHITT.

The *pavan*, from *pavo* a peacock, is a grave and majestick dance. The method of dancing it was anciently by gentlemen dressed with a cap and sword, by those of the long robe in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance resembled that of a peacock's tail. This dance is supposed to have been invented by the Spaniards, and its figure is given with the characters for the step, in the Orchesographia of Thoinet Arbeau. Every pavin has its galliard, a lighter kind of air, made out of the former. The courant, the jig, and the hornpipe, are sufficiently known at this day.

Of the *passamezzo* little is to be said, except that it was a favourite air in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Ligon, in his History of Barbadoes, mentions a *passamezzo* galliard, which in the year 1647, a Padre in that island played to him on the lute; the very same, he says, with an air of that kind which in Shakspeare's play of Henry IV. was originally played to Sir John Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet, by Sneak, the musician, there named. This little anecdote Ligon might have by tradition; but his conclusion, that because it was played in a dramatic representation

* a pavan was a musical composition. So on the Entertainment at Elvetham - 1591. speaks of a consort of musicians provided - "their musicke so highly pleased her that in grave and pavan stately she gave a kind commendation to one of their Pavans, made long since by master Thomas Morley, then organist of Paules church."

Sir And. I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help?—An ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave; a thin-faced knave, a gull [6]?

of the history of Henry IV. it must be so ancient as his time, is very idle and injudicious. *Passy-measure* is therefore undoubtedly a corruption from *passamezzo*. Sir J. Hawkins.

With the help of Sir John Hawkins's explanation of *passy-measure*, I think I now see the meaning of this passage. The second folio reads—"after a passy measures pavin." So that I should imagine the following regulation of the whole speech would not be far from the truth:

"Then he's a rogue." After a passy-measure or a *pavin*, "I hate a drunken rogue," i. e. "next to a passy measure or a pavin," &c. It is in character, that Sir Toby should express a strong dislike of *serious dances*, such as the *passamezzo* and the *pavan* are described to be. Tyrwhitt.

So, in Middleton's More Dissemblers beside Women:

"I can dance nothing but ill favourdly
"A strain or two of *passe measures galliard*."

From what has been stated, I think, it is manifest that Sir Toby means only by this quaint expression, that the surgeon is a rogue, and a *grave solemn coxcomb*. It is one of Shakspeare's unrivalled excellencies, that his characters are always consistent. Even in drunkenness they preserve the traits which distinguished them when sober. Sir Toby, in the first Act of this play, shewed himself well acquainted with the various kinds of the dance.

The editor of the second folio, who, when he does not understand any passage, generally cuts the knot, instead of untying it, arbitrarily reads—"*after* a passy-measures pavyn I hate a drunken rogue." In the same manner, in the preceding speech, not thinking "an hour agone" good English, he reads—"O he's drunk, Sir Toby, *above* an hour agone." There is scarcely a page of that copy in which similar interpolations may not be found. Malone.

I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's regulation, which appears to be well founded on one of the many judicious corrections that stamp a value on the second folio. Steevens.

I should have been willing to have left the old copy without any alteration whatever. It is surely rather ludicrous to see four sober commentators gravely endeavouring to ascertain the correct meaning of what Sir Toby says when he is drunk. Boswell.

[6] —an ass-head, and a coxcomb, &c.] I believe, Sir Toby means to apply all these epithets either to the surgeon or Sebastian; and have pointed the passage accordingly. It has been hi-

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.
[*Exeunt Clown, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit, and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;
A natural perspective [7], that is, and is not.

therto printed, "Will you help an ass-head," &c. but why should Sir Toby thus unmercifully abuse himself? Malone.

As I cannot help thinking that Sir Toby, out of humour with himself, means to discharge these reproaches on the officious Sir Andrew, who also needs the surgeon's *help*, I have left the passage as I found it. Mr. Malone points it thus: "Will you help? An ass-head," &c! Steevens.

[7] A natural PERSPECTIVE,] A *perspective* seems to be taken for shows exhibited through a glass with such lights as make the pictures appear really protuberant. The Duke therefore says, that nature has here exhibited such a show, whose shadows seem realities; where that which *is not* appears like that which *is*. Johnson.

I apprehend this may be explained by a quotation from a duodecimo book called Humane Industry, 1661, p. 76 and 77: "It is a pretty art that in a pleated paper and table furrowed or indented, men make one picture to represent several faces—that being viewed from one place or standing, did shew the head of a Spaniard, and from another, the head of an ass."—"A picture of a chancellor of France presented to the common beholder a multitude of little faces; but if one did look on it through a *perspective*, there appeared only the single pourtraicture of the chancellor himself." Thus that, which is, is not, or in a different position appears like another thing. This seems also to explain a passage in King Henry V. Act V. Sc. II.: "Yes, my lord, you see them *perspectively*, the cities turned into a maid." Tollet.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee.

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:—
Of charity[8], what kin are you to me? [*To Viola.*
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

I believe Shakspeare meant nothing more by this *natural perspective*, than a reflection from a glass or mirror. M. Mason.

Perspective certainly means a glass used for optical delusion, or a glass generally. In Franck's Northern Memoirs, p. 16, Theophilus, one of the discoursers, says—"he that reads his own heart without a *perspective*, reads all the world." The book was written in 1658. Douce.

[8] Of charity,] i. e. out of charity, tell me, &c. So, in The Taming of The Shrew:

"Now, let him speak; 'tis *charity* to show," &c.

Steevens.

Seb. And so had mine.
Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.
Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count:
All the occurrence [9] of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.
Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
[*To Olivia.*
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.
Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck:
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,
[*To Viola.*
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.
Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orbed continent, the fire
That severs day from night.
Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.
Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,

Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

OLI. He shall enlarge him:—Fetch Malvolio hither:—
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting frenzy [1] of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, sirrah?

CLO. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: he has here writ a letter to you, I should have given it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much, when they are delivered.

OLI. Open it, and read it.

CLO. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman:—*By the Lord, madam,*—

OLI. How now! art thou mad?

CLO. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*[2].

[1] A most EXTRACTING frenzy—] i. e. a frenzy that drew me away from every thing but its own object. WARBURTON.

I formerly supposed that Shakspeare wrote—*distracting;* but have since met with a passage in The Historie of Hamblet, bl. l. 1608, sig. C 2, that seems to support the reading of the old copy: "—to try if men of great account be *extract* out of their wits." MALONE.

So, William de Wyrcester, speaking of King Henry VI. says: "—subito cecidit in gravem infirmitatem capitis, ita quod *extractus* à mente videbatur." STEEVENS.

[2] —you must allow VOX.] I am by no means certain that I understand this passage, which, indeed, the author of The Revisal pronounces to have no meaning. I suppose the Clown begins reading the letter in some fantastical manner, on which Olivia asks him, "if he is mad. No, madam, (says he,) I do but barely

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits [3], is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To Fabian.*

Fab. [reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury. The madly-used Malvolio.*

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. [*Exit Fabian.*

My, lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,

deliver the sense of this madman's epistle: if you would have it read as it ought to be, (that is,) *with* such a frantic accent and gesture as a madman would read it, you must allow vox," i. e. 'you must furnish the reader with a voice, or, in other words, read it yourself.' But Mr. Malone's explanation, I think, is preferable to mine, Steevens.

The Clown, we may presume, had begun to read the letter in a very loud tone, and probably with extravagant gesticulation. Being reprimanded by his mistress, he justifies himself by saying, "If you would have it read in character, as such a *mad* epistle ought to be read, you must permit me to assume a *frantick* tone." Malone.

[3] — but to read his right wits,] To represent his present state of mind, is to read a madman's letter, as I now do, like a madman. Johnson.

One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you [4],
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

DUKE. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—
Your master quits you; [*To VIOLA.*] and, for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex [5],
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

OLI. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

DUKE. Is this the madman?

OLI. Ay, my lord, this same:
How now, Malvolio?

MAL. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

OLI. Have I, Malvolio? no.

MAL. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:

[4] One day shall crown the alliance ON'T, so please you,] The word *on't*, in this place, is mere nonsense. I doubt not the poet wrote:

" —— *an't*, so please you." HEATH.

This is well conjectured; but *on't* may relate to the double character of sister and wife. JOHNSON.

[5] So much against the METTLE of your sex,] So much against the weak frame and constitution of woman. *Mettle* is used by our author in many other places for *spirit*; and as *spirit* may be either high or low, *mettle* seems here to signify natural *timidity*, or *deficiency of spirit*. Shakspeare has taken the same licence in All's Well That Ends Well:

" 'Tis only *title* thou disdain'st in her—."

i. e. the *want* of title. Again, in King Richard III.:

" The *forfeit*, sovereign, of my servant's life—."

that is, the remission of the forfeit. MALONE.

You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;
Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon sir Toby, and the lighter[6] people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck[7], and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me, thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling[8],

[6] —lighter —] People of less dignity or importance. JOHNSON.

[7] —geck,] A fool. JOHNSON.
So, in the vision at the conclusion of Cymbeline:

"And to become the *geck* and scorn
"Of th' other's villainy."

Again, in Ane Verie Excellent and Delectabill Treatise intitulit Philotus, &c. 1603:

"Thocht he be auld, my joy, quhat reck,
"When he is gane give him ane *geck*,
"And take another be the neck."

Again:

"The carle that hecht sa weill to treat you,
"I think sall get ane *geck*." STEEVENS.

[8] —then cam'st in smiling,] i. e. then, *that thou* cam'st in smiling. MALONE.

I believe the lady means only what she has clearly expressed: "—then thou camest in smiling;" not *that* she had been informed of this circumstance by Maria. Maria's account, in short, was justified by the subsequent appearance of Malvolio. STEEVENS.

And in such forms which here were presuppos'd [9]
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him [1]: Maria writ
The letter, at sir Toby's great importance [2];
In recompense whereof, he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor fool [3]! how have they baffled thee [4]!

Clo. Why, *some are born great, come achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon*

9 — here were PRESUPPOS'D —] *Presuppos'd*, for *imposed*. WARBURTON.

Presuppos'd rather seems to mean previously pointed out for thy imitation; or such as it was supposed thou would'st assume after thou hadst read the letter. The *supposition* was *previous* to *the act*. STEEVENS.

1 Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd AGAINST HIM:] Surely we should rather read—"conceiv'd *in him*." TYRWHITT.

2 — at Sir Toby's great IMPORTANCE;] *Importance* is *importunacy, importunement*. STEEVENS.

3 Alas, poor fool!] See notes on King Lear, Act V. Sc. III. REED.

4 — how have they BAFFLED thee?] See Mr. Tollet's note on a passage in the first scene of the first Act of King Richard II.:
"I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and *baffled* here." STEEVENS.

them. I was one, sir, in this interlude; one sir Topas, sir; but that's all one:—*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;*—But do you remember? *Madam*[5], *why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd:* And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace[6]:—

He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known and golden time convents[7],
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls—Mean time, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*

SONG.

Clo. When that I was and a little tiny boy[8],
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

[5] But do you remember? *Madam,*] In the old copy: "But do you remember, madam? *Why,*" &c. I have followed the regulation recommended by Mr. Tyrwhitt. Malone.

As the Clown is speaking to Malvolio, and not to Olivia, I think this passage should be regulated thus—" but do you remember? —*Madam, why laugh you,*" &c. Tyrwhitt.

[6] — and entreat him to a peace:] Thus in Fletcher's Two Noble Kinsmen:

" —— Go take her,
" And fluently *persuade her to a peace.*" Steevens

[7] — convents,] Perhaps we should read—*consents*. To *convent*, however, is to *assemble;* and therefore, the count may mean, when the happy hour *calls us* again *together*. Steevens.

" — convents," i. e. shall serve, agree, be convenient. Douce.

[8] *When that I was and a little tiny boy,* &c.] Here again we

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

have an old song, scarcely worth correction. Gainst *knaves and thieves* must evidently be, against *knave and thief.* When I was a boy, my folly and mischievous actions were little regarded; but when I came to manhood, men shut their gates against me, as a *knave and a thief.*

Sir Thomas Hanmer rightly reduces the subsequent words, *beds* and *heads*, to the singular number; and a little alteration is still wanting at the beginning of some of the stanzas.

Mr. Steevens observes in a note at the end of Much Ado About Nothing, that the play had formerly passed under the name of Benedict and Beatrix. It seems to have been the *court-fashion* to alter the titles. A very ingenious lady, with whom I have the honour to be acquainted, Mrs. Askew of Queen's-Square, has a fine copy of the second folio edition of Shakspeare, which formerly belonged to King Charles I. and was a present from him to Sir Thomas Herbert. Sir Thomas has altered five titles in the list of the plays, to "Benedick and Beatrice,—Pyramus and Thisby,—Rosalinde,—Mr. Paroles,—and Malvolio."

It is lamentable to see how far party and prejudice will carry the wisest men, even against their own practice and opinions. Milton, in his Εικονοκλάστης, censures King Charles for reading "one whom (says he) we well knew was the closet companion of his solitudes, *William Shakspeare.*" FARMER.

I have followed the regulations proposed by Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Farmer; and consequently, instead of *knaves, thieves, beds,* and *heads,* have printed *knave, thief,* &c.

Dr. Farmer might have observed, that the alterations of the titles are in his Majesty's own hand-writing, materially differing from Sir Thomas Herbert's, of which the same volume affords more than one specimen. I learn from another manuscript note in it, that John Lowine acted King Henry VIII. and John Taylor the part of Hamlet. The book is now in my possession.

To the concluding remark of Dr. Farmer, may be added the following passage from An Appeal to all Rational Men concerning King Charles's Trial, by John Cooke, 1649: "Had he but studied scripture half so much as Ben Jonson or Shakspeare, he might have learnt that when Amaziah was settled in the kingdom, he suddenly did justice upon those servants which killed his father Joash," &c. With this quotation I was furnished by Mr. Malone.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A quarto volume of plays attributed to Shakspeare, with the cypher of King Charles II. on the back of it, is preserved in Mr. Garrick's collection.

Though we are well convinced that Shakspeare has written slight ballads for the sake of discriminating characters more strongly, or for other necessary purposes, in the course of his mixed dramas, it is scarce credible, that after he had cleared his stage, he should exhibit his Clown afresh, and with so poor a recommendation as this song, which is utterly unconnected with the subject of the preceding comedy. I do not therefore hesitate to call the nonsensical ditty before us, some buffoon actor's composition, which was accidentally tacked to the prompter's copy of Twelfth-Night, having been casually subjoined to it for the diversion, or at the call, of the lowest order of spectators. In the year 1766, I saw the late Mr. Weston summoned out and obliged to sing Johnny Pringle and his Pig, after the performance of Voltaire's Mahomet, at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane. STEEVENS.

I have retained the old reading *knaves and thieves*; it seems to me to be ~~much~~ more in the style of the Clown, who is much of a philosopher, and is fond of dealing in general observations. Mr. Steevens's fastidious reflection of this song is in the same spirit which has led him to object to the concluding scene of Pandarus in Troilus and Cressida; and might equally have led him, had he been consistent, to have regarded the songs at the end of Love's Labour's Lost as spurious. The charge brought against Milton by Dr. Farmer has been, in my opinion, most satisfactorily shown to be erroneous in the following modest and sensible remarks by the late Mr. Waldron in a note to his edition of Roscius Anglicanus, 1789.

"If Milton merit the above eulogy, the slightest endeavour to clear him from any unfavourable imputation is surely commendable; the attempt is the more necessary when objections fall from such pens as cannot be influenced by any motives, excepting a love of truth, and a desire to do justice: But it is more particularly requisite, when probity and candour are guided in their decisions by learning and penetration. An attempt to controvert an opinion so founded is certainly an arduous one; but, as it is made with every possible deference to the judgments it presumes, in this instance, to dissent from, any further apology would be but mock humility.

"The following passages are adverted to.

"'It is lamentable to see how far party and prejudice will carry

But when I came unto my bed,*
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head†,
For the rain it raineth every day.

* First folio, *beds.* † First folio, *heades.*

the wisest men, even against their own practice and opinions. Milton in his Εικονοκλάστης censures King Charles for reading, 'one whom,' says he, 'we well knew was the closet companion of his solitudes, William Shakspeare.' *Farmer.*

" 'To read and amuse himself with the writings of Shakspeare, the great Milton most shamefully charged upon Charles as a crime: though Milton himself was a professed admirer of our great bard. Such is the malignant spirit of party! and so little able are the noblest minds to resist its influence!'

" *Davies's Dramatick Miscellanies*, 1784, vol. i. p. 323.

" 'Milton's writings afford a striking example of the strength and weakness of the same mind. His finest feelings, his warmest poetical predilections, were at last totally obliterated by civil and religious enthusiasm. Seduced by the gentle eloquence of fanaticism, he listened no longer to the 'wild and native woodnotes of fancy's sweetest child.' In his Iconoclastes, he censures King Charles for studying, 'one whom we well know was the closet-companion of his solitudes, William Shakspeare.'

" *Prose-works*, vol. i. p. 368.

" 'This remonstrance, which not only resulted from his abhorrence of a King, but from his disapprobation of plays, would have come with propriety from Prynne or Hugh Peters. Nor did he now perceive, that what was here spoken in contempt, conferred the highest compliment on the elegance of Charles's private character.'

" *Warton's Milton*, 1785, p. 437, N. 41.

"Without entering into the argument, pro or con Royalists or Republicans, it is doing Milton but justice to say he is entirely innocent of the charge brought against him by Dr. Farmer, repeated by Mr. Davies, and enforced by Mr. Warton; he does not censure Charles for reading and amusing himself with the writings of Shakspeare, but for imitating the hypocrisy of Richard, as drawn by our dramatic historian, so closely, that in the passage animadverted on he utters the very sentiment put into Richard's mouth by the poet.

" ' — the deepest policy of a Tyrant hath bin ever to counterfet Religious. And Aristotle in his Politics, hath mentioned that special craft among twelve other tyrannical *Sophisms*. Neither want wee examples. Andronicus Comnenus the Byzantine Emperor, though a most cruel Tyrant, is reported by Nicetas to have bin a constant reader of Saint Pauls Epistles: and by continual study

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

[*Exit.*

had so incorporated the phrase and stile of that transcendent Apostle into all his familiar Letters, that the imitation seemed to vie with the original.

"'Yet this availed not to deceave the people of that empire; who notwithstanding his Saints vizard, tore him to peeces for his Tyranny. From Stories of this nature both Ancient and Modern which abound, the Poets also, and some English, have bin in this point so mindfull of Decorum, as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any person, then of a Tyrant. I shall not instance an abstruse Author, wherein the King might be less conversant, but one whom wee well know was the closet Companion of these his solitudes, William Shakespeare; who introduced the Person of Richard the third, speaking in as high a strain of pietie, and mortification, as is utterd in any passage of this Book [ΕΙΚΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΗ]; and sometimes to the same sense and purpose with some words in this place, *I intended*, saith he, *not onely to oblige my Friends but mine enemies*. The like saith Richard, Act 2, Scene 1,

" ' I doe not know that Englishman alive
" ' With whom my soule is any jott at odds,
" ' More than the Infant that is borne to night;
" ' I thank my God for my humilitie.'

" ' Other stuff of this sort may be read throughout the whole Tragedie, wherein the Poet us'd not much licence in departing from the truth of History, which delivers him a deep dissembler, not of his affections onely, but of religion.'

" ΕΙΚΟΝΟΚΛΑΣΤΗΣ. 4to. 2d Edit. 1650, page 10.

The following reply to Milton, however virulent, does not suggest the least idea of what Dr. Farmer, Mr. Warton, &c. object to him.

" ' The instances of *Tyrants* counterfeiting Religion are frequent, and that hipocrisie is inseparable from Tyrants by usurpation, such as this libellers Masters, whose want of right, seekes protection from dissembled vertue, but this seldome happens to Kings by just Title, whose power wants not that support. His comparing his late Majest: to knowne usurpers, that confirmed their Crownes, gained by robbery, and kept with falshood and blood, [by counterfeiting religion,] shewes his odious shamelessnes in the dissimilitude, & whoever observes the prophane assumption of the Titles of pietie, by these Monsters, & their hipocriticall professions, to maske their wicked ends, shall finde, that Andronicus Comnenus, and our English Rich. 3. came short of them, not

only in counterfeiting Religion, and conscience, but in falshood and crueltie. Insteede of Shakespeares scene of Rich. 3. the libeller may take the Parliaments declaration of the 29th May, where their words are. "The providing for the publique peace and prosperitee of his Majest: and all his Realmes, we protest in the presence of the all-seeing Deitie to have been, and still to be, the only end of our Councells, & endeavours, wherein wee have resolved to continue freed, and enlarged from all private aimes, personall respects, or passions whatsoever," and againe in their petition of the second of June, they tell him, "that they have nothing in their thoughts, and desires more pretious, and of higher esteeme next to the honour, and immediate service of God, then the just, and faithfull performance of their dutie to his Majest:" and the libeller will not finde in historie or poet, wordes of a deeper hipocrisie in the mouth of a villaine, nor more contradicted by their Actions. That which he adds from his Testimony out of Shakspeare of the imagined vehemence of Rich. the 3. in his dissembled professions, holds noe proportion with theis hipocrisies, really acted, not fancyed by a poet, and this libeller hath learnt to act a part out of Shakspeare, and with Rich. 3. accusing loyaltie, and innocency for high Crymes, and crying out against their wickednes, that sought to restore the dispossessed heires of the Crowne to their right, and amplifying their offence, as the highest against God, and man, and wherein comes the libeller short of his patterne in this scene?'

"ΕΙΚΩΝ ΑΚΛΑΣΤΟΣ. 4to. 1651, page 81.

"This last quotation might perhaps have been spared, but that it was thought necessary to bring the whole into one point of view; so, as it is conceived, the entire exoneration of Milton, so far as relates to his supposed censure of Charles, for merely the *reading* of Shakspeare: should the argument be thought undeserving of so much notice, it may be said, with Mr. Richardson, "These indeed are trifles; but even such contract a sort of greatness, when related to what is great. W." Boswell.

The copy of the second folio of Shakspeare, which formerly belonged to King Charles, and mentioned in the preceding notes, is now in the library of his present Majesty, [Geo. III.] who has corrected a mistake of Dr. Farmer's, relative to Sir Thomas Herbert, inadvertently admitted by Mr. Steevens, but here omitted. Reed.

This play is in the graver part elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely humorous. Ague-cheek is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a satirist. The soliloquy of Malvolio is truly comic; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of Olivia, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the stage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life.

Johnson.

She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.] Mr. Theobald supposes this might possibly be borrowed from Chaucer:

" And her besidis wonder discreetlie
" Dame *pacience* ysitting there I fonde
" With facé pale, upon a hill of sonde."

And adds: " If he was indebted, however, for the first rude draught, how amply has he repaid that debt, in heightening the picture! How much does the *green* and *yellow melancholy* transcend the old bard's *pale face;* the *monument* his *hill of sand*."— I hope this critic does not imagine Shakspeare meant to give us a picture of the *face* of *patience*, by his *green and yellow melancholy;* because, he says, it transcends the *pale face of patience* given us by Chaucer. To throw *patience* into a fit of melancholy, would be indeed very extraordinary. The *green and yellow* then belonged not to *patience*, but to *her* who *sat* like *patience*. To give *patience* a *pale face* was proper: and had Shakspeare described *her*, he had done it as Chaucer did. But Shakspeare is speaking of a marble statue of *patience;* Chaucer of *patience* herself. And the two representations of her, are in quite different views. Our poet, speaking of a despairing lover, judiciously compares her to *patience* exercised on the death of friends and relations; which affords him the beautiful picture of " patience on a monument." The old bard, speaking of *patience* herself directly, and not by comparison, as judiciously draws her in that circumstance where she is most exercised, and has occasion for all her virtue; that is to say, under the *losses of shipwreck*. And now we see why she is represented as " sitting on a hill of sand," to design the scene to be the sea-shore. It is finely imagined; and one of the noble simplicities of that admirable poet. But the critic thought, in good earnest, that Chaucer's invention was so barren, and his imagination so beggarly, that he was not able to be at the charge of a monument for his goddess, but left her, like a stroller, sunning herself upon a heap of sand.

WARBURTON.

This celebrated image was not improbably first sketched out in the old play of Pericles. I think, Shakspeare's hand may be sometimes seen in the latter part of it, and there only:

" —— thou [Marina] dost look
" Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
" Extremity out of act." FARMER.

So, in our author's Rape of Lucrece:

" So mild, that *Patience seem'd to scorn his woes*."

In the passage in the text, our author perhaps meant to personify *grief* as well as *patience;* for we can scarcely understand " *at* grief" to mean " *in* grief," as no statuary could, I imagine, form a countenance in which smiles and grief should be at once expressed. Shakspeare might have borrowed his imagery from

some ancient monument on which these two figures were represented.

The following lines in The Winter's Tale seem to countenance such an idea:

" I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
" False accusation blush, and *tyranny*
" Tremble *at patience*."

Again, in King Richard III.:

" — like *dumb statues*, or unbreathing stones,
" *Star'd on each other*, and look'd deadly pale."

In King Lear, we again meet with two personages introduced in the text:

" *Patience* and *sorrow* strove,
" Who should express her goodliest."

Again, in Cymbeline, the same kind of imagery may be traced:

" —— nobly he yokes
" A *smiling* with a *sigh*.
" ——— I do note
" That *grief* and *patience*, rooted in him both,
" Mingle their spurs together."

I am aware that Homer's δακρυόεν γελασασα, and a passage in Macbeth—

" —— My plenteous joys,
" Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
" In drops of sorrow—"

may be urged against this interpretation; but it should be remembered, that in these instances it is *joy* which bursts into tears. There is no instance, I believe, either in poetry or real life, of *sorrow* smiling in anguish. In *pain* indeed the case is different: the suffering Indian having been known to smile in the midst of torture.—But, however this may be, the sculptor and the painter are confined to one point of time, and cannot exhibit successive movements in the countenance.

Dr. Percy, however, thinks, that *grief* may here mean *grievance*, in which sense it is used in Dr. Powel's History of Wales, quarto, p. 356: " Of the wrongs and *griefs* done to the noblemen at Stratolyn," &c. In the original, (printed at the end of Wynne's History of Wales, octavo,) it is a *gravamina*, i. e. grievances. The word is often used by our author in the same sense, (So, in King Henry IV. Part I.:

" —— the king hath sent to know
" The nature of your *griefs*;) "

but never, I believe, in the singular number.

In support of what has been suggested, the authority of Mr. Rowe may be adduced, for in his life of Shakspeare he has thus exhibited this passage:

" She sat like *Patience* on a monument,
" Smiling at *Grief*."

In the observations now submitted to the reader, I had once some confidence, nor am I yet convinced that the objection founded on the particle *at*, and on the difficulty, if not impossibility of a sculptor forming such a figure as these words are commonly supposed to describe, is without foundation. I have therefore retained my note; yet I must acknowledge, that the following lines in King Richard II. which have lately occurred to me, render my theory somewhat doubtful, though they do not overturn it:

" His face still combating with *tears* and *smiles*,
" The badges of his *grief* and *patience*."

Here we have the same idea as that in the text; and perhaps Shakspeare never considered whether it could be exhibited in marble.

I have expressed a doubt whether the word *grief* was employed in the singular number, in the sense of *grievance*. I have lately observed that our author has himself used it in that sense in King Henry IV. Part II.:

" —— an inch of any ground
" To build a *grief* on."

Dr. Percy's interpretation, therefore, may be the true one.

MALONE.

I am unwilling to suppose a monumental image of *Patience* was ever confronted by an emblematical figure of *Grief*, on purpose that one might sit and smile at the other; because such a representation might be considered as a satire on human insensibility. When *Patience* smiles, it is to express a Christian triumph over the common cause of sorrow, a cause, of which the sarcophagus, near her station, ought very sufficiently to remind her. True *Patience*, when it is *her cue* to smile over calamity, knows her office *without a prompter*; knows that stubborn lamentation displays *a will most incorrect to heaven*; and therefore appears content with one of its severest dispensations, the loss of a relation or a friend. Ancient tombs, indeed, (if we must construe *grief* into *grievance*, and Shakspeare has certainly used the former word for the latter,) frequently exhibit cumbent figures of the deceased, and over these an image of *Patience*, without impropriety, might express a smile of complacence:

" Her meek hands folded on her modest breast,
" With calm submission lift the adoring eye
" Even to the storm that wrecks her."

After all, however, I believe the Homeric elucidation of the passage to be the true one. Tyrant poetry often imposes such complicated tasks as painting and sculpture must fail to execute. I cannot help adding, that to "*smile* at *grief*," is as justifiable an expression as to "*rejoice* at *prosperity*, or *repine* at *ill fortune*." It is not necessary we should suppose the good or bad event, in either instance, is an object visible, except to the eye of imagination. STEEVENS.

The commentators have, I think, created their own difficulty by mingling together two parts of the description which the poet intended to be distinct. The meaning appears to me to be this: 'While she was smiling at grief, or in the midst of her grief, her placid resignation made her look like patience on a monument.' The monumental figure, I apprehend, is no more said to have smiled at grief than to have pined in thought, or to have been of a green and yellow hue.

A passage in the most pathetic poet of antiquity has been pointed out to me by my friend Mr. Combe of the Museum, which exhibits a similar description of a silent and hopeless passion:

Ἐνταῦθα δὴ στένουσα κἀκπεπληγμένη
Κέντροις ἔρωτος ἡ τάλαιν' ἀπόλλυται
Σιγῇ· ξύνοιδε δ' οὔτις οἰκετῶν νόσον.

Eurip. Hippol. v. 38.

I have to apologize to Mr. Combe, for having neglected to mention in its proper place a suggestion of his, that some lines in the same drama bore a near resemblance to a part of Hamlet's celebrated soliloquy:

"But that the dread of something after death,—
"The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
"No traveller returns,—puzzles the will:
"And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
"Than fly to others that we know not of?"

Shakspeare, Hamlet, Act III. Sc. I.

Δυσέρωτες δὴ φαινόμεθ' ὄντες
Τῶνδ', ὅτι τοῦτο στίλβει κατὰ γῆν,
Δι' ἀπειροσύναν ἄλλου βιότου,
Κ'ουκ ἀπόδειξιν τῶν ὑπὸ γαίας.

Eurip. Hippol. v. 193. BOSWELL.

END OF VOL. XI.

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Exemplaires

BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek

MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

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